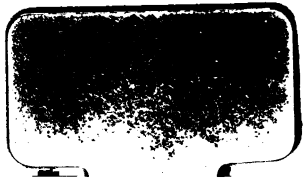

FRONTISPIECE.

LONDON:—PUBLISHED BY THOMAS TEGG, CHEAPSIDE.

SERGEANT BELL,

AND HIS

RAREE-SHOW.

EMBELLISHED WITH WOOD CUTS,

BY CRUIKSHANKS, THOMPSON, WILLIAMS, ETC.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THOMAS TEGG, No. 73, CHEAPSIDE;
TEGG AND CO. DUBLIN; GRIFFIN AND CO. GLASGOW; AND
J. AND S. A. TEGG, SYDNEY, AND HOBART TOWN.

1839.

CHISWICK:
PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM.

ADDRESS OF THE PUBLISHER.

HAVING found Sergeant Bell, the Raree-showman, to be an amusing and instructive companion, we cannot refrain from introducing him to our young friends, whose encouragement, we trust, will be a cordial to the old man's heart, lightening his foot in his weary trampings, and giving him fresh strength to bear the box that he carries at his back.

The Raree-showman is almost the last of the pigtails, and this circumstance, perhaps, will increase his influence with our juvenile readers:—indeed, we trust that none of the peculiarities of the worthy Sergeant will prevent him from becoming a general favourite.

Should he prove as acceptable a companion to the rising generation as he has been to ourselves, it is probable that, in the course of next summer, some additional account will be given of his wanderings. We believe that he is now in the north of England, but wherever he may be individually, we trust there is no part of the kingdom to which his reputation will not extend.

No. 73, Cheapside.

PREFACE.

If the Showman need to be puffed off in a preface, he is not the person the Author intended to introduce to his young friends; and if he need it not, to adopt such a course would be but folly: while good humour and good feeling are in the hearts of youthful readers, he trusts the kind-spirited and enterprising Showman will not be without friends.

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SERGEANT BELL,

AND HIS

RAREE-SHOW.

During a residence of some months at Taunton, in Somersetshire, I was occasionally in the habit of sauntering into the market-place, and talking to the people who came from the country to sell their rural produce of butter, eggs, and other things.

One market-day, my attention was directed to a concourse of boys following a mild-looking old man, who had a large box at his back. As I still retain my early feelings towards my old friend "Punch and Judy," I felt a great curiosity to see and hear some of their relatives. Glad therefore to see the old man, I followed him up the street at some distance, not doubting that he would soon proceed to set up his stand and unstrap the box from his back in some

place where there was no thoroughfare, so that his little audience might be out of danger from carts and carriages.

It was under a gateway, and near the market-place, that the noisy throng of childish madcaps had collected together. They were boisterous in their mirth; for, before the heart has learned to brood on worldly care, a little thing will make it dance for joy.

In the midst of the throng stood the old man with the raree-show still upon his back. His appearance much interested me. He seemed between sixty and seventy years of age, erect in his position, and had, no doubt, in his day, been a fine strong fellow. He had evidently been in the army: the leg he had lost had now a wooden one in its place. He wore a kind of military undress-coat, and a cocked hat, the latter but partially covering a manly brow, graven with deep wrinkles. A thick lock of flaxen hair on each side his head gently rose and fell as the breeze blew up the gateway; while, a pigtail, near a foot and a half in length, hung down his back.

There was a neatness and cleanliness about his person, and a degree of self-respect in his manner, that showed his military habits, while the smile that

played round his mouth when he addressed his young hearers, bespoke good and benevolent feelings; his heart was evidently in the right place.

There was spirit in the old man's eye, but it was subdued by years, and his face was thin and sharp, as if he had often wanted a crust when he could not get one. He must have been accustomed to distress, or he never could have borne it so meekly. At the first glance any one might have felt disposed to entertain pity for him; but, when he began to speak, he introduced so many proverbs, and short pithy rhymes, and mingled so much information, cheerfulness, good sense, and good advice, in his observations, that pity was supplanted by respect. Two things were clear enough; one, that he had seen a great deal of the world, and the other, that he had a kind heart in his bosom. Strange things happen in the world, and strange things must have happened to him, or he would never have been a wanderer in his old age, getting his hard-earned bread, as a half starved raree-show-man.

I began to experience, I can hardly tell why, a lively interest in the old man, and so pleased was I with his quaint observations, trite sayings, good sound sense, and manifest knowledge of mankind,

that I determined, when I knew he purposed occasionally to visit the place, to note down on each succeeding market-day the observations he made upon his different exhibitions.

While setting up his show, and wiping the glasses with his handkerchief, he began drawing together spectators, by a sustained and rapid sort of soliloquy, talking incessantly somewhat in this manner:

> "Now make no noise,
> My girls and boys,

but march forward and listen to Sergeant Bell, the raree-show-man. If there be any among you who do not desire to obtain knowledge, let them go home and hide their faces with both their hands, let them blush till they are as red as a soldier's jacket; but if you all do desire to know about the wonderful things and places that are in the world,

> Why, march forward then,
> My little women and my men,

and see, and hear, and reap, all the advantages offered you by age and experience. What I have acquired has been gained by industry, patience, privations of all kinds, perseverance, fatigue in travel

by sea and by land, and by habits of continual thinking. I will give you twice as much for your money as other showmen give.

"Thousands of lives have been lost, and thousands of pounds have been spent, in acquiring knowledge which you may cheaply attain. I can give you the history of past ages, and tell you of savages who fight with the club and the tomahawk, and scalp their slain. I can trace the slow march of human knowledge, from barbarous life to polished society; and mark the progress of man, from the time when he wore skins to the time when he first clothed himself in fine-spun raiment.

In war and peace
Mankind increase,

and,

Changes take place
In every race.

"It has been my lot to suffer a good deal. Look here! I have had my leg shot away when fighting for my king and country. We cannot help these things—'every bullet has its billet.' My dear country has amply rewarded me for all my trials, for all my privations: look at this medal! I always

wear it near my heart, it is my treasure, it is my country's token that I have done my duty; may you in time be told by your country that you have done yours. I have a pension; but it goes to support my dear old father, who is eighty-eight.

"I love my queen, and I love my country, my dear native land, and I cannot understand why the great and the rich should run away from old England, quitting the halls of their fathers, and the cottages of their tenants, the air which they first breathed, and the earth they first trod on, for the life of disappointment they always lead across the water. Say what you will,

> The land of my birth
> Is the first spot on earth.

I have learned the duties both of a horse soldier and a foot soldier. I have been wounded in seven parts of my body. I have been left for dead on the field of battle, but God Almighty was my friend, and spared me for other duties. Bless your little sympathizing faces! I have my reward.

"I have fasted long, my little friends. I have suffered want. I have endured cold. My lips have been parched, and my tongue has cleaved to the

roof of my mouth, from thirst and heat. I have laid down on my face while the hot sand-winds of Africa have blown over my head; and I have been frozen in the regions of the north.

"Sergeant Bell has crossed the Andes and Pampas of South America, riding on wild horses; he has lived among the Hottentots in Africa, and suffered shipwreck in the Hoogly; yet here he is, after all the perils he has passed, ready to make you wise by the account of his travels and adventures."

When the old showman had set up his show, with a little bench below for the young people to stand on, his fitful eye glanced around in quest of customers, and then he began to address the crowd of gapers in a livelier strain; as thus:

"Have none of you got a halfpenny? Never was such a wonderful exhibition to be seen before.

"Come! Come! No laughing at my pigtail. Laugh as long as you like at the show, but not at the showman.

"When I was in the heavy dragoons,—noble regiment! first raised in 1683 under Colonel John Lord Churchill. Every body has heard of the first regiment of royal dragoons, fine men, good horses. Regimental clothing scarlet faced with blue; fought

in Portugal under Wellington, and again at Waterloo.

"When I was in the heavy dragoons my pigtail saved my life; it kept off the stroke of a broadsword. Drums beating, trumpets sounding, cannons roaring, all fire and smoke, three Parlez-vous' cutting at me at once; but I dashed among them, struck right and left, and making a noble thrust at one of the frog-eating Frenchmen, laid him—

"Thank you, my little master! you are the first to mount up to see this wonderful exhibition, a good example that will, I hope, be soon followed. Make room for the little lady in the green bonnet. Thank you, my little dear. Stand up and peep through the hole, you will see what will surprise you. That picture is a capital representation of Solomon's Temple. There's room for another yet. Now's the time! What says the old copy, 'An opportunity lost may never be regained.' Look about you while you can,

> The hour that is o'er
> Will return no more.

"When I was a boy, raree-shows were not what they are now. Any ugly picture daubed over with

red, and blue, and green, and yellow would please young people; but the world has got wiser. Sad thing when we don't profit by experience.

All the scenes of Sergeant Bell
Are finely drawn and painted well.

"Raree-shows are worth looking at now, something to be learnt from them. Here are the works of art and nature, and the things that are thought much of among mankind. I have one sight that a blind man would give fifty pounds to see, that is, if he had fifty pounds in his pocket; and yet I charge you only a halfpenny. Mine are great pains and small gains; but it's hard to pick up an honest penny now a days; let us be thankful, however, it is no worse. 'A contented mind is a continual feast.'

"Ay! ay! What? were you going to take a nut from that poor woman's stall without paying for it? I hope not. 'Honesty is the best policy.'

It is a sin
To steal a pin.

"Don't forget that; however poor we may be, let us be honest. I'll tell you a story about honesty. Michael Jennings, a friend of mine, was in the sixtieth

regiment of foot. The royal rifle corps—fine regiment—fought in Portugal and Spain. Prime looking fellows, and as active as harlequins; regimentals green, faced with scarlet. Mike picked up a purse that belonged to the captain, plenty of shiners in it; and some of his comrades wanted him to stand treat, and play the paymaster; but Mike scorned to be dishonest. He told about the purse to the corporal, the corporal told the sergeant, the sergeant told the cornet, the cornet told the lieutenant, and the lieutenant told the captain. When the purse was given up, the captain put it into his pocket, and said nothing, and poor Jennings got laughed at for his pains.

"But stop a bit, matters did not end here; in three months after that, Jennings was made a corporal. Every body knew who had done it, but for all that, the captain came up to him, before the whole company, and putting a couple of sovereigns into his hand, 'Jennings,' said he, 'you may thank yourself, and not me, for being promoted. Your good conduct and honesty have made you a corporal.'

Upright dealing ends well;
Honest money spends well.

Therefore be honest, my little merry hearts; be honest.

Idleness begets dishonesty, therefore never be idle. Employment is the father of enjoyment, therefore always be industrious.

"Have no more of you got a halfpenny? You will be wiser than you are now when you have seen my show, and wisdom is cheap at any price. Seeing is believing; but you cannot see what I have to show you, every day in the week. Now or never, my little merry hearts!

Now's the time, and now's the hour,
By and by the sky may lower.

"Hallo! what are you at, sirrah? peeping without paying? that will never do. I once paid pretty dear for peeping. When I was in the heavy dragoons, the French came down upon us in full force. About fifty of us formed in line behind a stone wall, and nothing would do but I must peep over the wall.

"Just as I had raised myself up in my stirrups and was peeping over, a savage-looking French corporal poked his pistol full in my face, and putting his finger to the trigger——

"That's right, my boy, help your little brother up on the bench, I love to see brothers kind one to another. A deal of unkindness in the world; nothing

like love and affection! If we loved one another better, the world would go round more merrily than it does.

"What! you are laughing at me again, are you? Well! well! a man may be worse occupied than in making children happy; so I will go on with my show, and you may go on with your laughing.

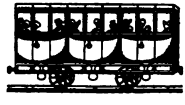
"Don't crush your bonnet, dear! better take it off and hold it in your hand; remember the old saying,

When the wind blows,
Take care of your clothes!

Now mind the word of command, heads up! eyes front!

Wonders will rise
Before your eyes.

The representation of the grand procession when Queen Victoria dined with the Lord Mayor, at the Guildhall in the city of London, on Lord Mayor's Day, in the first year of her happy reign, is the first thing that I have to show you."



EXHIBITION I.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO THE CITY,

ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY, THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER, 1837.

"NOT many such pictures as that to be seen any where. There is our gracious and beautiful young Queen Victoria, in her state carriage, going to the

dinner at Guildhall, on Lord Mayor's Day, in the first year of her happy reign!

> Keep your eyes on the queen,
> And see what's to be seen.

Memorable visit! You shall hear all about it while you look at all I show you.

"St. James's Park all alive, gentle and simple, men, women, and children thronging on to Buckingham Palace. Light hearts, smiling faces, Sunday clothes, all happiness and holiday.

> Now man and boy
> Can dance for joy.

Love to see people innocently happy!

"Great order observed. Nothing like order! Hosts of policemen in all directions, to keep the line, and a squadron of the twelfth lancers, on the ground too, fine fellows! dress scarlet and blue. At the entrance of the centre mall is stationed a guard of honour of the royal horse guards, blue and red. Noble set of fellows!

"See, the procession begins to move from under the marble arch, and such a procession you never saw before! First the high constable of the city of

Westminster, followed by a detachment of life guards, scarlet and blue. Then, in her carriage and six, escorted by life guards, the queen's mother, her royal highness the duchess of Kent, and the carriages of her attendants: a thousand thousand of eyes are on the carriage as the steeds prance along. The horse is a proud animal. You should have seen the horse that I rode at Waterloo! Noble creature! full of courage; bore me bravely through the day till I and he got wounded; never turned his back on the French bayonets. Poor beast! I cried like a child when he fell under me.

"In the two next carriages, each with six horses, are the duchess of Gloucester and her household, with life-guards for an escort; then the duke and duchess of Cambridge and the duke of Sussex, all in carriages and six, and all with escorts of soldiers.

Oh it is a noble sight!
Grand, and gay, and fair, and bright!

"The royal carriages come next, six in number. Some drawn by six grays, and others by six bays. In the first, the gentleman usher of the sword of state; in the second, the equerry in waiting; in the third, the treasurer of the household; in the fourth,

the lord in waiting; in the fifth, the maid of honour; and in the sixth, the lady of the bedchamber. All with those magnificent figures, the yeomen of the guard, walking besides them. Grooms, marshal, chamberlain, controller, master of the buckhounds, gold-stick, silver-stick, and I know not who else besides. There they are, and in all directions may be seen

> Joy and jewels, robes unrolled,
> Gaiety and glittering gold.

You cannot look too attentively at this wonderful sight. I intend to show it in other places beside Taunton. The old showman is well known.

> Sergeant Bell
> Knows England well.

He has been in her islands Jersey, Guernsey, Anglesea, Alderney, Man, and the Isle of Wight. He has climbed up her mountains Sea Fell, Crop Fell, Helwellyn, and Skiddaw; and he has sailed on the Thames, the Medway, the Severn, the Mersey, the Trent, and the Wye. But I am sadly forgetting my exhibition. Attention! eyes front! stand at ease!

"A hundred thousand people are gazing and huzzaing, and well they may, for the state coach is in

sight, glistening with gold without, and all velvet, and laced, and embossed and embroidered and gold within. Eight cream-coloured horses! There are horses for you! Four pages on foot, on each side of the coach, with a yeoman of the guard at each wheel, and two footmen at each door.

"You are looking at the carriage! that's right, you will never see a finer. It was built from the design of Sir William Chambers, in the year 1762. The carving by Wilton, the painting by Cipriani, the chasing by Coit, the coachwork by Butler, the embroidery by Barrett, the gilding by Rijolas, the varnishing by Ansel, and the harness by Ringstead. It cost a great deal of money, not a farthing less than seven thousand six hundred and sixty-one pounds seventeen shillings and five pence. See with what splendour Englishmen wisely surround their kings and queens, the great representatives of the whole people! The poorest and the meanest subject of the realm is represented with the richest and the greatest. The grandeur and majesty of our monarchs set forth the grandeur and glory of Englishmen—the pageantry and works of art, appendages of royalty, which some consider idle gewgaws, publish abroad the industry, the ingenuity, and the

resources of the people, not only to strangers but to the people themselves. Our monarchs are clothed with grandeur to make manifest the grandeur of England; they are great in the greatness of the people they govern! When I keep my carriage it shall not cost me half so much as the state coach, you may depend upon it. You are laughing are you! When I keep my carriage I will laugh too.

"At another time you may look longer at the carriage, but not now while Queen Victoria is in it. There she is, in pink and silver of silk, sparkling with silver sprigs. On her head a diamond tiara, and in her hand a bouquet of beautiful flowers.

> There she sits, with joyous mien,
> Every inch a British queen,

escorted by life guards*, followed by the foreign ambassadors, and her own ministers of state in their carriages. Now you see her joined by the archbishop of Canterbury, the judges, and the great duke of dukes the duke of Wellington, my noble captain, at the field of Waterloo, where we saved all

* The term "*life* guards," has no other meaning than "*body* guards," or guards of the immediate *body* or *person* of the sovereign. "Life" is here from a German word, signifying "body."

Europe and the world. The christian name of the duke of Wellington is Arthur. I knew one Arthur Davis in the fifty-eight Rutlandshire regiment, a sad coward. I have heard say, that Alexander the Great had a coward in his army whose name was like his own, Alexander; what should he do but send for him: 'I tell you what,' says Alexander, 'you may choose which you like, but one of them you shall choose; you shall either fight better, or give up the name of Alexander.' If Arthur, duke of Wellington, had known Arthur Davis, he would have been ready to serve him in the same manner. Animating scene! Splendid spectacle! Look at the men flourishing their hats and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, the lancers keeping the line,—Hark at the loud cheering in the air!—all is lightheartedness, and life, and loyalty.

"While I talk you must look at my show, and then your ears and your eyes will help each other. When I was a boy I loved a raree-show, paid my halfpenny like a man, and marched up to the peephole as bold as a grenadier. Strange things have happened since then—the world has gone round many times, and

Trial's hand has graven well
The faded brow of Sergeant Bell.

No matter!

> We must fast as well as dine,
> And take the shadow with the shine.

Again we will go on.

"The Strand, that street they call so, is thronged with people, the houses decorated, and the windows and roofs well occupied. At St. Mary's church the royal standard is flying. The parish children are singing God save the Queen, men huzzaing, women smiling, and all rejoicing. What, have you dropped your bonnet? There it is, love!

> Hold it fast,
> And fear no blast.

"Ay! Ay! you in the corduroy striking your brother! Well for you that you are not in the army, and your brother an officer. Listen to what the articles of war say. 'Any soldier who shall strike a superior officer, or draw or offer to draw, or lift up any weapon, or offer any violence against him, being in the execution of his office, shall suffer death, transportation, or such other punishment as by a general court martial shall be awarded!' Keep your temper, my boy, or it may lead you into evil. A

spark may set a house on fire, and a word or blow may set the heart on fire.

> Let every child
> Be meek and mild,
> For the love that will hold
> Is worth silver and gold.

Dress up, my little rosy cheeks! Keep the line in a soldierlike manner—you are a company of young recruits and Sergeant Bell is your inspecting officer. Steady! Steady! now, eyes front! and stand at ease, while I command the procession to march.

"Down Ludgate Hill come the state carriages of the sheriffs and of the old and new lord mayors to meet the queen. The lord mayor in his new robes of crimson velvet with his head bare, and his knee bent, presents to the queen the sword of state. He mounts his horse, and rides before the queen, the aldermen on horseback going before him.

"What think you of the lord mayor bending his knee? It may teach him a useful lesson, for we must all be humbled in our turn.

> The lord mayor bends his knee
> To One greater than he;

and by and by

> The queen, with her crown,
> To the dust must come down.

"At St. Paul's Cathedral—splendid pile, built by Sir Christopher Wren and finished in the year 1710—at St. Paul's Cathedral the procession stops, while the senior scholar of Christ's Hospital, or, that magnificent charity, Edward the Sixth's Blue-coat School—from a platform covered with crimson cloth, pronounces an address to her majesty, holding up his hands in form of prayer, as he speaks the concluding sentence. All the pavement, and all the houses, you see, are covered with people; and all the windows filled with elegance, fashion, and beauty. On goes the procession, through Cheapside, turning, a little short of the old Mansion House, into King Street, at the top of which is that Gothic looking building, the Guildhall of the city.

"Mind, my little friends, that I am giving you a true account of the procession. Whatever you do, stick to truth all the world over. The other day I met a swaggering fellow who told long stories about battles on sea and land, as if he had served in the royal navy, or been a soldier from his cradle. He pretended to have been in the army, and said he once belonged to the sixth regiment, the Inniskillen dragoons. 'What colour was your jacket?' says I. 'Blue and white,' replied he, as impudent as Turpin, the old highwayman. 'Why then,' said I, 'you

may as well go to the right about at once, for the colours of the Inniskillen are scarlet and yellow!' He must be a clever fellow who can carry on the trade of lying without being found out.

> While the liar skulks away,
> Truth can march in open day.

A good half-pennyworth you are having! If I give all of you so much for your money, you'll be the ruin of the old showman. Well! make yourselves happy.

"By and by my young customers will learn the public value of this royal visit to the lord mayor, the corporation, and the city of London. It inspires loyalty in the city, in the country round, and in the whole kingdom; it impresses the sovereign, the court, and the whole country likewise, with respect for the city, its functionaries, its privileges, and its citizens. Trade, arts, and manufactures; ships, colonies, and commerce, rise in their estimation.

"It would take me a day to describe the grand banquet properly; the fitting up of the hall, the laying out of the tables, the mirrors, the china, the cut glass, the gold and silver plate, and the gas light chandeliers! Rank, beauty, and costly jewels are all around. Music for the ear, delicacies of all sorts, and the

costliest wines are in abundance; and there sits the beautiful Victoria in a state chair, under a rural princely canopy, the soul and centre of the entertainment, laughing and chatting with all about her, as if she thought nothing of herself.

"There, my little peepers, now what say you of the queen's visit to the city? I have but another word or two left,

And then with a fling
I shall pull another string.

A flourish of trumpets—toast, 'The health of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria.' The company stand and cheer with transport. 'God save the queen' is sung. The city is illuminated. One of the gayest and happiest days that was ever known in London!"

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

"Now I am going to pull the string. There's a spectacle for you! The Lord Mayor's show takes place the 9th day of November, when all London is in a bustle.

"Fine thing to be Lord Mayor! You remember how the poor lad Whittington heard the bells ring

'Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice lord mayor of London.'

"There is, however, a true history of Lord Mayor

Whittington, as well as a romantic one; and if I should ever show my young customers a view of Whittington Palace as it is still called, in Lime-street, in London, I may tell this history, and the true history, also, of Whittington's Cat. I love romantic history, but I love true history likewise.

"I hope all of you will be lord mayors some day, and then you must bring all the charity children to see my show; but perhaps long before then I shall be laid——Well! we will not talk of that just now.

"Bob Steward, an old crony of mine, used to say, 'Bell, my boy, we shall be mum some day when the roll's called.' Bob spoke true enough, for though he escaped a wound in the fire and smoke of Waterloo, the fever pulled him out of his stirrups soon after. I saw his horse slowly carrying his boots the wrong way before, I gazed on his cap, his gloves, and his sword with a sad heart; and I heard three volleys fired over the grave when Bob was lying quiet enough at the bottom of it in his coffin. Bob's regiment was the eleventh light dragoons—scarlet, with buff facings. It went to India after the battle of Waterloo, and poor Bob was mum enough when the roll was called.

Life is a day
That flies quickly away;

therefore,

While we have breath,
We should think upon death.

"Look to the right: there go the firemen, and the watermen, and the liverymen, and old men with shields on their arms, and all other kinds of men, and the city companies with flags, and streamers, and merry music. Do you see the men in armour? That's the way that the knights of old times used to dress:

In shining steel
From head to heel.

The modern French cuirassiers are clothed and armed a little like them.

"Mind that you do not fall! Make a little more room at this end of the bench. There! Now you all stand comfortably. When you are happy yourselves, always try to make others so.

"Ay! Ay! you have caught sight of the giants. They are Gog and Magog, and stand all the year round in Guildhall except when they wait on the lord mayor's procession. Big enough and ugly enough of all conscience. Yes, they stand up high,

as I said, all day in the Guildhall, but never do they hear the clock strike twelve, without leaping up in the air, head over heels, coming down in exactly the same places as before. You stare, ay, so did I the first time I heard it, but we get accustomed to strange things.

"Everybody goes to see Gog and Magog, and everybody talks about them, and yet no one appears to know much about them. How they came to be put in Guildhall, who put them there, and the time when? nobody knows. Very odd thing! Strange circumstance. Some time or other I may make these Guildhall giants exhibit themselves in my show, and tell my little customers a great many things about them; in short, I may perhaps tell their true history. I know a great deal about the giants of this and other countries, including the giant Idris, in Wales, and the giant Albion, who was once king of Britain, and who fought with Hercules in the south of France; for so, at least, says the fable.

"I believe that many years ago two wickerwork giants used to stand in Guildhall, and to accompany the lord mayor in his procession, but old father Time and the rats and mice, and one thing or another, destroyed them.

Drest in rags, or painted gay,
Giants and dwarfs must both decay.

"You see what a number of carriages there are. Most of them belong to the aldermen. Some people come to ride in their coaches, while others walk on foot all their days. Get on in the world if you can; but mind you, it is better to be honest than rich; do not forget that. A man may do his duty in a coat as hard worn as mine. Nothing like good conduct; it was for good conduct that I was made a corporal, and after that made sergeant,—I remembered that I was a soldier, and scorned to shame my colours.

"The sheriff's carriages are fine enough, but they are nothing to the lord mayor's. That's the lord mayor's with the six horses. Noble prancing creatures! there's a coachman for you! and postilions! and there's a gilt and painted carriage!

"See the lord mayor through the window. He is the first officer in the city, let us then salute him. I'll tell you how a soldier salutes an officer—Mind it must be done in a soldierlike manner. Raise the arm to its full extent at right angles with the body, the fingers and thumb kept close together; bring the hand to the peak of the cap, keeping the elbow square,

the fore finger and thumb feeling the edge of the peak, now the arm may be lowered and brought gradually down to the side. You observe that I saluted his lordship with the arm farthest removed from him—That's the proper way! The lord mayor is the first officer in the city. In saluting the lord mayor, you salute the city of London. But this is not all.

From my well supplied store,
You shall have something more.

The lord mayor must deserve saluting for his own sake. He cannot be a common person—he has raised himself to distinction in his city. The distinction paid to him by his fellow-citizens assures us of his great merit. Nine times in ten, he is one who has risen from poverty to affluence, through his industry and talents, and always without reproach, or his fellow-citizens would never bring him thus forward. It is this that makes the lord mayor's day an anniversary which holds up to youth, and to all, an instructive moral, to which attention cannot be drawn too frequently nor with allurements too strong. The gay and the thoughtless will admire the liveries adorned with gold and silver, the embellished carriages, the state coach, the emblematical banners,

the gilded barges, the music that proclaims the joyful occasion, the clashing oars that seem to imprint full many a dimpling smile on the venerable face of the far-famed Thames: this is all superficial joy;

> The delight goes away,
> And expires with the day,

and may end in disgust: but let us come to the moral; ay, to the moral; for, after all, *this* is the KERNEL, the *other* is the SHELL. Who is he that sits in that magnificent coach? and why is he thus distinguished? He is the new 'lord mayor of London,' and is exalted from among his fellow-citizens by his early industry, his rectitude and virtue in youth, his activity, honour, and economy in business, and his undeviating integrity and punctuality in all his transactions of trade and merchandise. Does this honour make you covet a similar glory and eminence?

> You must plough and sow
> Before you reap and mow.

Let that desire excite emulation; the very scene before you silently admonishes and directs, seeming to say, Be vigilant in every good work, and steadily persevere in industry and prudence, and it is impos-

sible to foresee the eminence to which you may attain, enthusiasm will teach you to make light of difficulties, perseverance will enable you to overcome them.

"Fine sight, this, altogether! Firemen, and watermen, and liverymen, and life guardsmen, and men in armour, and city companies, constables, carriages, Gog and Magog, aldermen, sheriffs, and lord mayor; music playing, flags flying, and thousands of men, women, and children.

"The lord mayor is now on his way to his own River Thames, where the barges of the city companies are all waiting. Merrily, merrily up the river will they move for Westminster Hall, where the lord mayor will be sworn into his office.

"What a river is the Thames! What a river, for its port of London! And what a port, the port of London! The lord mayor, as head of the corporation, is conservator of the Thames—is its supreme lord and governor under the Queen—from Teddington, above London, to the Nore, below.

"The barge of the Company of Stationers goes first. It calls at Lambeth Palace, where the archbishop of Canterbury gives a present of sixteen bottles of capital wine, receiving, by way of return, copies of the new

almanacks of the company. An old custom; I could tell you all about it if I had time, but

> In hunting a hare,
> There is no time to spare;

and

> On you must go
> In describing a show.

"The barges would surprise you, with their gilded prows, broad flags and streamers. Fine river! fine vessels! fine people! fine ribands! fine music! and fine every thing!

"Many years ago I knew a waterman on the river, who belonged to the lord mayor's barge. His name was Barton, a fine tall fellow, six feet without his shoes. He got into the tenth hussars, a brave soldier! People used to say 'the tenth don't fight,' but who fought better in Portugal and at Waterloo? Dashing blades! a good deal of swagger, but no runaways; the Frenchmen had little reason to like them!

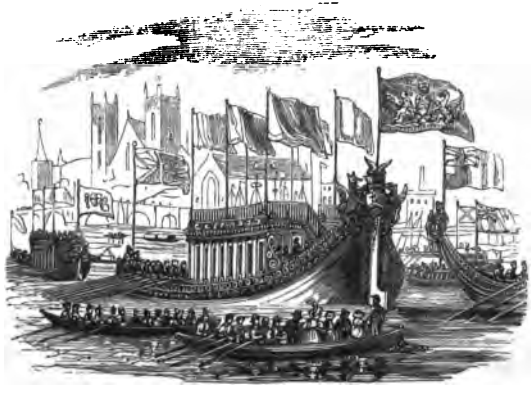
"Well! now we will go on with our show. The lord mayor, the sheriffs, and the aldermen will take care of themselves if we leave them behind. They are all going to dinner together, but they have quite

forgotten to give an invitation to the old showman. Never mind! we will enjoy ourselves as well as we can; we will go on with spirit.

"I love to see some spirit in a boy! If he has no spirit in his youth, what is to become of him in his age? Whatever you set about, put your soul into it.

> Go through what you begin
> In every thing but sin.

Now for another wonderful sight."



TOURNAMENT OF THE FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD.

"FROM one rare spectacle to another, on we go! I have shown you the grand Procession of our gracious Queen Victoria, when, according to ancient and excellent usage, she went from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall, to dine with the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, upon the Lord Mayor's Day in the first year of her promising young reign.

Ardent still for England's glory,
I have told the wondrous story.

Well! after that I showed you the grand sight of the Lord Mayor's Procession, such as it is seen every year in the great city of London, upon the ninth day of the month of November, when the queen's courts of law are sitting in Westminster Hall, and when the new lord mayor goes to her majesty's court of exchequer, where he is presented to the judges, or barons, of the exchequer, as having been chosen to the high office by his fellow-citizens; and where the chief baron compliments him upon the occasion, and declares her majesty's approbation of the choice. But these are things of modern days; and, as to lord mayor's show, if ever you should go to London, you may all of you hope to see the real show itself, if not to be lord mayors and lady mayoresses yourselves, and to ride in the great gilt carriage!

And if to great estate you rise,
Keep virtue still before your eyes.

Our forefathers, however, loved fine sights as much as ourselves; and besides that they had their lord mayor's days, and their royal visits to the city, they

had gorgeous tilts and tournaments, the most gorgeous of every one of these I am now going to show you. I have heard of tiltings and tournaments or tourneys, but no tournament among them all ever came up to this. It is called the Tournament of the Field of Cloth of Gold.

"I knew a friendly man, who kept an inn in a quiet village. A good road passed by his door, and the traveller found, at the Green Man, good entertainment and civil treatment. He had these lines on his sign-post:

> 'You may travel far, you may travel near,
> But here you find the best of beer:
> You may travel east, you may travel west,
> But here you'll find the very best.'

Well! as honest friend Connop said of his beer, so I say of my tournament. There's nothing to be found like it anywhere.

"Striking scene! For knights, horses, and armour; for rank, beauty, and magnificence; for courage, skill, and chivalry, the Tournament of the Field of Cloth of Gold stands unrivaled.

"Sergeant Bell feels proud in being able to treat you with a view. Examine it closely; it will bear the most minute inspection. While you gaze upon

it, I will tell you the occasion of the tournament. Nothing like understanding what we see. You shall know all about it.

> See, reflect, and spare no trouble;
> Knowledge makes our pleasures double.

"This tournament is a part of the history of England, and every one of you should know something of the history of his country; he may then avoid examples of evil, and imitate what is good, and noble, and high-minded. A mean action is a greater disgrace than a theadbare coat; and a virtuous and kind-hearted deed will do the doer more good than a hundred pieces of gold.

"Henry the Eighth of England, and Francis the First of France, had resolved to meet each other, in order to strengthen their friendship; and Cardinal Wolsey, being glad to show what influence he had with both of the kings, did all he could to hasten the meeting.

"It was on the thirty-first of May, 1520, that King Henry embarked, with his queen and splendid court, from Dover, and especially attended by his prime minister, the Cardinal Wolsey. Three thousand workmen were sent, to erect, on the plain near

Guisnes, in France, a magnificent palace, the parts of which had been prepared of wood in England. In this splendid palace King Henry took up his abode.

"At the entrance of the plain were golden fountains, running with red and white and claret wines.

A little thinking
Beats much drinking.

But let us go on. Tents were pitched on the plain, so numerous, and so costly, as to give to the plain the name of the Field of Cloth of Gold; for this is the meaning of the poetical or hyperbolical name, the Field of Cloth of Gold; as if, so thick were the tents of that rich fabric, the whole plain might be said to be covered with it; and not (as you may have thought, and as might easily seem, when the phrase is wrongly written, the Field of *the* Cloth of Gold,) that the plain had really been covered with such a cloth, as with a carpet. You cannot take too much notice of this rich and glittering scene.

"King Francis, attended with a large train of nobles richly dressed, and mounted upon prancing steeds, came into the plain, where he was met by King Henry, mounted on a stately white charger, caparisoned in the most gorgeous manner, breast-

plate, headstall, reins, stirrups, and trappings being covered with wrought gold, attended by Cardinal Wolsey and a train of nobles and knights. How you would have liked to see them in reality, considering what a sight it is only to see them here!

"King Henry wore a black velvet cap, with a beautiful white plume; the cap was studded with rubies, emeralds, and precious stones of different kinds; and his damask garment of cloth of gold, (for cloth of gold was the garment here, as well as cloth of gold the tents. I will tell you more about cloth of gold, when I can find the moment.) King Henry's cloth of gold was ribbed with silver, and worn over a jacket of rose-coloured velvet. The cardinal was clad in a cardinal's flowing robes of red, and seemed in magnificence even to outdo his master. He was a proud fellow, but of a fine as well as gorgeous taste. What a fine palace is that of his building, the now royal palace of Hampton Court; and what a fine college and endowment is that of his, Christ Church College at Oxford!

"Well! the two kings met, and held a conference, after which, they sat down to a sumptuous banquet; and the next day a grand tournament was held, in honour of this meeting.

"Tournaments, masquerades, dances, and banquets were carried on from the eleventh to the twenty-first of June, when the grand tournament of all took place.

"Mind, mind, you young rogue! Why you and your brother might have pushed down my raree-show. A pretty piece of business that would have been! Be a little steady, till your turn comes. Do not be ill-natured, like the dog in the manger, who would neither eat the hay himself, nor let the oxen eat it. Come! you are good boys, I see, after all, and mind what Sergeant Bell says to you. Again we will go on.

"Now, look about you, my little customers, while I point out to you the kings, the queens, the knights, the nobles, the pages, the heralds, and the armourers, as well as the proud Cardinal Wolsey. All life, spirit, and enterprise. Now, my little merry men and women, you shall have the whole description.

With happy hearts yourselves prepare
For valorous knights and ladies fair.

"Look in the centre, see the two knights, armed cap-à-pie, mounted on noble steeds, with spears in the rest, rushing forwards in furious onset against

two others equally well armed and mounted. That is the way in a tournament; they try to unhorse one another. Dangerous sport! fearful pastime!

"Look at the first two knights on horseback; those nearest to you.

> See how proudly they advance,
> With gauntlet, helm, and plume, and lance.

The one on the right hand is Henry the Eighth, king of England (for kings themselves, in those days, entered the lists), and he on the left is the marquis de Fleurenges. See, the king has made good his charge, and broken his opponent's poldron; the marquis sits with difficulty on his steed, his lance tilted up. I do not know how the heavy dragoons would stand such charges as these. Should not have liked them myself, any how.

"When knights were in fashion there were no standing armies, as there are now. No guards, dragoons, lancers, and hussars; no foot guards, fusileers, highland regiments, nor riflemen. Strange changes as the world goes round!

"Now, look at the two knights behind. He on the left is Francis the First, the king of France, whose memory comes down to us as that of the most

valorous knight, and most accomplished and high-minded of gentlemen. He seems to have gained some advantage over the other, who is the earl of Devonshire. You see a little now of the way in which tournaments were performed in the olden times.

"Further on, over the heads of the combatants, may be seen two female figures. The one on the left is the French queen, and the other is Catharine of Arragon, the queen of Henry the Eighth. There they sit, as fine as fine clothes and fine jewels can make them. On the left of Queen Catharine, in the broad brimmed hat, is Cardinal Wolsey. Ambitious minister of state! Ah well! he was brought low, poor man! Many temptations. Let us not be severe. All enough to answer for.

> While we heave an honest sigh,
> Let all bitterness go by.

We must forgive, if we hope to be forgiven. It is easy to blame others, but hard to mend ourselves.

"Look at the figures further back. Anne Boleyn, who was afterwards queen, is on the left; next to her, Lord Montague; then, the marchioness of Fleurenges, the duke of Norfolk, and the earl of Shrewsbury; while still more on the right are the sister of

Francis the Second, Sir Henry Guilford, and William Sommers.

"Do you see a knight on horseback in the left hand corner? That is the duke of Vendôme, and the lady he holds by the hand is the countess de Chateaubriant. The two figures on this side are a page and an armourer; and there, in the distance, are the English king at arms, or principal herald (Sir Thomas Wriothesley), and others. A cluster of nobles, still further upon the right, are looking at the combat.

"See what grand company I have introduced you to! Capital thing you have behaved so well. We do not behave amiss before our betters; I would not have had these great folk go away and call you rude little children, for half of all that my show is worth!

"Do not press forward there; let them stand steady on the bench, without being pinched for room. I must give the word of command, I see. Now, Attention! Rear rank, take open order! March! Now we shall do again. Order is a capital thing.

"The knight in the right hand corner, on horseback, is William Parr, the earl of Essex; and the three figures on this side him are, the duke of Suffolk, Queen Mary, dowager of France, and an English page.

"There! I have described most of the principal

figures, and you have only to imagine that the coat of arms of each of the kings, and those of the other knights, are hung upon artificial trees of green damask and gold, that stand upon the plain. You have only to fancy the goodly group of assembled spectators, and blasts of the trumpets of the heralds; and then you will have the whole tournament before you.

"There they are! kings and knights in armour! queens, right royally arrayed! nobles and fair ladies, glittering in goodly apparel, and sparkling diamonds! and Cardinal Wolsey, in his ermine as well as his scarlet, and his broad brimmed cardinal's red hat, a prince of the Romish church.

"In this splendid tournament many nobles spent half their fortunes, making themselves poor for years afterwards. Bad thing to go beyond your means. Never spend one day without thinking of the next. A rich feast to-day, may make a poor one to-morrow. Industry and frugality keep a joint in the pot; but

Lending and spending
Soon make an ending.

"The tournament of the Field of Cloth of Gold was the last splendid show of chivalry of any extent

in Europe; every thing afterwards was poor in comparison. Think of this! think of the great cost, the magnificence, the splendour, the rank, the beauty, and the bravery of this noble tournament, and the remember that you have seen it in my show, all for a halfpenny.

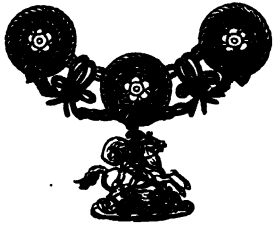
"But now about cloth of gold, of which I have promised to tell you a little more.

> Let the wind blow where it will,
> Truly keep your promise still.

Cloth of gold was one of the splendid fabrics or manufactures of the Middle Ages, when the arts flourished so highly, though called Dark Ages in respect of science and letters; and when gorgeousness of apparel and household furniture were carried so far beyond anything that is at present usual. In those days they first made gold-thread, and then wove the golden thread into cloth of gold as they do now. So, then, cloth of gold, being the name of the apparel of the wealthy, was an expression that implied wealth, and even a wealthy person; and I remember, upon that subject, an ancient English epigram, a smart conceit, made upon the wedding of a rich lady to a poor man, giving good advice to both, since both had ventured

upon so unequal a match; and good advice, at the same time, to all the world, that the rich should not despise the poor, nor the poor be impudent to the rich, or take the liberties of upstarts when fortune has placed the two upon a level. As *cloth of gold* made the proudest garments of the rich, so *cloth of frise*, or of *frieze*, or a *frize coat* (as we still say), was the humblest garment of the *poor;* and the epigram runs thus, *cloth of gold* meaning the rich lady, and *cloth of frize* the poor man, whom the rich lady had thought proper to make her husband:

> 'Cloth of gold, thou not despise,
> Though thou art wed to cloth of frize;
> Cloth of frize, be not too bold,
> Though thou art wed to cloth of gold!'



CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.

"But here is a change of scene, my pretty little girls and boys! From the Tournament of the Field of Cloth of Gold to the deserts of Arabia. Did you ever hear of the deserts of Arabia, or of any other sandy deserts in Asia, Africa, or South America? Look at those horses. Are you sure that you do not hear them neigh? Look at the camels stretching

out their long necks, and pacing the hot burning sand with their soft broad feet.

"Once, when I was in the dragoons, we were quartered in a town in the west of England. We were drawn up in the market-place, and just as the captain had given the word 'March!' a huge camel, with half a dozen monkeys, dressed in red and blue jackets, on his back, turned round the corner, and came towards us.

"Horses not accustomed to camels are frightened at them, and not a horse in our troop would face the camel and the monkeys. The captain bawled; the people huzzaed; our horses reared and plunged, and then set off, in different directions, capering and kicking, till we could hardly keep ourselves upon their backs.

"Most likely you have seen a camel;—useful animal in its own country! God is good to all countries, my little friends, in giving them useful animals. Lapland has the rein-deer; India the elephant; Kamschatka the dog; South America the llama; Spain the mule; Arabia the camel; and England, and many other countries, the horse.

God is good on every hand,
In every clime, and every land.

"And now I will tell you about the caravan. A caravan in the desert does not mean a covered cart, or an omnibus. No! no! it means a vast assemblage of men, camels, and horses. The whole of the people, with their beasts of burden and merchandise, taken altogether, is called a caravan.

"If ever you go across the desert, do what you can to comfort and encourage your companions. A word fitly spoken is a cordial to a suffering man; it is a kindness that wraps round his heart.

"When I was in the heavy dragoons, and the regimental surgeon had to take off my leg, he said to me, 'The leg must come off, there's no helping it; but keep up your courage, Bell, my boy! for I'll be as careful with you as if you were my Lord Wellington himself.'

"His words gave me courage, the affair was soon over, and I have felt grateful to him ever since. There is a proverb in the Bible, and a very sweet one too: 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

"A great part of the people that you see there, whether on foot, or on horses and camels, are pilgrims; they believe in Mahomet the false prophet, and they are going on a pilgrimage, enjoined by the

Mahometan religion, across the sultry desert, to Mecca, the place where Mahomet was born, and to Medina, where he was buried. They think this is very praiseworthy. See! there are thousands of them!

"With these pilgrims there are merchants and soldiers, pedlers and pipe waiters, camel-drivers and dancing girls. Did you ever see such a very long motley crowd!

"They are of different nations, Hindoos, Malays, Persians, Cashmerians, Arabians, Abyssinians, and Negroes; and of different colours and complexions, white, tawny, brown, and black; some with long hair, some with short hair, and some shaven and shorn. Look at their flowing robes and shawls, their sashes and turbans, their armlets, earrings, and nose-jewels. Many of these are very rich, and riches are capital things when put to a good use, but do not let your heart trust in them. They will do much, but some things they cannot do—they cannot cure the toothache, the headache, nor the heartache; they cannot lengthen your life a single hour, except, sometimes, by supplying helps against casualties and disease, nor comfort you in death. Get riches, my boys, but get something better with them—

Something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver fly away.

"Would you believe it, that a caravan, before now, has had a hundred thousand camels belonging to it? Well you may wonder, but it is quite true.

"Look to the right, in the distance. Perhaps you take that for water, but there is no water there. It is only a reflection in a mist, called by the French a *mirage*, being like a reflection in a mirror. It sadly deceives travellers in the desert, for when they hope to cool their burning tongues and slake their raging thirst with the apparent water, they are cruelly disappointed.

"Sad thing for a caravan to be disappointed in finding water. Sometimes merchants, pilgrims, camels, and dromedaries all perish together in the hot sand. Be thankful for a glass of cold water!

"Perhaps you think wine is more useful than water. Sad mistake that. Would you boil your meat, your turnips, and your puddings in wine? Would you wash your faces or your clothes with wine? Would you like to bathe and swim in wine? O no! wine is an excellent thing in its place, but it is not a millionth part so generally useful as water. Two of the greatest comforts in the world are to be

had for nothing—fresh air and pure water; and two of the finest sights in the world are to be seen for nothing—the rising and the setting sun.

"Look in the middle of the caravan. There is a camel for you! That is the finest camel that can be got for love or money. It has the name of the "sacred camel," because it carries the Turkish bible, called the Koran, in a chest on its back. The chest is covered with silk, or with cloth of gold, adorned with jewels; the book is written in letters of gold, and the camel is decked as fine as splendid trappings and a bridle studded with gold and jewels can make it.

"In these days, however, of navigation and novelty (even in Turkey), the caravan through Syria is not the only means of transport between Constantinople, Mecca, and Medina.

"Lately, a circumstance of most unusual importance to Islamism (Mohammedanism), took place at Constantinople; namely, the embarkation on board a frigate, which is to convey them to Alexandria, of a new sacred covering and decorations for the tomb of the Prophet at Medina. Hitherto it has been the custom that these ornaments of the holy sanctuary should only be renewed on the accession of each

succeeding Ottoman sovereign, but Sultan Mahmood having been now nearly thirty years on the throne, and it having been represented to him that new coverings had become needful, he yielded to an innovation upon the point. Those costly gifts, therefore, consisting of a magnificent covering of the tomb, with a set of curtains, a drapery of cloth of gold embroidered with sentences from the Koran, in the handwriting of his highness himself, four lamps with chains of solid gold, and two magnificent candelabras of the same material, after having been for three days laid out in the room of the seraglio, in which the clothes of the prophet are still preserved, and being there inspected, kissed, and blessed by sheik-islan, or high priest, ulemas, or inferior clergy, and all the pashahs and officers of state, were then conveyed in a state-barge of the sultan to his palace at Dolma Batchi, for his highness's inspection, and from thence conveyed by himself, with the greatest pomp and ceremony, on board the frigate, which sailed with the first fair wind. You are to understand, that the Turkish sultan, though only temporal sovereign of Turkey, is esteemed, by orthodox Mohammedans, the true descendant of the califs, and therefore spiritual head of all Mohammedans whatever.

"I have called the Koran the Bible of the Mohammedans. Let us rather be thankful for our own Bible, than angry with the Mohammedans about theirs. Never forget that our Bible teaches us to 'do justice, and to love mercy.'

"The divine pretensions of Mohammed were impostures, and the tales in the Koran are fictions; but you must not suppose on that account that there is nothing moral and exalted among the Turks—we have strong prejudices in England against them, we say 'as cruel as a Turk,'—but all nations are cruel, when not softened and enlightened—

> Let us give every man his due,
> Christian, Heathen, Turk, and Jew.

The commercial integrity of the Turks is the praise of all who deal with them. Ask about this upon the Royal Exchange of London. Even in the remote and rural districts of the Turkish empire, a religious humanity manifests itself in the midst of the strongest religious intolerance, or religious horror of unbelievers. Travellers tell us, that the country-people, seeing Christian strangers approaching, have carefully closed and barred their doors, to prevent an entrance to their dwellings; but, before doing this,

they have placed and heaped against the outsides of them the melons, figs, and grapes, and vessels of cold water, all as free gifts for the comforts or necessities of the travellers; for they could hold no intercourse with them. They could give to infidels their fruits, and the fruit of their labour, but they could not take an infidel's money. Religious intolerance, even in warfare and bloodshed, is the vice of Mohammedans in proportion as individuals or nations among them are rude, but relinquished in proportion as either Mohammedan nations or individuals are softened and enlightened. 'The Turk,' says the author of a recent visit to Greece and Turkey, 'the Turk is an honour to the land he lives in;' and I must tell you, that Turks are faithful to their treaties with foreign states, as well as to their word and bargain in commerce and social life. I am apt to remember *proverbs*, and when I was in Egypt, with Sir Ralph Abercrombie, beating the French out of that kingdom (though our gallant general lost his life there), I picked up a good many Turkish proverbs, many of which are so striking, as well as so good, that you will be the wiser if you think of them, and the better if you make right use of them. I can tell you only a few, just now.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

"A small stone often makes a great noise. A foolish friend is at times a greater annoyance than a wise enemy. You'll not sweeten your mouth by saying 'honey,' (that is, You must do something besides talking). If a man would live in peace, he should be blind, deaf, and dumb. Do good, and throw it into the sea; if the fish know it not, the Lord will. Who fears God, need not fear man. If thy foe be small as a gnat, fancy him as large as an elephant; (that is, make not yourself too secure, against even the smallest foe, but provide against him as if he were the largest.) They who know most are the oftenest cheated; (that is, those who depend too much upon their own cleverness.) A man who weeps for every one will soon have lost his eyesight. More is learned from conversation than from books. A friend is of more worth than a kinsman. He rides seldom who never rides any but a borrowed horse. Trust not to the whiteness of his turban; he bought the soap on credit! Death is a black camel that kneels before every man's door. And here it is proper I should tell you, that there are such things as black camels, and white ones too;

though the camels which, every now and then, you see at fairs and markets, with monkeys on their backs, and bears dancing to the triangle and tambourine, are all of a sandy colour, the usual colour of the species.

"But I have said so much in favour of the Turks, along with Mohammedans in general, that I am now afraid of sending you away with too favourable an impression, and making you fall into the great mistake of supposing that it would have been better for you to be Turkish boys and girls, than boys and girls of Christendom and England. I mean no such thing; but I like to hold the balance even between nation and nation. The Turks have national faults as well as national virtues, like all the other nations of the globe. I have no time to explain things, and you are too young to understand them; but I will tell you a story, of what my cousin Joe saw and heard in the *Asia*'s boat, at Navarino, when he was one to row the Turkish admiral's secretary, and Sir Edward's noble flag-lieutenant; just now the story will make you see him rowing.

"The firing having ceased, Sir Edward Codrington sent a lieutenant on board of Moharem Bey's ship, (the Turkish admiral) to offer any medical or other

assistance the poor Turks might want. The vessel, with a crew of probably more than a thousand men, had but one doctor on board, and unfortunately, he had been almost the first man killed in the action. Her loss had been immense, and they had not thrown the dead overboard, nor removed the wounded to the cockpit; and the deck presented a terrible scene of gore and mangled bodies. Amid this frightful spectacle, about a dozen of the principal Turkish officers, superbly dressed, sat in the cabin, upon crimson ottomans, smoking with inconceivable calmness and indifference, whilst slaves were handing them their coffee. Seeing the English uniform approach the cabin, they ordered ottomans and coffee for our lieutenant, who, however, quickly told them that he had more important business to attend to. He gave the admiral's compliments, and offered any assistance; but the Turkish admiral, with a frigid composure, calmly replied, that they stood in need of no assistance whatever!

"'Shall not our surgeon attend to your wounded?' says the brave lieutenant of his majesty's ship *Asia*.

"'No,' replied the Turk gravely; 'wounded men need no assistance; *they soon die*.'

"Returning to the British admiral, and telling

what he had seen, and what the queer fellow of a Turk had said, Sir Edward, after some meditation, said, 'Did you observe among them a remarkably fine, handsome man, with a beard more full and black than the rest?' 'Yes, your honour,' answered the noble lieutenant, 'I did observe him; he was seated next to the admiral.' 'Return, then, on board, and induce him, or compel him, to go with you on board the *Genoa*, and keep him there until I see him. He is the admiral's secretary; I must have a conference; and take with you any person he may wish to accompany him.'

"Well, the Turk goes on board the *Genoa* without any difficulty, accompanied by several persons whom he requested leave to take with him; and Sir Edward went on board the *Genoa* too, and had the Turk in the cabin with him for a very long time, after which he ordered the lieutenant to put him and his companions on shore at daybreak wherever they might choose to land.

"Rowing ashore, they saw the wreck of a mast, to which about a score of wounded or exhausted men were clinging to save themselves.

"'I must rescue these poor fellows,' said the lieutenant anxiously.

"'They are only common sailors, *and will soon die;* never mind them,' said the Turkish secretary, with the most grave composure. 'It is my duty, and, if I did not help them, I should disgrace the service, and be reproved by the admiral,' says the noble lieutenant, just as he orders the boat's hands to pull towards the mast, where he succeeded in saving about a dozen of the poor fellows.

"'Well, now, what happened next?' says my cousin Joe, 'but, if ever I chawed a quid in all my life, as soon as the men that the lieutenant had saved were stowed in the bottom of the boat, if that land-lubber (I suppose) the Turkish admiral's secretary, after a short but apparently profound meditation, did not burst out into a thundering fit of laughter!'

"'What is the matter?' cries the astonished lieutenant of his majesty's ship *Asia.* 'What is there here to laugh at!'

"'Laugh!' exclaimed the Turk, intending to be satirical. 'Laugh! Musha Allah! but you English are a singular people. Yesterday you came into the bay while we were quiet at our coffee; you knocked our ships to pieces, and killed or mangled all our men, till the fleet is become one slaughter-house;

and this morning you pretend to be so humane that you cannot pass a score of wounded sailors without putting yourself out of the way to save them.'

"But the lieutenant was mightily posed at this speech of the Turkish gentleman, and, having no reply, just then, to offer to this odd view of the case, the boat proceeded to the shore in profound silence.

"I say again, that for two reasons, I make no sufficient remarks upon this story, which, however, you will set down against the Turkish account; for here, as you have seen, the Turks, admiral, secretary, and all, showed, with barbarian bravery, barbarian pride as respecting themselves, barbarian inhumanity and ignorance as respecting their wounded, and their common sailors; and barbarian narrowness of thinking in what belongs to the nature and duties of honourable war.

"Look to the left! There is pretty confusion now; for the horses, and the camels, and the dromedaries, have smelt water, and are rushing forward like mad creatures. The desert is almost as hot as a baker's oven; no cooling breeze and shady trees. See farther on, some of them have reached the stream, and

are tumbling into it all higglety-pigglety, sixes-and-sevens.

"There they are! Persians have lost their shawls; Arabs have broken their pipes; Turks are tumbling about without their turbans; and horses, and camels, and men, and dromedaries, and merchants, and pilgrims, are pushing one another along, pell-mell, and rolling into the water.

"Take one more peep at it; for I like to give you enough for your money. I might tell you of the sufferings of the British army under Sir David Baird, on their route to Cairo—of the loss of the army of Cambyses in a simoom, or desert-storm—and of the yearly mortality in the different pilgrimages that take place. I might speak of the plundering Bedouins, wanderers of the deserts; of the warlike Mamelukes; of giraffes, ostriches, and fifty other things; but, if I were to do so, you would not get home to night.

"Besides, an old soldier must not fire away all his ammunition at once. Therefore, give one more glance at this famous caravan, and then you shall see a different sight! The caravan must get along as well as it can; though still in the desert. The

pilgrims may stay at Mecca as long as they like; and the Hindoos, Malays, Persians, Cashmerians, Arabians, Abyssinians, and Negroes, may traffic when they like and where they like. We have something else to attend to just now. I shall say, Quick! march! to them all. They are gone! and now look again."

BUONAPARTE'S BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

"THERE! See what a single pull of my strings will do! Here is a change of changes! The desert and its pilgrims turned into a field of battle. Every man that you see is a soldier, whether he be on foot or on horseback.

> Cowards always bravely fight
> When the foe is out of sight,

But here all are brave in the very teeth of an enemy.

"This is the Battle of the Pyramids, fought by Buonaparte, when the French, besides encouraging massacre and revolution at home, invaded Egypt, as one of their schemes for revolution and massacre in all the world besides. The pyramids are in Egypt, Egypt is in Africa, and Africa lies between Europe, Asia, and the Atlantic Ocean.

"Look at the French lines of infantry, one, two, three deep, the first rank kneeling on one knee, with

BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

bayonets fixed to keep off the enemy's cavalry; the second rank firing.

Don't be afraid,
My little maid.
No cause for fear,
My little dear!

"See, on the left the Mamelukes, mounted on their Arabian horses, perhaps the finest in the world. There they are, charging the French with their sabres, their pistols, and their carbines. Look at the wounded men, ay, and the wounded horses, too, rolling on the ground. See what a smoke rises from the discharge of the field-pieces and the musketry!

"Look at the Mameluke bey in the middle of the picture! He is about to dash his carbine in the faces of his foes, for he is half mad with rage and fury. Noble horses! splendid housings! fine sabres!

"There never were finer infantry in the world than the French, nor finer cavalry than the Mamelukes, of course I except those of Old England. Now I should like you to see a regiment of the English heavy dragoons: the officers look well in their undress, their blue frock coat, scarlet cloak, and blue cloth foraging cap; but I should like you to see them in their full dress—scarlet single-breasted coat, collar, cuffs, and

turn-backs of regimental facings, with nine uniform buttons in front, and two loops in each end of the collar.

"The dragoon guards have four loops on the sleeve, but the royal, or heavy dragoons, have but three, and they are of gold lace. The epaulettes are gold bullion, the helmet gilt metal with an ornamental scroll on the sides. They have, too, an oak-leaf ornamented brass crest, as well as a separate bear-skin crest.

"Their trowsers are dark blue, and the stripe of gold lace, an inch and three quarters wide, down the outer seam, gives them a noble appearance.

"They have ankle boots, brass spurs, steel mounted sword, with basket hilt, and a steel scabbard. I like to be particular in these matters. The knot of white leather strap and gold tassel, the gold lace sword belt, the crimson and gold sash, with tassels, the tache, morocco pocket, the pouch-belt, the pouch-box, the black silk stock and white leather gauntlet gloves, make them complete.

"The Battle of the Pyramids was fought between Napoleon Buonaparte, general of the French, and the Mamelukes. The Mamelukes were a warlike set of men, and all cavalry. The *beys* or *princes* were all Mamelukes themselves, and the actual masters

and rulers of Egypt, at the time of the French invasion; though that country, then as now, was subject to the Turkish sultan.

"Buonaparte had made up his mind to conquer Egypt. He took Malta, a very strong place. Then Alexandria, and marching up by the river Nile, came in sight of the Pyramids.

"Before Buonaparte began the battle of the Pyramids, he cried out to his men, 'Soldiers, from the summit of yonder pyramids forty ages behold you;' meaning the forty centuries, or four thousand years, which chronologists believe the pyramids to have already stood since they were built. He well knew the pride and vanity of a French soldier. The poor fellows had suffered dreadfully in crossing the burning sands; for not only did the sun scorch them, but myriads of insects loaded the air, hardly a drop of water was to be obtained, and the country had been cleared of animals and vegetables.

"The soldiers murmured, stripped off their clothes, and lay down in the heat of the day to sleep, but Buonaparte never complained. He kept his uniform buttoned up to the chin, and was the last to lie down, and the first to get up again. He was a good soldier. My boys and girls,

Act well your part
With an upright heart.

"Buonaparte, at a glance, when from a hill he first discovered the army of the Mameluke beys, saw that the guns of the intrenched camp were not on carriages. He decided on a plan of attack wherein the guns could not play upon him. Morad Bey, the commander in chief of the Mamelukes, saw his design, but could not hinder its execution. Morad led on his Mamelukes boldly. The French formed into squares to receive them. Morad and his followers spurred on their chargers with fury, with wild cries, but the French did not give way. The Mamelukes rushed on, and many of them backed their horses against the French bayonets, but in vain, they could not break their lines.

"Look! all are hotly engaged, the French musketry thins the ranks of the Mamelukes, the latter lose their temper, dash at the French, throw their pistols and carbines in their faces, and when fallen from their horses, hack at the legs of their enemies. All in vain! all to no purpose! They are in confusion; the French advance, and a dreadful carnage takes place.

"Hundreds fling themselves into the Nile, thou-

sands are killed and taken, the rest fly to Upper Egypt, Cairo surrenders, and Buonaparte becomes master of Lower Egypt.

"Are you quite satisfied? Have you seen enough for your money? Very well, then, take one more peep, and then come down, that others may see this wonderful exhibition. Every one must have his turn,

Short or tall,
We'll please you all.

I will do all I can, and you must not forget to recommend the old showman.

EXHIBITION II.

It was on the following market day, under the same gateway, that the showman again made his appearance.

> The crow flies
> Where the corn lies.

And the old man, having picked up some customers on his last visit, hoped, once more, to be equally successful.

There he was, with the same hollow eye and sharp thin face as before; his pigtail moved, from one shoulder to the other, as he turned his head quickly around; and, again, his thin flaxen locks rose and fell with the breeze.

The old man was as nimble as most people of half his years. Poverty quickens the faculties of body and mind. He who has his dinner provided for him may move slowly, but he who has to get it must not let the grass grow under his feet.

No sooner did he put down his show, than two or three children gave a shout, while one of them even tossed up his cap in the air. The showman laughed,

and while he set his wonderful box upon its stand, began his talk to the childish throng.

"Well, my little friends! Here is the showman come again, all alive. I see that you remember me. Ay, and I remember you, too. Some of you laughed at my pigtail. Well! I will forgive you, that is, if you will be as happy now as you were then; and if you will mount the bench and see the show.

"But what have I to say about forgiveness; I who have much more to be forgiven than to forgive. Not but that I have had my enemies. When I was in the dragoons I had a comrade who wronged me. He was very near having me tied to the halberds, to be flogged. Ah well! I have forgiven him long since. Forgive, forgive, is one of the best of maxims.

"So now, then, youngsters, I have got wonderful things to show you, all different to what you saw before. You children like variety, so does every body else; and life itself, too, is variety; it is shine and shade.

"Look on the motto of my show, 'See and believe.' You cannot believe one half that I have to show you, until you have seen it. Here you have good sights, good stories, and good advice into the bargain; all for a halfpenny!

"That is right, my little man, and that is right, too, my little maid. Glad to see you mount the bench. O, I thought you were both getting up! Well, one is better than none. Thankful for all favours; half a loaf is better than no bread.

"You have given me a crooked halfpenny; they say that's lucky. I think it lucky to get a halfpenny of any kind. O rare! here is another of you; jump up, my love. There! stand steady, the show will begin directly.

"Halloo, you, there, without a hat! You look as if you had no friend; you shall find one in the old showman; stand up on the bench; you shall see the show for nothing. I have known the time when I had no hat myself, and no friend neither! Well, never mind! let us look upwards, and hope for the best.

A sunshiny morning
May come without warning.

"That is a view of Dover Cliff, but I do not reckon that any thing. It is only a drop-scene of my playhouse. I shall pull a string in a minute, and then you must look sharp about you.

"Do not be downhearted, my boy, if you have no hat to wear. The motto of the fourteenth Bucking-

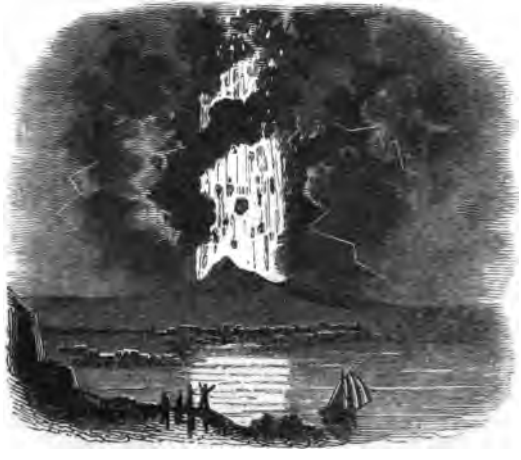
hamshire regiment is, 'No difficulties daunt us.' That's the spirit to carry you through the world!

> If hard your fare and low your station,
> Then try to mend your situation.

Now we will begin."

DOVER CLIFF.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.



"THERE! did you ever see any thing like that before? No, never! for Mount Vesuvius is, I should think, on many accounts, the most remarkable burning mountain in the world.

"The crater, or cup-like opening at the top, is very broad; but how deep it is I cannot say: I should not like to go down into such a place to see.

Firm ground
Is worth a pound.

Wonderful works going on under our feet, that we know nothing about.

"Mount Hecla, in Iceland, is famous enough, and Etna, in Sicily, still more so; and as for Cotapaxi, in South America, they tell me that its roaring may be heard a hundred miles away. Ay, a hundred miles away; we are not obliged, you know, to believe all we hear! but, take it for all in all, as I said before, Mount Vesuvius, to my fancy, is the first volcano in the world.

"Did you ever see such a furnace as that?

Smoke and fire,
Higher and higher,

it would take much more than a river to quench it. Should you like to see a burning mountain in reality? Better not, better keep out of harm's way; my volcano will not hurt a hair of your head; but you had better keep away from Mount Vesuvius.

"Now, attention, while I describe it. No use seeing fine sights and learning nothing from them; my maxim is, delight the eye, inform the head, and correct the heart. Now then, attention!

"Mount Vesuvius is in Italy, about five miles from Naples. Its top or summit is between three and four thousand feet above the level of the ocean. Ay, you may look up at that tall chimney, but it is as high as a hundred such, stuck one upon another.

"You must travel a long way to go from the bottom to the top of it, because it is so steep and dangerous, that you must go a roundabout road.

"The rumbling and tumbling, inside the mountain, is like a thousand cannons going off at once. When I was in the dragoons I heard cannons enough; two hundred of them kept roaring on all sides of us for hours, strewing the field with the dying and the dead; many a tall fellow measured his length that day on the ground. It was a mercy I escaped as well as I did.

When the thundering cannons rattle,
Fearful is the field of battle.

But I was describing the volcano.

"All at once a blazing column of fire shoots from the crater to the very clouds. Hills and valleys, houses and trees, seem the colour of a red hot cinder. Such a frightful glare makes every thing look wild and fearful.

"Perhaps you never saw a house on fire? well, then, I hope you never will; I have seen too many! But a hundred houses on fire would be nothing to Mount Vesuvius.

"Every now and then hot ashes in great abundance are thrown into the air, filling the sky, and coming down again in showers upon the earth, covering it for miles and miles.

"It is fearful enough by day, but when night comes on it is truly terrible. Heaven and earth seem on fire, and the heavy black smoke, that at times rises up, sails slowly away in the distance. One moment the pillar of fire flares up to the sky, and then suddenly drops down into the crater, leaving the world as dark as if the sun, moon, and stars were blotted out of the heavens.

"Now, again, the flame blazes up, and the red hot lava boils over, running down the mountain's side. You have seen a saucepan of milk, or a kettle full of hasty pudding, boiling over. Well! Mount Vesuvius is just like it, if you can fancy the saucepan, or the kettle, as large as Mount Vesuvius.

"Many years ago a terrible eruption of Mount Vesuvius took place; the cinders and the ashes flew about fearfully; the lava ran down, and burning

rocks were flung thousands of feet into the air, some of them falling many miles off; trees were burnt, houses covered over, and whole cities were destroyed —yes, whole cities! Temples, houses, men, women, and children, were all overwhelmed together. This happened in the year of Christ seventy-nine, that is, you know, almost two thousand years ago.

Alas! alas!
How time does pass!

"Look yonder, a yelping cur has torn the little girl's pinafore! She had no business to run away! If she had faced about boldly, stooped to the ground for a stone, by way of ammunition, and made a charge, the enemy would have evacuated his position, and fled with precipitation. Courage is a noble quality. Sergeant Bell never showed his back to an enemy.

'Tis a maxim in war,
Without any denying,
Where there's danger in facing
There's danger in flying.

"Herculaneum, an ancient city of Naples, was totally overwhelmed. Pompeii, too, was destroyed at the same time. It was not covered over with so much lava and ashes as Herculaneum, but quite

enough fell upon it to hide it from view. There it lay hidden, till it was discovered less than a hundred years ago.

"Strange sight! astonishing spectacle! Temples, theatres, mansions, shops, paintings, statues, arms and armour, with instruments and utensils of all kinds, were found.

"You see, my little friends, that our lives hang, as it were, on a spider's thread. All in a moment we may be cut off unexpectedly—

> How many in an instant die;
> Gone in the twinkling of an eye!

Earthquake, plague, famine, sickness, battle, murder and sudden death may come upon us, though we have no burning mountains to overwhelm us. Let us be like soldiers, then, ready for the march; fine thing to be prepared for the last march. Think of it, my young friends, think of it!

"But here you see the great Mount Vesuvius straight before you, and quite close to you. What would you do if Sergeant Bell did not travel the country with his box, and bring to you the wonders of the world?

"Fearful thing is a burning mountain. Thank

God, there are none of them in old England. We do not think enough of our mercies.

> Blessings round about us spread,
> As thick as hairs upon our head.

"I thought you would like Mount Vesuvius. Do not breathe on the glass, love. There, stand steady.

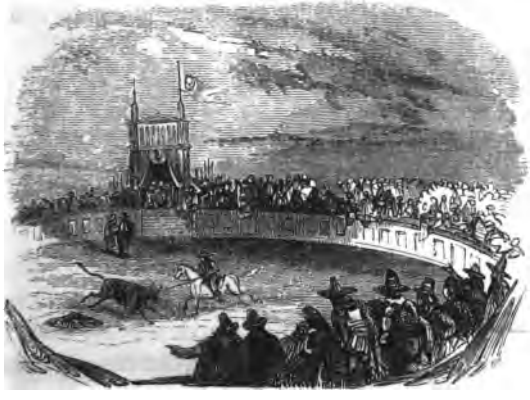
"Take another peep at Mount Vesuvius, for it is wonderful to behold. There it is, toiling and boiling, roaring and soaring, flames of fire and columns of black smoke, tons of ashes, red hot rocks in the air, and floods of flaming lava running just like rivers of water.

> Now it rages broad and high,
> Flaring upwards to the sky.

Is it not a fearful sight? The burning mountain could not be put out for a thousand pounds, and I only charge you one halfpenny for seeing it.

"Now we must go to Spain together, but Sergeant Bell will take you there without the expense either of ships or stage-coaches. If I pull one of my strings, it will answer every purpose. Now you shall see a Spanish Bull Fight. There it is!"

SPANISH BULL FIGHT.



"SAM BARTON was a bull-baiter, he once lived at Darlaston among the colliers. A sad cruel fellow. He enlisted in the thirty-eighth regiment—that is the first Staffordshire; red and yellow. Fought at Mont Video, Spain, and Portugal. Never be cruel. God can see you at all times.

The darkest night
To Him is bright.

From his all searching eye
No living thing can fly.

God saw Sam Barton.

"When in Portugal Barton was given to plunder; and practised great cruelty too; he was caught and put to death in a horrid way. The Portuguese never liked the English, though they fought, and bled, and conquered for them. They gave Sam Barton enough of cruelty.

Let us be kind to all we see,
For God is kind to you and me.

"Well, now I am going to describe the bull-fight; but a Spanish bull-fight is a different thing from an English bull-bait. The Spanish people are very dexterous at it, but it is a cruel pastime, and shows the barbarous state of the court and country; nor does the attendance of fine ladies with all their satin dresses and plumes of feathers, make it otherwise. By the way, the Spaniards in South America are very clever in *lassoing* wild cattle. I will tell you what *lassoing* is.

"A man mounts a fleet horse, and rides out into the open plains, where there are abundance of wild horses, and wild cattle, he carries in his hand a long

leathern thong with a noose at the end of it; this is called a *lasso;* it is fastened to the saddle. If a wild bull chases him, he nimbly avoids his encounter and gallops round him. Whether the bull runs after him, or he gallops after the bull, no matter, he soon takes an opportunity of throwing his lasso, and hardly ever fails to catch the enraged or affrighted bull fast by one of his legs. But I am forgetting the bull-fight.

Look at what is going forward. See the fury of the bull, the dexterity of the horsemen, the rich dresses of the king, the queen, and the Spanish nobles, and the wonder of the gaping throng. There you have it altogether. Look at the fight while I describe it.

"Ho! ho! I see you there, marching like soldiers: that is not the way. You want a drill sergeant. You must be sent to the awkward squad.

"Heads up, eyes front, shoulders square, knees straight, toes out, arms close to the body, belly drawn in, breast advanced, body upright. That's the way. Now you look something like—but I must not attend to you, I must attend to my show.

"In Madrid, and other places in Spain there are large amphitheatres erected on purpose for bull-fights. There is a splendid canopy for the king, queen, and

nobles of the land, and seats provided for hundreds and thousands of people, all out of danger.

"Out comes the worried bull from his cage, as a door is drawn up, and rushes, roaring, into the wide enclosed space. A man on horseback, with a lance in his hand, is ready to receive him. This man is called a picadore. He avoids the bull, and gives him a wound in the shoulder, or the flank, which maddens the animal still more. The bull bellows; he turns swiftly round, but the picadore's horse is well trained, and avoids the danger.

"You see it all through the glass without a hair of your heads being injured. In Spain,

> The young and the old,
> The timid and bold,

all love bull fighting; nay, even the barbarian court. A pretty scene it would be in London, or in Paris, or in Vienna, or in Berlin, or in St. Petersburgh, or even in the adjacent city of Lisbon, or any city of the civilized quarters of Europe, to see the sovereign and the court assembled and decked out, to behold what, in England, would disgrace the rudest parts of the metropolis, and rudest parts of the country! Sad work for the bull! sad work for many of the horses! and sad work, now and then, for riders!

"The picadores are capital horsemen. When I was in the dragoons, no man in the regiment, but the rough riders, could sit a horse better than I could; walking, trotting, cantering, and galloping, standing leap and flying leap, nothing came amiss to me; but, for all that, I could not ride like a picadore.

"Well, when the bull has been driven to desperation, his eyes fiery red; when he is bleeding from a dozen wounds; when the horse with a torn flank has been gored to the ground with the picadore under him—out run half a dozen chulos from their hiding places; these are men on foot, armed with darts, and carrying pieces of coloured cloth; they draw off the attention of the bull from the fallen picadore, by fluttering their pieces of cloth before him, or flinging them over his eyes, as well as by sticking their darts in his neck and body. They make the poor bull look like a huge porcupine. Sad cruel pastime!

"Recollect that cruelty is cruelty, whether practised on a large animal or a small one. If you torment

A dog or a cat,
A bird or a bat,

you are as bad as a Spanish bull fighter.

"After the picadore and the chulos have left the

arena, a man on foot, called the matador, enters with a flag, or cloak, in one hand, and a long dagger in the other; he waves the flag, baffles the bull, and plunges in his dagger behind the horns. Down drops the bull, a cord is flung over his horns, and horses drag him away all on a gallop, while the barbarous women wave their scarfs and handkerchiefs, and a shout from the multitude rends the air.

"Steady, there! you make as much riot as if you were shouting at a bull-fight. How can I be heard while you are hallooing in that way? Halloo as long and as loud as you like when the show is done. If you were peeping into my box, you would be better occupied.

"I have seen many bull-fights, my little friends; many a man and horse taken away wounded, and many a bull dragged away from the arena; but I shall never see another. No more Spain for me! The bones of Sergeant Bell shall rest under the turf in Old England.

"Have another peep at the picture, and remember that the picadores, the chulos, and the matador are often very handsomely dressed, and this sets off their fine forms and skilful movements to great advantage. A finely formed man is a noble sight. Look at

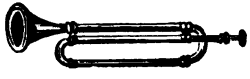
some of our fellows in the guards, or in the heavy dragoons!

"Perhaps you never saw Spaniards in their slashed sleeves, short velvet cloaks, and broad brimmed hats with feathers. Well! never mind that; you can see them in my show, and that will answer your purpose quite as well. Think what it would cost you to go to Spain to see a bull-fight, and here you see one almost as good; king and queen! nobles of the land! grandees and Spanish high-born dames! throngs of people! bull, horses, picadore, chulos, and matador! and all for a halfpenny!

"Prepare for something else. We are in Spain now, but in another minute we shall be back again in Old England.

By pulling my strings,
We fly faster than wings.

There! Spain and Madrid, and the bull-fight, all are gone, and here stands Sergeant Bell on British ground, ready to describe a British scene."



STOPPAGE IN CHEAPSIDE.

"You hardly know what to make of that! O, London is a grand city, and people flock to it from France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Germany, Russia, America, and other places.

"They say there are nearly a thousand millions of

people in the world! Christians, Jews, Mahometans, and Pagans. May be so, but I never counted them. I once heard of a man, (I think he was an Indian,) who undertook to count the people in London. For every one that passed he cut a notch in a long stick, but the stick was so soon full of notches that he threw it away.

He found it folly to set down
The citizens of London town.

If he acted foolishly in undertaking it, he acted very wisely in giving it up.

"As I said before, you hardly know what to make of the picture. A pretty stir there seems to be among the good people. That is a view of a stoppage in Cheapside, in the great city of London. There is a stream of men, women, children, horses, and carriages flowing along Cheapside from morning to night, and when a wheel comes off a cart, or a horse falls down, or a cab gets jammed in between two others, what they call a stoppage takes place, and every thing is in confusion.

"Look to the right! that is Bow Church, and further on is the cupola of St. Paul's, one of the noblest churches, next to St. Peter's at Rome, in the world. St. Paul's was built by Sir Christopher Wren. Some

people have called it the Wren's nest. A pretty sized nest for so small a bird. Fine building! fine monuments inside it! and a fine whispering gallery!

Whisper soft, and it will sound
All the noble gallery round.

"Look to the left! There is the ruin of the Royal Exchange. Terrible fire that destroyed the building! extraordinary event! Would tell you all about it if I had the time, but I have quite enough before me, my motto must be 'forward!' You would have been surprised to see the Exchange at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, every day, except Sundays and great holidays, when all the merchants were there, Turks, Jews, and Christians, mixed together, bargaining, bartering, buying and selling, making as loud a hum as if a score hives of bees were all swarming at the same time. That large stone house, with the pillars, is the present Mansion House, or official residence of the lord mayor. But now look at the middle of the street.

"Carts, cabs, and carriages; brewers' drays, and hackney coaches; waggons, vans, and a long line of omnibuses are wedged together. No likelihood of their going on for this hour, any how. Patience is a virtue.

Better be quiet,
Than kick up a riot.

"'Out of the way, Jarvey," cries a butcher. 'Hollo! get on, you young chaps in the gig,' says a coachman. 'Move one way or other,' roars out a carrier; and 'I say sir, why do you block up the road in this 'ere manner,' bellows out a drayman. Fifty of them are scolding, complaining, reproaching in this way altogether, tearing, and, sad to say, swearing, without stirring an inch.

"Sad confusion, nothing like order in the world. More order among soldiers than among any kind of people. When I was in the dragoons, up betimes in a morning; horse to clean; accoutrements to attend to; off to parade; companies drawn up; exercise, and sham fighting; trampling of horses; clashing of swords; firing of carbines; all regular as clockwork. Nothing like this blocking up of Cheapside among us.

"I once heard of a countryman who stood up with his back close up to the houses in Cheapside, that he might let the crowd go by before he went on—why he might have stopped till ten o'clock at night. He did not know London so well as the old showman.

"See there! a policeman is dragging a pickpocket

to the station-house. Plenty of pickpockets in London! I will tell you how I manage them. When I go among them I always leave my bank notes at home; or if I happen to have a fifty pound Bank of England note—I screw it up in a small compass and put it safe in my fob—That is the way! I advise you to do the same. Never was robbed of fifty pounds in my life, nor likely to be! Seldom had fifty pence!

"The new police force is an excellent institution—rather expensive, but that cannot be helped—much better than the old superannuated watchmen—many of them have been in the army—When I was in the heavy dragoons——

"O ho! my little friend, you are down sure enough! let me help you up again. How could you slip from the bench that way? Well, never mind; no bones broken. There is a man! Nothing like bearing trouble patiently.

Troubles never
Stop for ever.
The darkest day
Will pass away.

There, all is right again. Now we will go on as if nothing had happened.

"You can only see Cheapside, but the road is

blocked up at St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and all the way to Temple Bar, crushing, cramming, and jamming.

"See, at the end of Wood Street, that is the Birmingham coach from the Cross Keys; horses in their brass harness, ramping and tramping; coachman and guard calling and bawling; no use; cannot stir; in Ludgate Hill things are just in the same fashion; the Leamington Sovereign is a prisoner in the Bell Savage gateway; and the Hereford Champion cannot get from under the arch at the Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet Street.

"Perhaps you have never travelled by coach? Very pleasant outside in summer; sun shining; horses trotting ten miles an hour; guard playing the bugle, and the stones flying like mad from under the horses' heels. I once travelled outside to the north of England. That was before I went into the dragoons. Sad accident, a boy fell off, his neck was almost under the wheel when all of a sudden——

"Do not crush so there! you can all see it in your turns. Do not be in a hurry. I shall soon have done now.

"Look all along the line; gentlemen's carriages, and hackney coaches;

Common stages,
Gigs, and chaises;

butcher's carts, donkey-carts, dog-carts, and all kinds of carts. Here, a horse is down, kicking and plunging; yonder, a wheel has come off a waggon. Pretty work of it they are making!

"Look yonder, the lad with his stockings down, in throwing at the dog, has broken a window—he has shot at a pigeon and killed a crow; he will not do for a soldier! no soldier should ever be considered as dismissed from drill, or fit to take his place in the ranks, till he has shown himself to be a good shot.

"I will tell you how they teach a recruit to fire. At first he fires—with ball cartridge mind you—at a large round target, eight feet diameter—he is almost sure to hit this, and it gives him confidence.

"After this he fires at the same target at a greater distance, not only by himself, but with others, by sections, and by platoons; and lastly he fires at a target only six feet by two, with a bull's-eye in the centre, only eight inches broad. When I was at drill in the heavy dragoons I put three shot through the bull's eye at a hundred and fifty yards distance—look in the report book, and you will find it signed with the captain's name. But I am forgetting Cheapside.

"Merchants are pushing to the Exchange; clerks hurrying to the Bank of England; travellers hastening to their different customers; and strangers making the best of their way to the sights of London, while a thousand idle fellows have nothing to do but to stare about them, and block up the road. There they are! cabs, coaches, and carriages; men, women, and children; horses, dogs, and donkeys; merchants' clerks, travellers, and strangers; porters, pick-pockets, and policemen, hastening and pushing in all directions.

"There! have one more peep at the coaches; and, then, let us get out of their way as fast as we can, and mind you never again get into a stoppage in Cheapside."

No sooner did the young people show that they had seen enough of the Stoppage of Cheapside, than the showman began to describe the next wonders he had to exhibit: these, he told them, were the wonders of the Spanish Armada. The string was soon pulled, and Sergeant Bell harangued his little audience as follows.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

"THAT is right, my little man, take off your cap, you will see all the better, and there is something now more worth looking at than your cap.

There's the deep ocean
All in commotion.

I have sailed on it when it ran mountains high, but it is now only a bit of a breeze; a capful of wind, as the

sailors call it. You should see it in a storm, roaring and soaring, dashing and splashing, till it is all in a froth, something like soapsuds. Fine sight! shows the power of God, who can make the ocean come and go as obediently as if it were a little child.

"A ship sails on the ocean all round the world. Did you ever see a fly run round an apple, an earwig creep round a turnip, or a snail crawl round the round heart of a cabbage? In just the same way, a ship sails round the world, going straight on till it comes to the place whence it set off.

A fly, an earwig, and a snail,
Will tell the course a ship will sail.

"The ships on the right are English men-of-war and frigates. Old England's best bulwarks are her wooden walls. Look at the jolly jack tars! how they are peppering away at their enemies!

'Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again, and again.'

"I am no friend to fighting, unless our cause is a just one; but when tyranny and oppression oppose us, why then, fight away, my boys! When I was in the dragoons—but, I can tell you about that, by and by.

"If I could, I would show you the whales, and the sharks, and the porpoises, and the dolphins, the herrings, the lobsters, the crayfish, and all other fish that are found in the seas; but I cannot do this, my little dears, for they are under the water. So we must be contented to see what we can.

"The noise of the ships with their cannon is almost enough to make the oysters leap out of their shells, and to frighten the flying-fish into the air.

"The ships in the middle, and on the left hand, are the Spanish Armada, a large fleet of more than a hundred ships, fitted out by the king of Spain, about two hundred and fifty years ago, to invade Old England: but the king had better have kept them at home; he had enough of it before he had finished. 'A burnt child dreads the fire.'

"The ships were one hundred and thirty; they had on board eight thousand three hundred and fifty sailors, nineteen thousand two hundred and ninety soldiers, and two thousand and eighty galley-slaves chained to their oars. There were also two thousand six hundred and thirty pieces of ordnance, besides instruments of torture, such as thumb-screws, iron cravats for the neck, spadas (or swords) with poisoned points, and other instruments of torture and offence.

If they had conquered Old England, terrible scenes would have followed, both civil and religious! but no! no! British boys were too much for them.

"The pope blessed the Armada and called it Invincible, but British sailors told him a different tale. They made the Spaniards sing a different tune.

"Queen Elizabeth set an example to her people; she clad herself in a corslet of armour, mounted her horse, and reviewed the troops and the fleet at Tilbury Fort; thus exciting both soldiers and sailors to heroic deeds. England felt as one man.

"Howard, and Sheffield, and Drake, and Hawkins, and Raleigh, and Forbisher, were able commanders, and nobly led on our ships. See those great ones in front, they are Portuguese gale*asses*; ay, and the Portuguese were *asses* for letting their ships come into this fray. The English are having some warm work with them.

"The Armada sailed from Lisbon, in Portugal, and came near Plymouth. Many of the ships were great, awkward, unwieldy things, and Admiral Lord Howard knocked them about severely. I warrant you they found him a stout antagonist. Well, they

should have stayed at home and minded their own business!

> It is thriftless labour,
> To rob your neighbour,

and none are so likely to get stung to death as they who go to filch honey from a hive of bees who know the trouble of getting it together. Get what you can in the world, but get it honestly.

"Sir Francis Drake took one ship which had more than fifty thousand golden ducats on board: the Spaniards did not like that; few people would. Then the English took a great Venetian vessel, and afterwards so battered the rest that that they began to feel queerish, and to think how they could best take care of themselves.

"See, the fine vessel alongside that vast hulk of a Spaniard! That is the flag-ship of the British admiral, Lord Howard. There are some tight British lads on board her. You should have seen them drinking grog—sadly too much grog drank on board ship—and dancing hornpipes on a Saturday night, dressed in their holiday clothes, long-quartered shoes, check shirt, blue jacket, and trowsers like the driven snow. I was about being a sailor once myself; but

I preferred the army. At last I enlisted in the dragoons, and so—

"Mind, or you will tumble off the bench.

Though disasters we meet,
Let us stand on our feet.

There is nothing to be got by knocking our heads against the ground. Now let us go on.

"Though the English had so few ships, compared with the others, they did not fear them. No, they were at them again and again, and sent among them eight fire-ships, full of gunpowder, pitch, brimstone, bullets, stones, and chain-shot; and hot work there was!

"The wind and tide took the fire-ships among the Grand Armada; where they were soon in a blaze, and blew up with such claps as frightened the Spaniards out of their senses. This was in the dead of the night, too!

"After that, the English set to work once more; and, what with their cannon-shot, and their fire-ships, and their boarding-pikes, and a storm which took place, the Grand Invincible Armada was entirely routed. It was the worst day's work the Spaniards

ever did, when they threatened in this manner to invade Old England!

"I told you that Queen Elizabeth set a noble example to Englishmen, by putting on a corslet, and reviewing her troops; but now I will tell you something else about her. On her deathbed she cried out 'Time! time! a world of wealth for an inch of time!' Serious thought! Important reflection! Value your *time*, my little men and maidens, and put it to a good purpose! Queen Elizabeth died.

> If royalty a shroud must wear,
> Can *we* do better than prepare?

"There they are,

> One and all,
> Great and small,

sails set, colours flying, fire-ships flaming and blowing up; the English firing without intermission, and the Spaniards running as if they could not get away fast enough from the English!

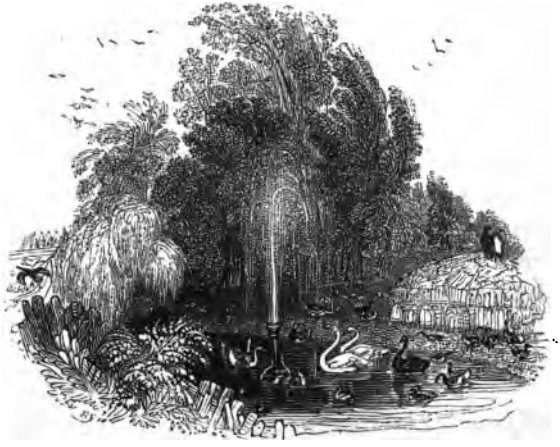
"See! that great ship on the right is the one that has got fifty thousand ducats on board. Think of that, my bonny boys! fifty thousand golden ducats! and I charge you only a copper halfpenny. How

many copper halfpennies are there in fifty thousand ducats? But you must be a great deal older than you are, before you will be able to count them! Now, let us give a cheer for the honour of Old England, and then I will pull another string of my show.

"One thing I forgot to tell you. As soon as the English had gained the victory, the queen appointed a day of thanksgiving to God for delivering her kingdom from the Spanish Armada. That was as it ought to be. We do not thank God half enough. Whatever you do, never forget to thank God for his goodness.

"Are you ready? Now for another sight!"

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. FIRST VIEW.



"THERE! No wonder that you should hold up your hands. It is honestly worth a silver sixpence to see such a sight as that!

A famous feast,
Of bird and beast!

"If you have never been in London, you have never

seen the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. Sad long word that 'Zoological,' and many people pronounce it improperly. Mind that it is not *Zu*-logical, but *Zo*-ological; it means something about 'living creatures;' but, then, you are not to think that they are 'Gardens of *Living Creatures;*' no, their right and full name is, 'Gardens of the *Zoological Society.*' They contain a capital collection of beasts and birds. The word Zoological, as I said before, is certainly too long. I like short words better than long ones; for where is the use of puzzling our brains when we can do without it?

"But for all that, I hope you are scholars; nothing like minding your books.

> 'When house and land are gone and spent,
> Then learning is most excellent.'

"One of my comrades, Jem Jones, was a scholar all over, almost fit to be a schoolmaster. What was the consequence? Why he rose from the ranks, made a good corporal, and a capital sergeant—nothing like learning.—But now for the Zoological Gardens.

"See, in the foreground to the right, that is the Bear-pit. One of the bears is now on the top of the

pole: there is a round ball on the top, and he rests

upon it. He looks as if he is going to leap. Mind what you are about.

Always take care
Of a leaping bear,

for he is but an awkward playfellow.

"I have heard strange things of bears, great, strong, uncouth creatures as they are. Some time ago, I heard of one that pulled a dead horse along a fallen tree, over a deep ravine. Rather that he should pull the dead horse there, than pull me, a great deal.

"Some bears are brown; some black; and the polar bear is white. Rather not meet a polar bear

on the ice. Afraid he would play the bear with me. But of all bears, the grisly bear is the most terrible! Lives in North America. Sad fellow!

Strong paws,
Long claws,

and terribly sharp teeth. There they are! snarling, growling, and climbing up the pole!

"Look a little to the left; that is the Macaw-cage. There they are, macaws, parrots, and cockatoos; red

and blue and yellow, climbing up the sides of the cage,

With their beaks that are hooked,
And their claws that are crooked;

screaming like a tribe of wild Indians. But you

never heard nor saw wild Indians. I do not like their scalping-knives, or their way of using them. Well, let us be thankful that there are no wild Indians in England! It is a happy thing to dwell in peace.

"Farther on are the widgeons and pigeons; pin-tail ducks and black swans, curassows, flamingoes,

coots, cormorants, and cranes, with gulls, sheldrakes, pelicans, and a score of other kinds of birds. You have heard of the pelican feeding its young with its own blood. Wonderful things in the world, but this is a fable; a fine fable, as the emblem has made it; and yet not wholly without foundation, perhaps, if the exact and very different truth were told; fathers and mothers, however, do a great deal for their little

ones, whether the story of the Pelican be right or

wrong. Love to hear of affection between parents and children: 'Honour thy father and thy mother' is a great commandment, and the

Child that does not do it,
Will be sure to rue it.
Love father and mother,
Love sister and brother,

my little dears. O yes! and love every body else too.

"A little to the right of the maccaw-house, and farther on, are zebras from Africa, llamas from South America, nyl-ghaus and sloth-bears from India, besides antelopes, Persian sheep, and camels. Wonderful are the works of God!

"Within that building, there, are lions and tigers,

leopards, panthers, and pumas, all alive; with

hyænas, which are commonly called untameable.

"Farther to the right are the deer and antelopes of different kinds, and that beauty of beauties the gazelle antelope; and goats, and kangaroos, and emeus; and golden, and silver, and purple-breasted pheasants.

"You have seen many goats I dare say, with their crooked horns and shaggy beards. When I was in the heavy dragoons, and quartered at Coventry, we had two goats always running about in the barrack-yard. Billy and Nanny (for those were their names) made us fine sport one way or other.

"Billy wandered one day, at dusk, out of the barrack-yard into a gentleman's stable, where was a large corn-bin wide open. What should Billy do but get into it; his horns somehow struck against the

lid of the bin, and down it came, shutting him up as close as wax could have done it.

"The hostler came to the stable, heard an odd noise, looked about, saw nothing, got terribly frightened, and ran away for his life.

"Strange tales flew abroad, crowds of people got together, odd noises, mysterious sounds, rustling, bleating; stable haunted; talked of sending for the parson of the parish. When we heard of it, a corporal and four rank and file went from the barracks with their carbines loaded, took possession of the place, and there they found master Billy in the corn-bin! Whenever you hear a silly tale of a ghost, call to mind Billy in the corn-bin.

"That large pen in the middle, yonder, is the

Monkey-house. Monkeys with long tails, baboons

with short tails, and apes with no tails at all, are grinning, chattering, leaping, swinging, and cracking nuts all together. They are a comical set, and put on such faces, and perform such antics, that a judge on the bench, in his big wig, could not help laughing at them, I am sure.

"Besides these, there are wolves, tortoises, otters, porcupines, armadillos, crocodiles, and the Brahma bull; condors, eagles, vultures, hawks, falcons, horned owls, and birds of Paradise. But I cannot tell you the names of one half of them. Fine birds, fine beasts, fine gardens, and fine people walking about them! We must now go under the Archway."

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. SECOND VIEW.

THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE INTO THE SECOND GARDEN.

"THIS is the other view that I spoke of; upon the right, yonder, are wild beasts, and dogs from hot countries and cold countries, with thick collars and strong chains: Russian dog, Spanish dog, Australian dog, Esquimaux dog, Persian greyhound, and noble British mastiff.

"Sportsmen value their dogs, and give great prices for them. O the dog is a useful creature! ought to behave kindly to him; works for his master by day, watches for him by night. Never treat a dog cruelly;

no, nor a cat either; and remember, that if there were no cats there would be too many rats; and

Mouse after mouse,
In every house;

famous scampering along the shelves in the pantry; fine

Nibbling and gnawing,
Clipping and clawing,

there would be if we had no cats!

"Look on the left and the centre. There are paddocks and high buildings for the ostrich, the

largest of birds, and the cassowary, almost as big. Then there is the great kangaroo, hopping on his hind legs and his tail, and the Wapiti deer with horns as long as from here to yonder, and the moose

deer with his slit lip, and the Sambur deer, and a dozen other kinds of deer; with tapirs, and peccaries, and wild boars. There they are!

Beaks, wings, and nails,
Horns, legs, and tails!

"Do you see the high building? Ay, that is it;

the rhinoceros is there, a fine fellow with a rare thick skin, and a strong horn on his nose. They tell me that an enraged rhinoceros will sometimes run his horn in the belly of an elephant and lift him from the ground. What do you think of that?

"Wonderful times these we live in! Have a care, my little man, or you will tumble as sure as you are born. Wonderful times, I say, these are, or you could not see a show like this under half a crown.

Tell your brothers and sisters and all your playfellows what lots I give you for your money; bring your cousins by dozens; you will do them a kindness and get the old showman a dinner.

"O I did not mention the great Indian elephant, noble animal! moves like mountain, and bathes in the big pond like a whale. The keeper says he has an elegant leg for a silk stocking. Should like to see him in one vastly, but he must not tread on my toe. Sagacious creature, wonderfully made! with his trunk he can pick up a pepper-corn or tear up a tree by the roots.

"Perhaps you have heard of the elephant and the tailor. The tailor pricked the elephant's trunk with his needle, foolish thing! ill natured thing! cruel thing! better have minded his work, a great deal. The elephant did not forget it, he filled his trunk with muddy water, and when he came by the tailor's window he spirted it all in his face. Served him quite right. Ought to have known better. A pretty figure the poor snip cut, I dare say, to say nothing of the new suit of clothes he was making. I warrant you he never pricked an elephant's trunk again with his needle.

"Did you ever see a giraffe? a camelopard? the

tallest animal in the creation. That is the building yonder where the giraffes are. Wonderful animals,

brought from the hot burning desert, when full grown they will hold up their heads fifteen or sixteen feet high, and a man may walk upright under their bellies.

"Of birds there is no end, fluttering, chatting, and screaming till you can hardly hear yourself speak, and the fine snakes called boas are enough to make you start back with astonishment and fear.

"A boa constrictor must be a disagreeable companion to join you suddenly in a deep forest on a moonshiny night, when you are all by yourself. He glides along smoothly, curls his tail round a tree, and then makes a spring, writhing his shiny, scaly

body round your neck, waist, and legs, drawing back his head and open mouth just opposite your face. It is fearful to think of it. All of a sudden his eye flashes brighter, he stiffens his body and darts his fangs like lightning into your throat.

"The farthest building yonder is full of squirrels,

monkeys, lemurs, opossums, coati mondi, ichneumons and cavies, and white mice and black rats are nimbly running about in their cages.

"Not one word have I spoken about the orang-outang—strange animal! wonderful creature! more like a man than any other animal is.

"Odd things said about orang-outangs! One was brought to England some years ago, on board the ship in which Dr. Abel returned from Batavia: he

had a large head, wide mouth, broad chest, short legs, long arms, and taper fingers—No doubt you will like to see an orang-outang!

"When confined, he was violent, but when left at liberty, ran about the ship, played with the ship-boys, and much enjoyed himself—a famous swinger! a capital climber! and a wonderful jumper!

"An orang-outang was shot at Ramboom on the west coast of Sumatra, full seven feet high—must he not have been a fine fellow?—Well, when you see the Zoological Gardens, you will see an orang-outang, but a very small one.

"Look about you, my merry hearts, remember you are gazing at the noble Zoological Gardens of Regent's Park, London. Now can you remember the half what I have told you?

"There is the lion from Africa, the monarch of the woods; the royal striped tiger from Bengal in the East Indies; and the bulky elephant from the Isle of Ceylon. The bears are from the north, the llamas from the south, the golden pheasants from the east, and the macaws from the west.

"I have told you about panthers and pumas, hogs and hyænas, leopards and lemurs, wolves and Wapiti deer, as well as of badgers and Brahmin bulls, jackals,

jaguars, and giraffes. There they are, birds shrieking, beasts roaring, keepers shouting, and a thousand well dressed people walking about the Gardens, all to be seen for one halfpenny.

"Now you have seen the whole of this entertaining, this instructing, this excellent exhibition—

Wherever you go
Forget not my show,
And your playmates tell
Of Sergeant Bell.

Improve your time! obey your parents! fear God! and love one another!

Farewell! be happy while you may,
And meet me here next market-day."

EXHIBITION III.

THE STORM AT SEA.

THE old showman did not fail to make his appearance, with his box, for the third time, the next Saturday; nor was he long before a group of his young friends gathered round him.

According to his custom, he began to talk to them

all the while he was occupied in setting up his raree-show, nor did he neglect to remind them of the pictures contained in his last exhibition.

Sergeant Bell was evidently getting very popular, for several children stood with their halfpence ready in their hands, so that he had no difficulty in finding customers. No sooner was his bench full than he thus began.

"Well, my happy hearts! I hope all has gone smoothly with you since last we met. Good conduct is the foundation of prosperity and peace, while little sins lead to great sorrows. I hope you have been diligent and tractable. I think I told you that idleness is the grave of comfort, and employment the path of enjoyment.

"I see that you had rather peep at my show, than listen to my grave remarks. Well, then, my first show is a Sea Storm, and you shall have it directly. There! now you have something to look at.

"Steady! steady! remember nothing can be done well without order. Sergeant Bell loves to see things in their places. He is no friend to shuffling and changing needlessly, and acting without a plan.

Neither wise men nor fools
Go on well without rules.

"One thing at a time is a capital plan,
For mistress and maid, for master and man;

therefore attend to the old Sergeant now, and to your jokes after.

"The sights you see, here, are worth looking at for a whole day together, though I only charge you a halfpenny.

"Is not that a black sky? If it were not for the lightning you would not see the ship, nor the dark billows fringed with white foam. There they are, no moon and no star, to cheer the fainting hearts of the sailors! sad sight to look upon.

"I have been at sea. Grand sight, but great dangers. Sea-sickness a bad thing, shipwreck a deal worse. I have seen the porpoises and the stormy petrels, (Mother Carey's chickens they sometimes call the petrels,) and I have heard the loud winds whistle through the rigging, while the ship's timbers, creaking and cracking, sounded awfully.

"Stand steady, my little man, and you will see all the better.

The sea's a fine sight,
On a moonshiny night;
But a fearful display
When the winds have their way.

"The rock there is off the Bermudas; it is a headland, and dangerous spot: many a good ship has struck against it, and gone down.

"The vessel is a merchantman, with passengers on board; tight ship, rich cargo, bold seamen, bound to Old England from Trinidad. Sugar and cotton on board, with tobacco, cocoa, indigo, and fruit. Storm comes on off Barbadoes. Sails torn to tatters. Ship blown out of her course. She strikes on the rock, bulges in a part of her bows. Obliged to cut away the main-mast. A wild wave sweeps away two poor sailors into the deep! The song says,

> 'Ye gentlemen of England,
> Who live at home at ease,
> How little do ye think upon
> The dangers of the seas!'

"Very true! very true! poor sailors suffer many hardships, ay, and poor soldiers too. When I was in the heavy dragoons, sometimes we had to lie on the bare ground; up in the morning; empty bellies; numbed limbs; wet clothes; French peppering away at us, horses shot under us, and sometimes——

"What are you pulling him by the jacket-tail for? Let him see the show first, and pull him by the

jacket-tail afterward, if you like. Yes! soldiers, at times, are called on to suffer much; but what of that? they must be true to their colours. A soldier's honour should be pure as snow; not a spot, not a speck upon it: patient in toil, calm in peril, undaunted in difficulty, and bold in battle.

"See how the waves dash against the ship, as she heaves and pitches, just as if she were alive, and in agony.

"None can tell, but they who share such dangers, the horrors of a shipwreck. The captain cheers on his men, brave fellow! works among them like a Briton; but it will not do; the foaming waves dash over them, and the raging deep yawns for their destruction. Fearful scene! desperate situation!

Lightnings flashing,
Billows dashing;

thunder roaring; and the rain coming down as if a waterspout had burst over them. Drunken sailors lying about the deck, men on their knees praying, women shrieking, and the vessel beating on the rock like a fish's tail slapping against the beach in shallow water.

"Look to the left, the larboard side of the vessel, there is a mother with her babe in her arms; you can fancy the sad scene; she fell into the roaring

waters, but a rope was thrown to her. They are hoisting her up. See! see! how she grasps the rope, and binds her baby to her bosom. Her affection is strong as death. Mercy! mercy! she faints, she looses the rope! she falls, and is swallowed up by the overwhelming waters. Yes! a mother's affection is strong as death. You may try to blunt the point of a sword; to push back the thrust of the bayonet; to overtake a musket-ball, or the shot that is fired from a cannon; and you will do it as soon as you can set aside a mother's affection for her child.

"Sad scene, my little tender hearts; well may you look mournful!

Keep on dry ground,
And you'll never be drown'd.

Have another peep before the vessel parts and goes down, only three of all the crew getting to the shore.

"Of all men sailors should be steady and ready; steady to meet the storm, and ready to enter into eternity. Only a plank between them and death. Think of that.

Tempests blow,
And down they go.

"Well! what do you think of the sight of a storm at sea? See the dark sky and the zigzag lightning;

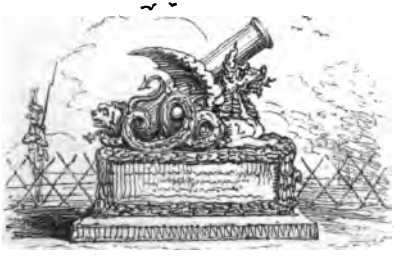
the stump of the main-mast, the bulged bows and broken bulwarks, the drunken sailors, and listen to the shrieking women. Do you not fancy that you hear them? Look at the black waves, with their curling heads, towering, and then pouring over the vessel. Sea and sky, ship and crew,

The sad and the sighing,
The dead and the dying!

"Are you quite ready for the next, for I am going to pull the string?

To do well and thrive,
We must be all alive.

Life is but a Raree-show; a few changing scenes and the exhibition is ended. Now for the Epping Hunt."



THE EPPING HUNT.

"I DARE say you have heard of the Epping Hunt; and if you have not, I will tell you all about it.

Time quickly flies,
So use your eyes.

Mine is no common show, no nonsense. Every scene worth looking at, and something to be learned from all.

Now mind what I say,
And look every way;

for there is quite enough to look at. I hope that every one of you will go away delighted.

"This is a famous show,—stag, dogs, horses, and men, all as natural as life.

"These are things to paint. When I was a boy I used to paint sometimes. One of my pictures was a stag hunt. Plenty of green in the trees, plenty of red in the huntsman's jacket; but it was very little like this capital city hunt—the Epping Hunt.

"Epping Forest is in Essex, beginning at eight and stretching to ten or a dozen miles from London; and once a year, that is, on Easter Monday, a stag is turned out there, for the cockneys of London to run down, if they are able. It is one of the strangest sights in the world.

"About six hundred years ago (mind, I am not speaking to half a dozen years or so, though I think it was in the year 1226), King Henry the Third conferred on the citizens of London the liberty of hunting the stag in the warren of Staines—and hunt him they did, on Easter Monday, while thousands of their fellow-citizens looked on.

"Ever since then, the custom has been kept up, though great changes have taken place in the persons usually attending the pastime. The lord mayor!

yes, the lord mayor of London, and the aldermen, and corporation, used to mount their nags and ride to the Epping Hunt. A famous set out they made: but now you may look a long while in the forest before you find the lord mayor. The city pleasures of the chase are not yet forgotten. The officer called the Common Hunt, attached to the Corporation, is much the same as the master of the hounds in our royal household.

"Many a cockney now rides to the Epping hunt, who never went a hunting before. There is no other hunt, that I ever heard of, where gentle and simple, rich and poor, merchants and chimneysweeps all start together.

"From morning to midday, the road is thronged with people; lords and ladies in their britzkas, market-gardeners and butchers in their carts, and cockneys of all grades and shades, in vehicles of all sorts; high life and low life altogether.

"The forest stretching in the distance, masses of trees and open spaces, with, now and then, a deer seen browsing, or flying across from one covert to another.

"Now look about you! fine prospect! The houses there, where the flags are flying, are known by the signs of the Roebuck and Baldfaced Stag. Plenty

of provisions there, tables spread, rounds of beef, legs of mutton, hams, chawls, and tongues, with bottles and tankards glittering in all directions. Good entertainment, fine ale, attentive waiters, and landlord all in motion.

"Look to the left; there is a gang of gipsies, with black hair and dark eyes, telling fortunes to people foolish enough to believe them; and a little beyond are vulgar gamblers, in the shapes of boys and men, throwing at snuff-boxes placed on sticks, stuck upright in the ground.

"See, in the centre, what a crowd of people! what a stream of carriages! stage-coaches, laden inside and out, landaus and britzkas, gigs and pony-chaises, vans, waggons, and dogcarts; here ladies prancing on their palfreys; there gentlemen on their hunters, and chimneysweeps on their donkeys. Thirty thousand people are at the hunt.

"See, a little to the left, there is a scene for you, not to be matched any where. The stag, brought in a covered cart, has been let loose; he has had twenty minutes law, and now twenty brace of stag hounds, a thousand horses, and as many riders, are scouring along the greensward after him. There they are, horses of all sorts and sizes, riders with red coats,

green coats, blue coats, and some with no coats at all.

"Two or three fruitstalls have been overturned, and a dozen riders have been thrown. I had a sad fall once myself. It was when I was in the heavy dragoons, a long while before the battle of Waterloo. I will tell you all about it.

"Our company was out foraging, and I had a young horse, that had never been properly broken; my own had been shot under me the day before. Common thing in battle; thought nothing of.

"Well! two or three of us were passing by a wooden shed, that we believed to be empty, when a volley was fired upon us by a dozen Frenchmen, who had hid themselves in the shed. My companions scampered off, and my young horse, that could not stand fire, reared up in the air, and then kicked up behind, taking me unaware, when away I went over his head, neck and heels, with my sword and carbine clattering about me.

"The Frenchmen came out to finish me, but I snatched my pistols from the holster, fired right and left, seized my sword hilt, and springing forward—

"Stop, stop, my little lady! do not get down, the show is not over yet. I shall soon have finished my

description. See, a cab-wheel is fast locked in the wheel of a barouche; the gipsies are showing their teeth; the hunters are hallooing; the men shouting; the boys huzzaing; the carriages are moving; horsemen and footmen are in confusion; and the frightened stag is flying through the forest, with the dogs in full cry, and the hallooing hunters at his heels.

"Epping hunt is a famous holiday; fine fun for the cockneys, but rather hard work for the stag, which, however, is generally an experienced runner for such occasions, and rarely meets with any misfortune, much less loss of life. He has been hunted often before, and expects to escape hounds and men this year, as he did the last. He is brought in a cart, and taken home again in a cart after the chase is over. Nevertheless, he runs for his life so long as the cry is after him. Do you remember, then, the frogs in the fable? Boys pelted them with stones. "Ay! ay!" said the frogs, "it is fine sport for you, but it is death to us." The poor stag, if he could speak, would say something of the same sort.

"Now take your last peep at the Epping Hunt, and you shall have a very different scene to follow it."

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

"STOP a minute, for I see the glasses want wiping. Nothing like seeing things to advantage. Sergeant Bell is not the man to riddle over his exhibition, and send you away but half satisfied. No! no! his raree-show shall be conducted in an orderly manner. He has been brought up a soldier, it would be a disgrace to him, then, to be disorderly. Nothing like discipline! A soldier should be

Quick and prompt at duty's call,
Win or lose, or stand or fall.

Now the glasses are clear, and you can see the Falls of Niagara in Canada, in North America, across the great Atlantic Ocean; though here you still are, in Taunton market-place, in merry old England.

If water you wish,
You may drink like a fish.

For here is plenty of it. These are the famous Falls of Niagara. Many people go hundreds of miles to see them, if not thousands; and yet you see them here at home, without going twenty yards out of your way.

"There is the water, roaming and foaming, whitening and brightening. See how it leaps from the precipice into the deep basin below, whirling and twirling about in all directions.

"You may fancy that you hear thunder, and feel an earthquake, while you look at the Falls of Niagara.

"Niagara is the name of the Falls themselves; and what is called the river Niagara, or river of these Falls, is the outlet of the water of several great lakes of North America, which after reaching Lake Erie, here descends into Lake Ontario. The river or outlet flows from south to north between thirty and

forty miles. In breadth of space, the Falls are a volume of water the wonder of the world.

"Among many changes upon the surface of the globe, and especially upon that of North America, there is reason to believe, that in ages long gone by the Falls were much nearer Lake Ontario than at present.

> Water falling day by day,
> Wears the hardest rock away,

and this has been the case with the rock and the Falls of Niagara. They are seven miles up the stream.

"Fine thing to have a taste for nature's beauties! constant source of interest and pleasure. Mountains and fountains, hills and rills, bowers and flowers, all delightful. God's works, like himself, are all wonderful.

"You see there are three Falls, for the two islands divide the tumbling water into three parts. Awful! wonderful! sublime! The river, at this spot, is three parts of a mile broad, and it falls a depth of a hundred and fifty feet; or, as some say (measured with plummet and line from the Table Rock, which is upon a level with its summit), only one hundred and forty-

nine feet. The height, therefore, so far from being extraordinary, is less than that of numerous less famous falls. The wonder is in the great breadth, and in the great volume of water. A spray rises from the fall, on which the sun forms a rainbow. The roaring, at which the adjacent banks appear to tremble, is terrible.

"The Great Fall is called Horse Shoe Fall, because it a little resembles a horse shoe; the next in size is called Fort Schlosser Fall, this is about a thousand feet wide; the least fall is not more than twenty feet wide. The largest of the two islands is Grand Isle, or Great Island; and the smallest, which, till some five and twenty years, was called Goat Island, is Navy Island, now become famous for the villanies of a band of American pirates, and the gallant and efficacious destruction of the piratical steam boat Caroline, by Commander Drew, of her majesty's navy, and his gallant band of forty-five volunteers, in which were other officers of the queen's maritime forces, accidentally in Upper Canada. Fort Schlosser was named in the times of the French and Dutch in Canada and the adjacent country of New York; and, excepting the old and insignificant fort, there is nothing at the point of the main land of

New York upon which it is built, there is nothing but one house, an inn, or tavern, usually frequented by the American smugglers of Lake Erie. But I dare say that all this while you are looking at the Falls, and think little about the islands.

"The deafening sound, the never-ending din is grand and awful, and the great cloud of vapour formed by the spray, when seen white in the sun, like a great white cloud in the sky, is as beautiful upon the one hand, as the rest is terrific upon the other; but much depends, for the sight and the sound, upon the way of the wind, and the state of the weather. If, from the effect of the wind, the sound is great upon the banks of the one side, it is commonly very moderate, at that time, upon the banks of the side opposite.

"Of ancient stories of the Falls of Niagara, there is one which illustrates the calm fortitude of character usually ascribed to the Indians of North America, and especially, perhaps, to particular nations of that name. For two or three miles above the Falls, the river loses its level, and runs *rapidly*, lower and lower, over ledges of rock, and slanting beds of the same material, breaking and foaming, and continually growing more and more *rapid* and furious, because

descending lower and lower, with a bed more and more rocky and broken, till it reaches the very falls themselves; and all this part of the river has the name given to several similar parts of rivers in Canada; that is, the name of *Rapids*. Now the upper parts of those Rapids of the river Niagara, though dangerous for the purposes of navigation, are nevertheless actually navigated by the Indians and others, either in the light and bark canoes of the former, or in the stouter boats and vessels of the latter. The point is, to escape being drawn into the current, which, once entered, at the lower, swifter, and more turbulent part of its course, inevitably bears onward all that it contains, to plunge it into the gulf beneath the Falls. But a solitary Indian, passing down the river in his bark canoe, falling asleep as he went, had descended too far down the Rapids before sensible of his danger. Seen from the shore by some French Canadians, the latter, alarmed for his danger, humanely shouted aloud, and succeeded in awaking him. It was now, however, too late. Though the shore was but little distant, no help could be given to him from it, across the rush of the mighty waters. Upon his own part, nothing was to be done with his light vessel and his feeble

paddles. The Indian, then, looked before him, and behind him, and around him; saw that to be plunged adown the Falls, and to perish there, were events (though there was still some length of water) against which he could make no effort to avail him; so, sitting up, for an instant, or a little more, he sang his death-song, or as we, in our country, should say, 'said his prayers,' commending himself to the Great Spirit, and hailing, with joy, his own quick departure to the Land of Spirits—the land of immortality and bliss, and abundance, in exchange for this present land of death, and care, and often of want; and having so sung, he restored his pipe to his mouth, wrapped himself in his blanket, and lay down at his length in his swift and whirling canoe, to be thrown, a moment or two after, over the brink of the devouring Falls!

"Even the fishes are not always secure; but, hurried down the stream, and dashed against the rocks below, either swim dead or helpless upon the surface further on, or are thrown by the eddies upon the shores, and thus supply readier meals to the ospreys, or sea-eagles, which, from the air, or from the towering rocks, watch diligently at the Falls for prey.

"Here, however, I must not leave you in the belief

that similar acts of fortitude and composure (and even in conjunction with a pipe of tobacco) are peculiar to the history of the American Indians. Lately, when I was travelling, with my show, through the county of Herefordshire, I heard the people, when they spoke of the last or concluding pipe that any one meant to smoke at a sitting, call it the 'Kemble-pipe;' and when I asked what was their reason for such a phrase, (for I always ask about things that I do not understand, and it is thus that I have gathered more than half of all I know,) they answered, that they had a tradition in Herefordshire, that in the time of Bloody Queen Mary, a man in their county, of the name of Kemble, being condemned for heresy, (that is, for being a Protestant,) and made to walk some miles from the prison to the stake at which he was to be burned alive, went, amidst a crowd of weeping friends and neighbours, with tranquillity and fortitude along, smoking, all the way, a pipe of tobacco.

"A later anecdote connected with the history of the Falls of Niagara, belongs to the extravagant pranks of venturesome men of the United States; one of whom finally perished in making a sight of himself in leaping down those Falls, as he had previously leaped in other lofty and perilous situations,

in the state of Connecticut. But the latest anecdote of all, is that of the descent of the small piratical steamboat Caroline, which, being captured, cleared of its pirates and the associates of the pirates, was set on fire, by the gallant British Captain Drew, and his forty-five loyal Canadian volunteers; and then turned into the stream, to get rid of it, and left to float down the river, and plunge down the Falls when it should reach them. This happened at the very end of the year 1837, in consequence of some American pirates (known and proclaimed vagabonds in their own country, and lawless and unprincipled adventurers upon the British soil of Canada,) attempting to take advantage of the doings of a few rebels in Canada, and to try to make a conquest of the province, and to divide the lands, and plunder and massacre the people. As usual with most criminals, the falsehoods of their tongues were at least equal in magnitude to the magnitude of their more immediate offences; and the atrocious and extraordinary falsehoods which, at the moment, were said and sworn to by the pirates and their partisans, concerning this most just, lawful, and gallant capture and destruction of the Caroline, are matters of history, and only add to the wickedness and disgrace of the piracy.

But, though the pirates and their partisans (really, or at least nominally) were natives of the United States, you are not to suppose that all, or even a large number of the natives of those countries were equally wicked with these outcasts, or in any degree approved of their proceedings, or lamented their discomfiture. There are good and bad men in all countries; and those pirates were only a part of the bad men of the United States.

"As to the name Niagara, it is Iroquois Indian, and composed of several Indian words, in which all except the monosyllable *ga* are descriptive of this particular *ga*, or fall of water. With the same reference to a fall or rush of water, we have the same word or monosyllable *ga*, in several names of places in the same original Iroquois or Canadian country; as, Sarato*ga* and Ticondero*ga*, in the present state of New York; and Hocheloa*ga*, (or Hochelo*ga*,) the Iroquois name of the town and island of Montreal, in Lower Canada.

"But see, what a fine swell the clear sheet of falling water makes! Well! you may walk under a particular part of it, having the rock on one side of you, and the falling waters, like a wall of crystal, on the

other; but you must mind your footing, for the ground is slippery.

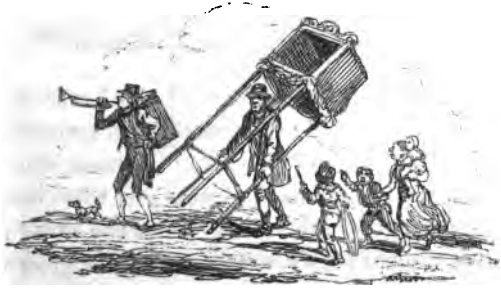
"Up again, my little friend! Why, you have had another tumble. Never mind—only a little dirt on your trousers. Capital thing you were not under the Falls of Niagara; you would never have seen the end of my show. I would not have given a tobacco-pipe for your chance of being lord mayor of London.

"How many tons of water, think you, are estimated to go down these Falls every minute? Why, no less than seven hundred thousand! No wonder that the roar should be heard at a dozen miles distance. This is the body of water which, descending, at first, from Lake Superior, or the Upper Lake, the deposit of a thousand rivers from the north and south and west, forms, next, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, Lake Erie, and Lake Ontario in its course; and takes, from the outlet of Lake Ontario, the name of the river of Saint Laurence; which river, enriched below with the waters of many other great rivers and lakes, and spread into smaller lakes, and broken and narrowed into Rapids, and studded with thousands of islands, finally passes the walls of Quebec, and enters, still further off, the great Gulf of Saint Laurence, in the Atlantic Ocean.

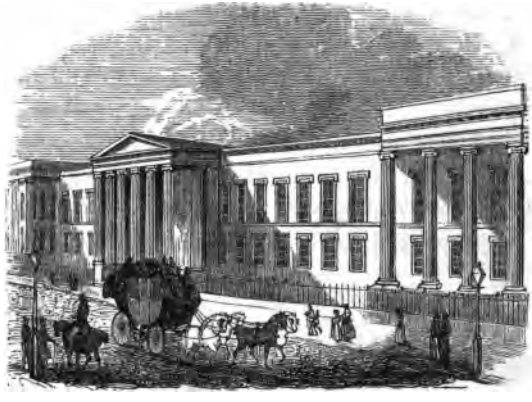
"Wonderful sight, as you look down into the abyss where the waters fall! whitening and brightening, rumbling and tumbling, in the strangest manner.

"You must tell your friends all about this noble sight. A sea of water pouring itself down these Falls. Noble river; sublime water-falls; rising spray; beautiful rainbow, and the mad fury of the boiling waves.

"Recollect you are in America just now, looking at the Falls of Niagara. Only one pull at a string, and—hocus pocus—here you are in Old England again, peeping at the London Post Office."



THE LONDON POST OFFICE.



"Now look well around you, and think about what you are looking at. 'Common sense grows in all countries;' and, young as you are, I hope you have a stock of it. The stomach must digest what is eaten, or the body will not get strong; and the mind must reflect on what it receives, or it will never grow wise. But now for the London Post Office.

"Is it not more like a king's palace? See what

they can do in London! First city in the world! No wonder it has so fine a Post Office.

"Who can tell? Perhaps you will see it for yourselves, some day! Nobody knows what a few years may bring about.

"Look to the right, to the left, and in the centre; all complete!

"If I had a penny for every letter that has been put into that Post Office, I should not be a poor weather-beaten showman; but wishing is an idle trade! Who are we, that we should covet riches! God knows better what is good for us, than we know for ourselves. Better carry a threadbare coat on our backs, than a dishonest heart in our bosoms.

> Where's the good of useless sorrow?
> Down to-day, and up to-morrow.

"Ay! ay! you noisy madcaps there, who have not seen my show! If you could get a peep, you would be quiet enough. You would stare at it with all your eyes.

"Fine building!—noble establishment!—built by Smirke—celebrated architect! There is a frontage for you! four hundred feet in length, with forty-four windows!

"Magnificent portico! seventy feet broad, costly fluted pillars of the Grecian Ionic order. Stand by one of them, and you will think yourself a pigmy indeed!

"Be quiet there, be quiet! let the old showman tell his tale.

> Little boys
> Make a great noise,

but let me have my turn now. Fair play is a jewel, all the world over.

> Give and take,
> For the showman's sake.

"While you look, I will describe the Post Office. Pleasure and information should always go together, in every sort of place or of weather.

"The great hall runs from street to street, eighty feet through it, sixty wide, and more than fifty high in the centre. The basement is fire-proof, and so it ought to be; think of such a place as this, half full of letters, and all in flames, like the Royal Exchange, so lately burnt to the ground.

"I cannot say too much about this noble building! Fine fronts, fine pillars, fine hall, and fine offices,

lighted with a thousand gas lights. Noble institution!

"All the affairs of this great establishment go on as regularly as clockwork. That is as it should be; regularity is necessary in all undertakings of importance. How could a squadron or battalion of soldiers march? How could they advance into an enemy's country? How could they carry on a campaign, without order and regularity? But I was describing the Post Office. Inland post, Foreign post, and Twopenny post, are all as busy as bees. Some sort the letters, some stamp them, some take an account of them, some tie them up in parcels, and some put them into the bags or mails.

"I say bags or *mails*, my little dears; for a *mail* literally means a *bag*, and it is thus we say that a man on horseback, or on foot, or a coach, or a cart, or a boat, or a ship, carries the *mail;* that is, carries the *mail* or *bag* of letters. But our coaches that carry the mails are called mail-coaches; and thence are often called *mails* themselves; just as ships which carry *bags, mails,* or *packets* of letters, are therefore called *packet-ships,* and afterwards *packets* only.

"Besides those in the Foreign, and Two and Three-

penny posts, more than seventy thousand letters go through the Post Office every day, except Sunday. More than twenty millions of letters are despatched by it in a year.

"Not many letters fall to my share. Very few people write to old Sergeant Bell. Never see a post office, without thinking of a letter that I had in Flanders. That was when I was in the heavy dragoons; you shall hear all about it. Our corporal gave it to me. It was sealed with black wax. I broke it open in a hurry. It told me of the death of my mother. Had they fired a bullet through my head it could not have stunned me more. My dear mother!—good woman! I was never afraid of going up to the cannon's mouth; but the death of my mother brought me on my knees. I hid my face with my hands, and wept like a child.

"Love your mothers, my little friends! Love your mothers. I love mine now, dead and buried as she has been these forty years. Good woman!—tender mother! She taught me to say my prayers. I remember now the first prayer she taught me; very short; very sweet. I said it when a child; I say it now I am a man. It was the Lord's Prayer. Love your mothers, my little dears! love your mothers!

"I have not told you about the newspapers. Twenty or thirty thousand, and, sometimes, forty or fifty thousand, London newspapers, are put in this office in one day. Fine establishment! The total revenue, or money payable for the postage of letters put into the Post Office in London only, amounts to, at least, three hundred thousand pounds a year. There is a Post Office for you!

"Ah! my happy hearts, you cannot understand, at present, what an influence the General Post has over the country. Every day, and every hour in the day, it is causing hearts to beat with joy, and eyes to be drowned in sorrow.

"Friendly letters, learned letters, affectionate letters, money letters, but chiefly business letters, are continually passing through the Post Office. If any accident should arrest its progress a single day, confusion to thousands would follow. An excellent thing to be at peace! Supposing an enemy in possession of London, securing all the mail bags. Terrible! Terrible!

"Bankers' parcels to a great amount would be found in the mails or bags; foreign letters with remittances to merchants; inland letters with money to take up bills; letters from abroad from soldiers and

sailors to their friends; besides communications of life and death from all ranks of people. Let us be thankful that we are at peace, that we have no enemy at our doors, and that the London Post Office meets with no interruption. I said the 'mails or bags,' just now; and so much is the real meaning of the word *mail* (a word borrowed from France, for it is from the French word *maille,)* that it is not very uncommon to hear Englishmen talk of *mail-bags*.

"You should see the scuffle in the great hall at night. You would never forget it. The letter-boxes are shut at seven o'clock, and after that hour every letter and newspaper must have extra money paid with it, or it is not received; and pretty crushing, therefore, and cramming, there is, just before seven o'clock, to get the letters into the boxes in time. A hundred or two of people even stand to look on, out of mere idle curiosity. Men-servants, and maid-servants, hurry up the steps; boys, bankers' clerks, and merchants' clerks, run across the hall; men from the newspaper offices push through the gaping crowd with bags on their backs,

Shouting, bawling,
Crying, calling—

'Out of the way, you sir!' 'What do you push me

for?' 'I wish you would take care with your parcel.' 'Take care yourself; how could I help it?' 'Stand back!' 'Make room!' In this manner they go on, hurry skurry: twenty thousand newspapers are put in, pushed in, or thrown into the office, in a quarter of an hour.

"But the clock strikes; and the moment that it has done striking, slap go the shutters, and the holes are closed. It is then that begins, and lasts for an hour, the receipt of extra sixpences for each letter brought so late, and which cannot be put into the mails without new and extra trouble."

MAIL COACHES SETTING OFF FROM THE POST OFFICE.

"I HAVE given you to understand why the mail-coaches have that name. They carry the mails, or letter-mails, or bags. Now you see the Mail-coaches as they are about to leave London. This happens every evening, except Sunday evening, at eight o'clock. Many of the mail-coaches do not take up the mails at the Post Office, but receive them at ap-

pointed inns, at distant parts of the town, in the direction of the roads they travel; and whither they are sent to them from the Post Office in light conveyances, provided for the purpose, called mail-carts.

"Here all seems alive! You may fancy that you hear the rattling and clattering, as well as see the pushing and crushing. This noble picture is a correct representation of the setting off of the London Mails. I cannot exactly tell you how many there are of them, but every body is surprised at them, every body is pleased with them.

"On the birthday of the sovereign it has long been a custom for all the mail coaches to move in procession through a considerable part of London. Parliament Street, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside, and other places. Fine sight to see them all in a row, fresh painted, noble horses, new harness, with the postmen well mounted going before! But fine as it is, it does not equal the scene at the post office, from which place the greater part of the coaches depart at eight o'clock.

"No such mail coaches in the world as in Old England. If you were to see the coaches in different parts of the world, you would say they hardly de-

served the name; more like great lumbering waggons, (and *post waggons* the German mail coaches are called,) than light, elegant coaches, such as ours.

"What do you think of all this, my little maid? It will be long before you see such another thing as this. Fine sight! excellent exhibition!

"Examine every thing you see; men as natural as life, and as for the horses, you may almost hear them prancing. When I was in the dragoons, the horse that I rode at Waterloo—but I think I have told you about him before—my memory is not quite so good as it has been—

> Recollection fails, they say,
> When the hairs are turning gray.

What a crowd of people are standing to look on! But look you, like the people, at the coaches. There they are, with the mails or bags piled on the top; and the guards, with their blunderbusses, strapping them fast together.

"Fine sight to see them start, some to the north and some to the south. There go the Plymouth and Canterbury coaches up the street; and there go the York, the Birmingham, and the Holyhead, down the street; with a dozen others, hurrying and driving

along quickly away in all their separate directions. Coachmen and guards in their red coats, whips cracking, horses prancing, wheels clattering, horns blowing, and mail coaches and mail carts rattling over the stones; one of the noisiest, the busiest, and the most cheerful sights in all London!

"Mail coaches are capital things to travel by, but very expensive. Will not suit Sergeant Bell. Some are born to ride, and some to walk on foot. I carry my box sometimes near twenty miles in a day; but what of that? every back has its burden. Let me be thankful that I have strength to carry mine. Suppose I had to carry, instead of it, a broken heart, or a guilty conscience, they would soon bring down my gray hairs to the grave. Better as it is; thankful I have got a box to carry; thankful that you, my little friends, help me along by bringing me your halfpence; and more thankful than all for the health and peace of mind that God, in his goodness, hath given me!

"Have you seen enough of the mail coaches? Nicely built, but they get tumbled over, now and then, for all that. A clever man in Gloucestershire invented a safety coach. I was hobbling along the road, just beyond the Golden Fleece in Rodborough,

and found my box rather heavy. A short gentleman stopped me, just at the bottom of the hill; I remember it well, just as if it were yesterday. 'What have you got in your box?' says he. So I told him, and we stood talking together for ten minutes.

"When he knew that I had been a sergeant in the heavy dragoons; that I had travelled almost all over the world, and that I had lost my leg at Waterloo, he asked me to his house, up the hilly road to the left. There I went, there he showed me a capital model of his safety coach, and there he hospitably entertained the old Showman.

"His principle was, to place the luggage low, and as much as possible in the centre; and he was in the right of it. If I had time I would explain to you all about the safety coach. My hospitable friend, the inventor, was a shrewd, sensible man; and he certainly behaved very kindly to Sergeant Bell.

"Not long since I heard of a new safety coach. The springs that bore the weight of the coach were at the top, so that the body always found its centre hanging perpendicularly, whether the wheels went up or down. A capital plan this. If two of the wheels ran up a bank a yard high, the coach would not turn over; but it was just as safe as before.

You are looking at the mail coaches now more than ever.

"Sad thing when a coach is overturned. I knew a coachman who drove the Holyhead mail many years ago; a terrible drunkard, and an undutiful son. He overturned the mail coach one night, broke the bones of his outside passengers, and his own too; his arm and his leg were sadly shattered.

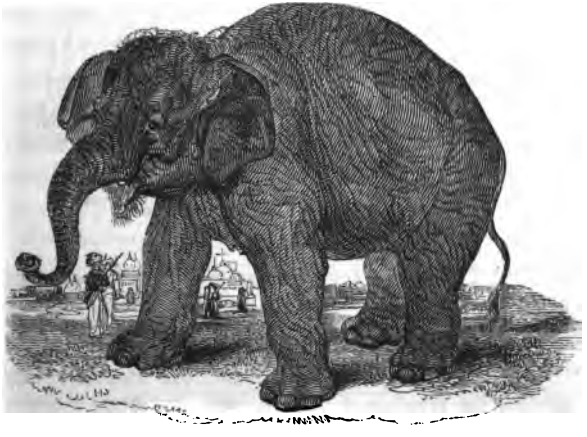
"But this was not because he was a drunkard, and still less because he was an undutiful son. The best and worst of men, the most skilful and steady and careful drivers, and the best of sons, husbands, and fathers, meet with such accidents at times; though, certainly, drunkenness, carelessness, and recklessness of general character particularly lead to them.

"Always be obedient and kind to your parents, and avoid drinking, my boys and girls! Tom Painter was a carabineer; his regiment was the sixth dragoon guards; scarlet and white. He had a pair of the broadest shoulders I ever saw. He was a sad drunkard; and though his father and mother were in the workhouse, he never so much as sent the one a paper of tobacco, or the other an ounce of tea. 'Tom,' says I, 'the fifth commandment says, Honour thy

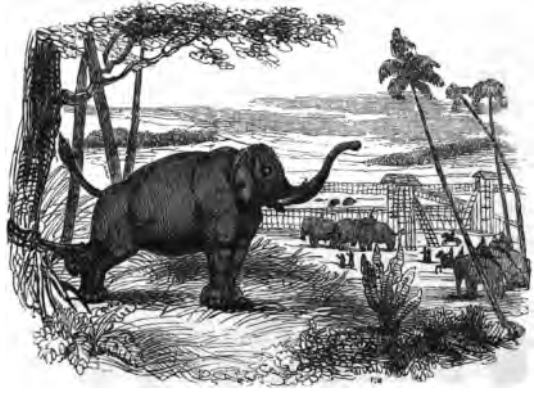
father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' I am afraid that you will never be fourscore. 'If that be the case,' says he, 'I will have another glass of brandy, just to keep up my spirits.' One glass led to another; and by the time the bugle blew to call him to the barracks, he was as mad-headed as a Bedlamite. When his name was called, no answer was given. The night was dark and blustering; and early in the morning Tom was found smothered, in a ditch where the water was only eight or ten inches deep. Honour your parents, my little dears; honour your parents, and avoid drinking; because it is right to do the one, and wrong and very dangerous to do the other; even though no harm should ever happen to you through either.

"There is just one more sight, and then my Exhibition will be ended, and I must begin again, so get your money ready, my young happy hearts! for your turn is coming. The next sight will be a sight of sights! Nothing less than an Elephant Hunt. Little creatures, like men, hunting the largest of all beasts of the forest! men hunting elephants! Nothing alive upon the globe is larger than an elephant, except a whale. Some day I shall show you how they catch

a whale. The elephant is the largest of land animals; I am going to show you how he is hunted, and taken alive; and I charge you only a halfpenny. Look, my little rosy faces, once more at the mail coaches, and then you shall see the elephants, and how they hunt them in the forests!"



THE ELEPHANT HUNT.



"THERE! Here you see an elephant hunt, from the time the huge animal is chased in the forest, till he is fast bound by his hind legs to a Banian-tree.

"There is no place in the world, for hunting, and especially for taming elephants, like the East Indies; and no place in the East Indies like the Isle of Ceylon. I have been there, among the banian-trees, the jack-fruit, the cinnamon, the Eve's-apple, the jag-

gree, the talipot, the areeka, the palm-trees, and the cocoa-nuts; but it is not about these that I am going to tell you; no! I am going to describe to you an elephant hunt.

> Open your ears, and open your eyes,
> And look at the hunters, and learn to be wise.

"Ceylon is a famous place for hogs, goats, and buffaloes, deer, hares, dogs, jackals, and monkeys, as well as tigers and bears. If you are fond of snakes, or, as we otherwise call them, *serpents*, there you will find them full-grown: some big enough to swallow you. How should you like one of a smaller size (such as six feet long) twisted round your neck, like a true lover's knot? Formidable creatures! never liked them myself, never!

"Michael Blake was bit by a small venomous serpent in India, and his leg and thigh swelled up as big again as they should have been; nothing could cure him. Poor Blake! That was when I was in the heavy dragoons. Michael was a corporal in the fifty-second regiment, Oxfordshire light infantry; red and buff. Good soldier, but rather racketty. Our chaplain used to say that God took the best and left the worst:

The corn he takes,
The chaff forsakes.

But no, no! The bad, as well as the good, go when their time comes. So, look at the elephants!

"If you had ever been in London since you were born, I might say, "Did you see Chuney at Exeter Change? the largest elephant I ever saw in England. Poor fellow! he went mad, and was obliged to be shot. Sad disaster—but cannot tell you about it now.

"One elephant is a formidable enemy, what then do you think of a herd of fifty or a hundred, eating, trampling down, and destroying a whole crop of grain in a single night? Why, if the Ceylonese did not destroy the elephants, the elephants would soon destroy the Ceylonese. This, you see, is one of the uses of hunting elephants. An elephant,—

Look right and left, and all around,
Is the largest beast that treads the ground.

Yet man, by his superior knowledge, subdues him, and makes him a servant. Bulky creature! sagacious animal! Wonderful what may be effected by method, and order, and system. Nothing like it, especially in the army.

"I have hunted the elephant and the tiger too. Yes, my young friends, I have been in the thick tangled jungle, on the broad back of an elephant, when the royal striped tiger of Bengal has crawled among the sedge and brush wood, and crouched to make a spring. Now I am an old man, but I was then young and strong; and the shouts of the hunters, the snorting of the elephants, and the wild roar of the tiger, only raised my spirit; for I loved scenes of danger.

> I loved the hunter's hardy toils to share,
> The boundless forest, and the tiger's lair.

Well! those days are all gone by. I have done now with forests and jungles, and elephants and tigers; they would not suit my wooden leg at all. No, no! they are all done with.

"I dare say you would like to know all about the elephant hunt from beginning to end. The first thing to be done is to find out where the elephants are, for (you must know) they never catch one till after they have found him. Well, the jungle, or forest, is then surrounded for twenty or thirty miles about by thousands of people; and moveable fires are set upon upright sticks, wattled across at the top, where earth

is laid on the top to put the fire on, and a little shed of cocoa-nut leaves, to defend it from the rain. On they go, every day, moving their fires with them, till, at last, the circle is not so much as a mile wide, and the elephants, frightened at the fires, are driven into the middle of it. Enough of routing and shouting, calling and bawling, there then is, I can assure you. Look at the elephants, my dear! Look at them, my boys! and be thankful that you are not on their broad backs. One stroke with their trunks would knock you off like a whisp of straw. Look at the elephant on the left hand there! monstrous size! rather that he should tread on his own toe than on mine.

"In the middle of the circle is a space enclosed round with strong stakes and beams. The hunters draw nearer each other with their fires, and shout louder than before.

> The throngs advance, the flames arise,
> The forest rings with shouts and cries;

till the elephants, huge as they are, frightened at the clamour, rush into the enclosure; and when there, they cannot very readily move about. Sometimes, however, they snort and roar, and make a rush at the

barrier; and if it gives way, off they go, in as great a hurry as if their companions in the forest were waiting dinner for them, dash between the trees, crash through the branches, never stopping to look behind them, or to bid farewell to the hunters; the barrier, however, is so strong that they do not often force a way through it.

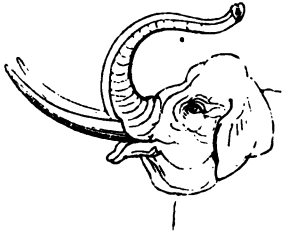
"There is a still smaller enclosure within the other, into which the elephants are generally forced or frightened by shouts, and by fires being kindled round them, and then they are pretty secure, for they fasten them well in. A rivulet runs through the middle of the enclosure, and the farther end has a passage through which only one elephant can go at a time.

"If the elephants, crammed as they are together, try to push against the gate to get out, their trunks are pricked with spears, and loud shouts are raised to frighten them. It is all of no use roaring and tossing their trunks in the air, they may as well take it quietly as give themselves airs; it will all come to the same thing.

"When they see that there is no mode of escape but the narrow passage, one rushes along it, but finds it fast at the end; there is no room for him to

turn round, so he tries to walk backwards; but this will not do, for strong bars are pushed across the passage just behind him, that he can neither move backwards nor forwards. His legs are then tied, and he is made fast to two trained elephants, who lead him away captive. In this manner, one after another, the whole herd are taken.

"Now you have had the whole account, and it is high time for you to come down from the bench. There is a time for all things: the fairest scenes must fade. You must now leave the elephants, the hunters, the banians, the palms, the cocoa-nuts, the Ceylonese and the Singalese. The Ceylon elephant hunt is over; the Raree-show is finished, and Sergeant Bell must look around for fresh volunteers to carry on the campaign with spirit. There! take care how you go—and now, all you that thirst for knowledge, and have a halfpenny to spare, boldly come on.



EXHIBITION IV.

It happened, from some cause or other, that the next market day Sergeant Bell was not at his post at his usual hour, and a few young ones, who had for some time waited for him, seemed a good deal disappointed. While they were standing in expectation, a strange showman made his appearance, and set up his box on the very spot which Sergeant Bell usually occupied.

What to make of this the young folks could not tell. The strange showman began in a loud voice, but there was something about him so different to the neat, respectable, and kindhearted Sergeant Bell, that he could not get a single customer.

In the first place, his clothes were not only ragged, but dirty; then he had a surly, forbidding look, and when he rebuked any one, it was in such a harsh, churlish, and disagreeable manner, that he rather frightened the boys and girls away than drew them to him. Besides all this, his show box was such a

miserable set out, that, judging by the outside, very little in the inside was worth attention.

He had been bawling for near half an hour, all in vain, when a little boy gave him a halfpenny, and placed himself at one of the round show glasses. The strange showman, not being able to get another customer, was obliged to begin to describe his show to the little boy who had paid him. It was in the middle of his description that Sergeant Bell made his appearance, with his raree-show on his back.

I was fearful that an altercation would take place between the two rivals, but, as it turned out, I had not been sufficiently acquainted with the disposition of the old showman. When he first saw that his place was occupied, an angry and proud feeling seemed to enter his heart, and he advanced with the air of a soldier determined to maintain his position to the last extremity. The rags and wretched appearance, however, of his opponent seemed to disarm him. The man got the better of the soldier in his bosom; and, turning aside, he set up his raree-show at twenty yards distance from the spot.

By this time the assembled band of youngsters had joined him; not one remained with the strange show-

man, save the little urchin in the blue pinafore, who had paid his halfpenny.

Sergeant Bell was quicker than ordinary in setting up his show, as if he would willingly make himself amends for being late.

"What, my merry hearts," said he, "you will not part with Sergeant Bell? Will not the other show do as well as mine? So, then, I will do my best. My brother in the trade, yonder, seems no better off than I am. I hope he will get customers, for we must live and let live. Poverty pinches us into strange shapes, but it should make us feel for one another.

"Now for something new. The last time you peeped into my box of curiosities you saw a Storm at Sea, the Epping Hunt, the Falls of Niagara, the London Post Office, the Setting off of the Mails, and an Elephant Hunt in Ceylon; a capital list of sights was that; and now I have some entirely different.

"Oh! oh! you are mounting the bench, are you; that is right! a very commendable resolution. I like your spirit; where is the use of letting your halfpence burn your pockets, when you may get a crown's worth of knowledge for every one of them? What!

are all the places taken? Why then we will make hay while the sun shines.

Prepare for dinner while it's in the pot,
And strike the iron while the iron's hot.

Now, attention! Eyes front!

Correctly drawn you now shall see
A famous view of Owhyhee.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

"THERE! you have seen nothing like that yet. The water is the Bay of Caracacooa, and the land is the Island of Owhyhee, in the North Pacific Ocean. If ever you go there, be sure you bring back some of the war-cloaks and canoes of the Owhyheeans, and if you can put half a dozen, or a dozen, cocoa-nuts and bananas in your waistcoat-pockets, so much the better!

"You are looking at the men in the boat, and at

the ship in the distance; at the officer, there, making his way to the seaside, and at the throng of natives, with their spears, pressing forward: I will describe them all.

"Stand close, and easy to yourselves. Look about you, and ask me what questions you please. Go not away without being wiser than when you came.

"There is a view for you! The bay, the mountains, and the men, all beautiful to behold. The ship riding at anchor is the Resolution. See how nobly she sits upon the water. Fine art, the art of shipbuilding! Ships enable us to shake hands with our brother men on the other side the world.

"The men in the boats, and on shore, near the edge of the water, are Captain Cook's men. That is Captain Cook, with the cocked hat, beckoning to his men with one hand, and holding a gun in the other. Fine seaman! Enterprising officer!

"I knew a soldier of the name of Cook, private in the sixtieth regiment, royal rifles, green and scarlet. He was in Spain and Portugal. It was said that he was found asleep on his post. Sad fault! Unsoldier-like conduct! The articles of war say, 'Any soldier who shall be found sleeping on his post, or shall leave it before regularly relieved, shall suffer death,

transportation, or such other punishment as by a general court marshal shall be awarded.' However, it was not quite proved against Bill Cook, so he got off; lucky thing for him! narrow escape! Discipline must be kept up, especially in time of war.

"The natives behind Captain Cook, and in the distance, are Owhyheeans, with their spears in their hands, and their war-mats, or body armour, over their shoulders.

"Next market-day I will give you a full account of the different weapons of warfare used by savage and civilized people. Savages use, principally, spears, darts, daggers, and clubs; but the weapons of war of civil society are very many. You shall hear all about them next time you see Sergeant Bell.

With battles, arms, and armour too,
We all shall have enough to do.

"Do you see one of the natives close behind the captain, with a dagger in his hand? that is the man who stabbed him. Sad loss! Melancholy occurrence! Thus to fall, the third time of sailing round the world, was a cruel finish to a valuable and well-spent life.

"Life is an uncertain thing to all, but especially to soldiers and sailors. When I was in the heavy

dragoons I saw enough of that! fifty thousand men and horses lay on one field of battle.

> Whatever land our feet may tread,
> Our life is but a spider's thread.

It is so soon snapped.

"Look on Owhyhee, with the high rocky cliff towering up from the side of the bay. Owhyhee is one of the sunny isles of the North Pacific Ocean, where the bread fruit tree and the cocoa-nut flourish, and where delightful groves spread a delightful shade.

"I must tell you about Captain Cook, and then you will understand the affair better. In the year 1768, James Cook, who was then a lieutenant in the royal navy, was appointed to the command of the good ship Endeavour, and commissioned to sail on a voyage the objects of which were exclusively scientific. The immediate occasion was astronomical. A transit or passage of the planet Venus, over or across the disc of the sun, was approaching; and the accurate observation of that phenomenon was represented to King George the Third (always an earnest patron of science) as of great importance to astronomy, and especially of astronomical objects of navigation, an art and a science never to be neglected

by British sovereign or people. Further, it was known, that the observation could be usefully made only in the Southern Hemisphere. For the more immediate purpose, therefore, of observing the coming transit of Venus over the sun, Lieutenant Cook, whose attainments in nautical astronomy (acquired by diligent study from his youth) recommended him to the honourable charge, this voyage of 1768 (eight years after the accession of King George the Third), directed to the South Pacific Ocean, was undertaken; but advantage, at the same time, was taken of the voyage for the sake of the *transit*, to make it a voyage of general discovery, as well concerning seas, lands, and every branch of geography, hydrography, and natural history, in a part of the globe with which, at the time in question, all Europe was but very little acquainted. Now, with these views to general discovery, but especially in botany, and other parts of natural history, Mr. Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, a gentleman of landed estate), in company, also, with Dr. Solander, sailed in the Endeavour with Captain Cook. Clever men! and full of enterprise.

"After a voyage full of adventure, they returned home, and Cook, whose conduct, during the former

voyage was highly estimated, soon after undertook a second voyage, expressly of discovery, and to circumnavigate the globe; upon which, as commander of the Resolution, he sailed from England in the year 1772, accompanied by Captain Furneaux, in command of the Adventure.

"Well! it was at last, in the year 1776, that Captain Cook went on his third voyage, so fatal to himself, on board the Resolution, in company with the Discovery.

"After visiting many places he came to the island of Owhyhee, which is one of the Sandwich islands; and here he anchored in Caracacooa bay, the very bay where you see the Resolution riding at anchor.

"I wish I could show you King Terreooboo and his chiefs in their rich feathered cloaks and helmets, and Caoo, the chief of the priests, and his brethren, with their idols depicted on red cloth. You would be vastly pleased. The idols were made of wicker-work, like so many of the old idols of Europe, and like the old giants in Guildhall; but covered with feathers of the fine colours of the birds of the tropical regions. The eyes of the idols were made of large pearl-oysters, a black nut fixed in the centre, and their mouths set full of the fangs of dogs and sharks.

It was not true, as to these idols, that fine feathers make fine birds; for the idols, in spite of their fine feathers, were frightful for their figures and faces; as, indeed, they were intended to be by their makers, in order that they might be feared by their beholders. But you may see specimens of all these things in London, any day that you go the British Museum; and as to the idols, they will not frighten you, but only surprise you with their ugliness.

"Now it unfortunately happened, that some of the people of Owhyhee stole Captain Cook's cutter, upon which he went on shore, with some of his men, to try to get the king on board his ship, for then he knew the natives would give up the cutter, in order to get back their king. He had almost succeeded when a commotion arose among the islanders, about his proceedings, and the king was kept back by his people.

"Accidentally, an Owhyhee chief had been killed by a shot from the men in the boats; the news of which arrived just as the captain parted with the king. Great confusion immediately followed, the islanders assembled in prodigious numbers, sent away their women and children, put on their war-mats, and prepared for battle.

"The captain had just turned round, to forbid, as it is thought, his people to fire, when one of the natives stabbed him in the back. There you see Captain Cook, as well as his murderer who is just going to plunge his dagger in his back, and there you see the multitude of enraged natives assembled together.

"Now we will go elsewhere. We must keep moving through the world. Nothing like being alive. Ay, that's right, take another peep, and then farewell to poor Captain Cook, to King Terreooboo, and to the sunny island of Owhyhee, in the North Pacific Ocean."

IDOLS OF OWHYHEE.

MONT BLANC.

"THERE is a change for you! All at once we have hopped over the Pacific Ocean, strode across Russia, and jumped into Switzerland. If we had only kept a little more north we might have popped head over heels into the Northern Ocean, with all its multitudes of fish and fowl.

"The Northern Ocean is a famous place for some things, but it would not suit me. You may sail on as many moving ice islands, and catch as many seals,

walruses, and white bears as you like, nobody will call you to account. Then it is a famous place for fishing; with luck, you may have a whale at the end of your line directly; and if you cannot pull him out, most likely he will pull you in. But mind, the old Showman does not advise you to be in any hurry to go there; and that he tells you, go there, or elsewhere, when you will,

> Though far and wide abroad you roam;
> You'll never find a place like home.

"Now you behold a view of the famous Mont Blanc, the highest, and one of the most celebrated mountains in Europe. It stands in Savoy, on the borders of Switzerland, and holds up its head fifteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, as lately measured by Mr. Rogers, an engineer in the Swiss service.

> Look at the Mount with all your eyes;
> In every part see beauties rise.

"I have been in Switzerland and Savoy. Yes! yes! Sergeant Bell has seen the land of William Tell, and a beautiful land it is, with its lakes and moun-

tains. But at times it is very cold; snowy avalanches fall, and icy glaciers lie, hard as iron, in the mountain hollows. Put on your woollen gloves and your worsted comforters, when you go there; and, if you think you would like a game at snow-balling on the top of Mont Blanc, you may have it and welcome;

> Plenty of room, and plenty of snow,
> Wherever you look, and wherever you go.

"There you see with your own eyes this wonderful mountain that every body talks of. Its sides are always surrounded with glaciers, and its head, perhaps, for ever covered with snow. An *avalanche* is a great body of falling snow; and a *glacier* is a thick body of miles of ice. They call Mont Blanc the Giant of the Old World. He is a sort of king among the mountains, sitting on his frozen throne, dressed in a robe of clouds; with a sceptre of ice, and a crown of snow.

"Those that go to see Mont Blanc are sure to have a peep at the Lake of Geneva, a fine, a wide, and beautiful sheet of water.

"If I had time, I would question you about lakes, and rivers, and such like things. I hope that you know the difference between a continent and an

island, a cape and a coast, a sea and a lake, a creek and a river! A head full of useful knowledge is worth more than a hatful of glittering diamonds.

An empty pocket is but sad;
But an empty head is very bad.

"See there the very highest pinnacle of all. That is the summit of Mont Blanc, vast, gigantic, sublime! There lie treasured up, as in a storehouse, the ice and snow of a thousand years! There, no sound breaks the silence of the solitude, save when the thundering avalanche rushes headlong to the valley, or the chamois or the marmot raise their small or bleating cries; or the freezing wind whistles round; or the adventurous traveller, who has gained the top, shouts aloud in triumph.

"If I recollect right, Dr. Paccard, and a guide, were the first who succeeded in reaching the summit; then M. de Saussure gained it afterwards, and Colonel Beaufoy and several others. The last that I heard of who ascended was Mr. Waddington, in the year 1836.

"The top of Mont Blanc would be a capital place to light your fire and let off your squibs and crackers on the fifth of November; just the very thing, but

take plenty of sticks with you, for not a single twig will you find at the top of the mountain.

"Do you see the pine trees in the valley there? they are thirty or forty feet high, and thousands of them run part of the way up the mountains. Do you see the flat place between the peaks there? that is the Mer de Glace, or the Sea of Ice; the four high peaks to the left of Mont Blanc are the Aiguille des Charmoz, the Aiguille de la Blaitière, the Aiguille du Plan, and the Aiguille du Midi. The word *aiguille* is French for a spire or a needle; and you see that the rocks are sharp enough at the points which form their summits. Pointed rocks are very commonly called *aiguilles*, or 'needles;' as witness the Needles, at the Isle of Wight.

"Just below the summit of Mont Blanc are Grands Rochers Rouges, or Great Red Rocks. The rocks are principally of red granite; but the snowy world around them is white enough, and makes their red colour conspicuous.

"The way that I advise you to take, when you go up the mountain, is to the east of the Glacier des Buissons, round the bottom of the Aiguille du Midi, up by the Grand Mulet, the Plateaux, and the Red Rocks. It is only about fifty-four miles that you will

have to walk from the Priory, and what is that to an enterprising traveller?

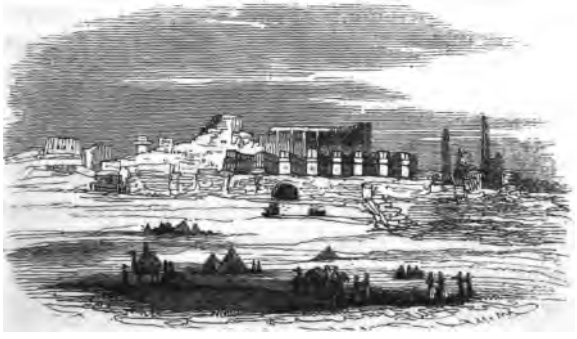
"A wonderful sight is this Mont Blanc! Magnificent scenery! vast and sublime! In the valley, and part up the mountains, all is fertility; trees, fields, gardens, and orchards. Up higher are the rocks and the glaciers, mixed with larches, and pines, and rhododendrons; and still higher, masses of ice and piled snow piercing the skies, and reigning in silence, grandeur, and sublimity.

"There! I have said enough of Mont Blanc; and now we will leave its pyramids and pinnacles, its frightful abysses and dark yawning gulfs, its Red Rocks and its Aiguilles. We will leave them all to the chamois and the chamois hunters! Let us be thankful that we

> Stand safe and sound
> On level ground,

with no thundering avalanche about to tumble on our heads; and now for the Ruins of the Great Egyptian Temple of Carnac."

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF CARNAC.



"NOTHING like variety! nothing in the world! Two minutes ago you were looking on the mighty Alps, in Switzerland, and now, all at once, you are in Egypt, among the ruins of ancient Thebes!

"Now you have before you the ruins of the Great Temple of Carnac in Thebes, once the capital of Egypt. The very sight of it is enough to make us grave, for here we see the remains of former greatness, the ruins of pomp and power. What is man!

"You have read, again and again, in the Bible, of

the land of Egypt, where the Pharaohs reigned; where Joseph gathered up the corn against the famine; and where the plagues were sent in the time of Moses and Aaron. Well! of this land Thebes was once the capital. It was great and mighty; it had temples, palaces, obelisks, and statues, stately pillars without number, and long avenues of sculptured figures called Sphinxes.

"Its inhabitants were great in number; its walls were high and strong; and its warriors went out to battle from a hundred gates. Among its temples the Great Temple of Carnac was one of the most considerable, and it is that very temple on which you are now gazing. Yes! the very same temple.

'Three or four thousand years ago it was a glorious spectacle, and now it is just such as you behold it. How and when it became a heap of ruins none can tell, for it was in desolation before most other cities were founded. Look upon it, my young friends, and see the end of earthly glory! remembering that the Bible tells us of another city, a heavenly one, which hath foundations, whose maker and whose builder is God!

"Sergeant Bell loves a joke; but he loves, too, when he can, to impress a valuable principle, or a

useful moral, on youthful hearts: he had rather add to your lasting happiness, than make you laugh for a fleeting moment. But I see you want to hear about the temple of Carnac.

"When the French soldiers first came in sight of the ruins of Thebes, (I allude to the same French soldiers, and the same French invasion, of the year 1798, of which I spoke in describing the Battle of the Pyramids,) they stood for a moment in amazement, and then clapped their hands with delight. It seemed to reward them for all their toils. And yet, I am showing you the principal ruin, the great, the majestic, the mighty temple of Carnac, while you stand at your ease on a bench.

"Look on the temple while I describe it. I might talk of the river Nile, that once a year overflows it banks, fertilizing the country; of the Arab village, called Carnac, with its huts of mud and straw; of the temple Meseeneh Aboo, stretching to the mountains; of the statues of Memnon; of the temple called Memnonium; of Goornoo; of Beeban el Molook, or gates of the kings; and of the rocky excavations, the sepulchres of the ancient kings of Egypt: but, no! I will only describe the Great Temple of Carnac,

Ruin'd by the hand of Time;
Vast, stupendous, and sublime!

"This wonderful temple is perhaps the most ancient and extended of all the temples of Thebes. The ruins are a mile and a half in circumference, and the entrances are colossal gateways of a prodigious size. There they are, mountainous masses of sculptured stone! The marks of the chisel are as fresh as if they were made only yesterday; for the dryness of the atmosphere of Egypt saves stone, and every thing else that is exposed to it, from that decay which is so soon observed in moister situations.

"Every one is astonished at my noble show of the Great Temple of Carnac; stupendous structure! wonderful ruin! prodigious desolation! Here are groves of stately columns; there, avenues of sphinxes, beautifully sculptured; and yonder, immense masses of stone graven with hieroglyphics, which it is only now that the learned are beginning to understand.

"Again, I say, examine the walls, the pillars, and fine ruins. The porticoes are covered inside and out with sculptured representations of battles, sieges, triumphs, and religious ceremonies. You might look for an hour upon the remains of this mighty temple, and not be tired; but the old Showman

must keep moving. He has other scenes to feast you with.

"Be sure, however, to tell your brothers, sisters, and schoolfellows about the temple of Carnac. There is the great entrance, and the great court, and the second entrance, and the hall of columns, and the granite sanctuary, and the reservoir, and a score of other things, each worthy of attention. There they are! halls and walls! pillars and porticoes! columns and colossal statues! between three or four thousand years old, yet looking as fresh as if they were made since you were born!

"If I had one, I would show you an Egyptian mummy in its painted case. A mummy is the embalmed body of a person long since dead. Most of them have been in their cases thousands of years. There is a magnificent room of mummies, some in, and some out of their cases, lately opened at the British Museum. A lofty staircase must be climbed to reach it, but it is well worth the pains; and, in the gallery below, you may see real Egyptian sculptures in stone; Memnon, Osiris, Isis, Horus, the ram-like head of Jupiter Ammon; tombs, obelisks, hieroglyphics, and all the rest.

"Very expensive process that of embalming the

ancient Egyptian great and rich; but there were cheaper and ruder processes for the bodies of smaller and poorer persons; so that myriads were embalmed, and there appears to be no end to the quantity of mummies and mummy cases, or coffins, which the Arabs are now bringing out of the sepulchres in the rocks, and either burning for firewood, or else selling to European travellers and merchants as curiosities. Nobody will ever embalm the body of the old Showman!

> Well! never mind, his weary head
> Will safely lie among the dead.

"The Egyptians are of a darker complexion than ourselves, because their country is hotter. Never mind the colour of the skin, for every man is a brother. What is it to us whether he be white, copper-coloured, or black. God made him as well as us. He is one of the great family of mankind;

> And black and white, and bond and free,
> Shall, like ourselves, a future see.

Now I shall show you a battle."

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

"AMONG all men, but especially among soldiers, cowardice is considered a crime, and courage a virtue. I will give you an instance of courage of rather a comical kind. Attention!

"Colonel Colborne, now Sir John Colborne, and governor and commander-in-chief in Canada, then

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

commanding the second brigade of the rifles, a brave man, an excellent soldier, at the storming the heights of Beira, in Portugal, in the year 1813, made a charge with his men, and the enemy fled to the mountains.

"Well, the colonel pushed on round a hill, with only his brigade major, and a few riflemen, for they had shot a head of the rest, when, to his surprise, he saw that he had got before a body of three hundred Frenchmen who were retreating.

"Another man would perhaps have surrendered to the French, but not so the gallant colonel. Whispering to his brigade major to get together as many men as he could, he boldly rode up to the French commander, and demanded his sword. The commander supposing that he was outnumbered, immediately surrendered, and the three hundred Frenchmen were taken prisoners of war by half a dozen gallant Englishmen. A very brilliant thing of the same kind, though upon a smaller scale, was done by Captain Moodie, in Upper Canada, in the war with the United States of 1812; the same Moodie who was lately murdered by Mackenzie's rebels in that fine and loyal province.

"There you see the Battle of Hastings, which took place about eight hundred years ago. The winner

and the loser, ages ago, have mingled together in the dust.

> Life is a breath, experience shows it;
> The fool believes, the wise man knows it.

But, again, I am forgetting the battle.

"There they are fighting in good earnest, laying about them like so many blacksmiths at the forge. Arm to arm, and hand to hand, clashing, smashing, and dashing, as if broken heads were to be worn by every body.

"See how they press onwards! Nothing but stern contention. On they go, crushing each other's armour, felling each other to the earth, and sharing in the death, as they roll together on the ground.

"You must remember that gunpowder was unknown when this battle took place. No foot soldiers drawn up in battalions, with muskets and bayonets! no life guards and dragoons with carbines, and with pistols in their holsters! No rifle corps picking off the officers! and no artillery thinning the ranks with their roaring thunder!

"I remember, when I was made a corporal, that the French rifles had played sad work with our officers, but it could not be helped. Officers must fall as well as privates.

"Very likely you have heard of the poor old woman in the alms-house, who said she had a son in the army who was a general. Her neighbours, thinking she must be mistaken in the matter, questioned her rather closely, and asked whether her son might not be a corporal. 'As to that,' replied the old lady, 'I won't be sure whether his rank is that of a gene*ral* or a corpo*ral;* but I am quite certain that there is a *ral* at the end of it.' Poor soul! she did not know much about soldiers. Corporal Bell was never mistaken for a general.

"You see the soldiers, in the battle, are clad in armour of different kinds, leather, scale-armour, and chain-mail, with helmets on their heads, and shields in their left hands. There they are, in their tunics, their hauberks, and their haubergeons. Their arms are swords, daggers, and spears, bows and arrows, battle-axes, pole-axes, maces, or clubs, knobbed with iron; besides a machine used by the Normans for throwing out showers of arrows all at once.

"The battle of Hastings was fought in the year 1066, between Harold, who, on the death of Edward the Confessor, got possession of the English crown, and the duke of Normandy, afterwards called Wil-

liam the Conqueror. He was the conqueror of Harold, but not the conqueror of England.

> 'This England never did, nor ever shall,
> Bow to the proud foot of a conqueror.'

"The duke of Normandy landed with his troops at Pevensey, in Sussex, and afterwards moved to Hastings, where he formed his camp. Harold hastened to attack him.

"I have been at Pevensey, and at Hastings too, with my box on my back. Many a weary mile have I trudged up hill and down, wet weather and dry, and strange adventures have befallen me. Must not tell them now.

"The last time I was at Hastings, I met with an old crony who fought with me at Waterloo. He was in the fifty-second regiment of foot, the Oxfordshire light infantry; red and buff. Steady man, and a good soldier. He only got a slight wound at Waterloo, but I lost a leg. Well! never mind; no good got by complaining.

> When the trumpet calls,
> We must take what falls.

"The night before the battle of Hastings was spent

by the English camp principally in rioting and disorder; by the Normans, in silence and prayer. In the morning the battle began.

"The English occupied a rising ground, with the Kentish men in the front; the Londoners guarded the standard; and Harold and his brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, dismounting, placed themselves at the head of the infantry, to conquer or die.

"The duke of Normandy had divided his army into three lines; the first was of archers and light-armed infantry; the second, his bravest troops, were heavy-armed, and in close order; and the third were cavalry: at the head of these he placed himself. Brave man!

From head to heel,
As true as steel!

"The Normans began the attack; the English sustained it, and beat back their foes; but the duke of Normandy rallied his troops. By pretending to fly, he drew the English from their ground, and when they were in confusion, again attacked them.

"Then it was that the English were repulsed, and with great slaughter. Harold fought bravely, rallied a part of his forces, and made a stand; but an arrow

struck him, and wounded him mortally. Seldom has a battle been more resolutely fought. Harold did wonders, and the duke of Normandy had three horses killed beneath him. The Normans lost fifteen thousand men, and the English a much greater number.

"Look to the right and left! Horse and foot are mingled in confusion; swords are doing their work; and maces, and halberds, and axes are dealing destruction around.

"Look to the centre! That is Harold, whose sword is ready to drop from his hand. The fatal shaft is in his temple. His followers try to support him, but it is too late. All is at an end.

> The stormy tide of battle's o'er,
> And lo! he sinks, to rise no more!

"Look, look, boys! Yonder are two soldiers just turning the corner of the street. I dare say that none of you know whether they are cavalry or infantry, sergeants, corporals, or privates. I can tell in a moment: one hasty glance is enough for Sergeant Bell.

"They belong to the foot guards: fine body of men! One is a corporal, he has two stripes on his arm; the other is a private. You should see the

officers of the foot guards! I will describe the kind of coat they wear.

"You are looking at my coat: O, it is nothing like the coat of the officers of the foot guards! Sergeant Bell must wear what he can get, and be thankful for it too; but the foot guard officers wear a scarlet coat, very handsome, double-breasted, with two rows of buttons down the front; blue Prussian collar, the front part of each side embroidered in gold, with the badge of the regiment raised in silver embroidery on the gold, skirts turned up with white, bars of gold embroidery on the pockets, and the badge on the end of the skirt in silver; the cuff one inch and a half deep, with flaps embroidered in gold, running up the sleeves. There is a coat for you! I love to be particular. Frederic the Great, of Prussia, who was so extraordinary a hero, and won so many battles, would not, upon any account, have a button out of place on the regimentals of his soldiers.

"While I talk of the foot guards, and of the warriors, and armour, and arms of England, in the days of Harold and William, let me give you some account of the rapture of two Persian princes, who, a year or two since, were in London, and witnessed a review, in Hyde Park, (where I shall presently take you,) of

a part of the foot guards and other troops of the royal household.

"There were, as I understood, says Mr. Frazer, the narrator, (a gentleman appointed to attend upon the princes while in England,) nearly five thousand men of the guards and household troops on the field—such men, in point of figure, dress, and appointments, horses included, as probably Europe could not equal, certainly not surpass; and the rapid precision with which every movement and manœuvre was performed was admirably calculated to strike and astonish the Persians, who, though accustomed to military displays of a very different description, could yet appreciate the perfection which they witnessed here. 'What *sungers!*' (fortified stockades or bulwarks) said they, when the infantry formed their impregnable squares, and stood prepared to receive cavalry. 'One would say that each *sunger* was a solid mass—not a foot nor an arm is out of place. See! it is a white line and a red line, with the steel glittering above. Ah, look! they kneel—they fire—*barrikillah! barrikillah!* admirable!' As for Timour, (the younger of those two royal brothers,) he was quite unable to contain himself. He stood with flushed cheek, flashing eye, and outstretched neck, like a bird on the

wing, following every movement as if he would have precipitated himself down among the performers. 'Ah, well done, well done!' exclaimed he, as the horse guards made a splendid charge; 'these fellows will do the business. But what do they stop for?' continued he, looking blank, as the whole drew up at at the proper place, quite forgetting that it was not a charge in earnest. 'Ah! look at these horses,' said he again, as two or three horses, with empty saddles, ran across the plain in a very business-like style; 'their riders have got shot now *(gola khourdund)!*' But when the light cavalry took to skirmishing with the retreating artillery, and harassing them, *selon les regles* (according to orders,) without closing, he lost all patience. '*Ai namerdha!*—Ah, cowards!' exclaimed he; 'why do not you charge at once, like men? Charge ye, and the guns are taken!' In a little while the whole body of flying artillery swept by at speed—a splendid sight. 'What do you think of that?' said some of the bystanders. '*Ah, piderish be suzund!*' returned he, with a shake of the head, 'may their fathers be roasted*! we know too much

* This, it is to be acknowledged with sorrow, was no better than swearing, upon the part of the young prince. "May his or their fathers be roasted!" is a favourite Persian curse.

of these concerns, to our cost,' (alluding to some late Persian defeats in battle.) The elder prince was more collected, and confined himself, for the most part, to moderate exclamations of praise; or, if questioned as to his opinion of the beauty of such or such an evolution, he would say, 'it was perfection—could not be better.' But when at length, after some heavy firing, both of artillery and infantry, with a beautifully-sustained display of file-firing from the latter, the smoke blew away, disclosing one long and perfect line of troops, as steady as a rock, flanked by the terrible batteries that had just been thundering, he was quite surprised out of all his moderation; and, after a few most expressive ejaculations, he turned to me, and said, 'Wullah! Saheb Fraser, the horsemen of Iran (Persia) are the best in the world, as you know well; but if there were a hundred thousand of them here on the spot, they could not touch that line—that line! what could touch it?' The review was over—the show at an end; yet still he stood gazing, till at length the movement of those around him woke him from a sort of trance, which, no doubt, had as much to do with the past as the present. He heaved a deep sigh, and said, as we passed on to descend, 'What are a hundred balls or operas to this?'

"Have you seen enough of the Battle of Hastings? Do not let me hurry you, but there is no time to go to sleep about it, for I have a great deal more to be looked at yet. You see, Harold can fight no longer: the battle, and the crown, as I said before, are won by the duke of Normandy.

Now let us leave the stormy fight;
Another subject starts to light!"

THE SERPENTINE RIVER, IN HYDE PARK, LONDON.

"After this hard fought battle of Hastings, we must have a little holiday. It will never do to go on fighting for ever. Here is what will just suit you, for you may have which you like, a slide or a snow-ball. Never be afraid of a little frost and snow, I like hardy habits.

"This is a view of the Serpentine River, when it is frozen over, and when the snow has powdered the trees, and lies two or three inches on the ground.

The Serpentine is an artificial river in Hyde Park, London; and there run with their skates the peer and the porter, the merchant and the shopkeeper, the master and the man. There may be seen the apprentice lad, with a rusty skate on his right foot, and the skilful member of the skating-club, with a small silver skate suspended from his neck, to show that he belongs to the club, cutting fanciful figures, with a group of admiring belles and beaux around him.

"I have seen a boy skating in a gutter, with a lump of ice under his shoe, and so have you, I dare say; fine skating! fine flourishing, indeed! hopping with one foot and sliding with the other.

"At one corner of the park stands the noble mansion of the Duke of Wellington, called Apsley House. His grace was commander in chief at Waterloo. I have told you that I lost my leg there.

"Many and many a time have I seen the duke riding on the field, with his spy-glass in his hand.

By sight I know his grace full well,
But little knows he Sergeant Bell!

"Near the duke's mansion is a famous statue of Achilles, made of cannon taken in battle by Welling-

ton, from the French. The statue was cast, and placed where it is, out of funds subscribed by ladies, and the words upon the base which supports it, declare it to be inscribed to the duke by "the women of England." As the statue, which is the copy of an antique, is perfectly naked, its choice, for the purpose of the compliment, has sometimes excited a smile. It originated in the classical taste of the late Countess of Spencer, who was an accomplished amateur artist. It is not agreed, in the meantime, what the original statue really represents. According to some, the figure is that of Alexander the Great, in the act of taming the horse Bucephalus; and a horse has sometimes been added to the copies, thus forming a group. According to others (and this interpretation is that followed by the countess), it represents Achilles, as described by Homer, when, renouncing the distaff, he came into the field against the Trojans, and won the victory for the Greeks. In either case, the statue, therefore, may be looked at as an emblem of Wellington curbing the power of France, or subduing Buonaparte.

"Young recruits are often seen on the Serpentine River among the throng, but you must not conclude on that account that they live an idle life. You

must not think that a soldier has nothing to do but to stand on guard, and go out on a field day; all a mistake, you will find it out if ever you enlist. Listen to me, and I will tell you something about the matter. Something about what the recruit has to do; he is to be taught the several duties of a soldier by gradation, by regular steps.

"His body is to be formed in a proper position, upright, square, and easy; the air of a country clown must be banished, and a manly, soldier-like deportment acquired. This is of great importance; a slovenly or lack-a-daisy soldier is not to be endured.

"He must learn not only to stand well, but to march with ease and gracefulness, keeping the step exactly in slow march, quick march, and double quick time. Soldiers must not waddle along like so many ducks. No! no! Upright, steady, and determined.

"He must be made expert in the handling of his arms; the manual and platoon exercise must be thoroughly understood and practised.

"Not only must he handle his arms well, but learn also to load and fire with precision, going through the whole platoon exercise without error; this is no easy work.

"All these, and other things, he must learn one at a time, not leaving off one thing to go to another, before he has attained it perfectly, for that would not be the way to make him a good soldier.

"Then, beside drill, and parade, and general duty, if he be in the cavalry, he has enough to do. When I was a sergeant in the heavy dragoons—but perhaps I have said enough about soldiering just at present. I ought to have kept close to the Serpentine; but it was the recollection of the duke that led me to speak of soldiers. Yes! yes! it was all the duke's fault.

"Now let us keep close to the ice. See, long ropes are stretched on poles all across, in different places, so that if the ice breaks, and lets any one into the water, the ropes are lowered, and drawn to the broken part, for the sufferer to lay hold of. A capital plan!

"The boat of the Humane Society is on the ice, to be ready in case of accident, and men with life-preservers fastened round their breasts, are walking about, keeping their eyes on the river, ready to act at a moment's warning. Humane arrangement indeed of a most praiseworthy private institution! Praiseworthy regulation! The Humane Society is

a charitable and liberal institution, founded half a century ago, by Dr. Hawes, a truly humane as well as active physician; and has no other objects than those of assisting, or rewarding the assistance of others, in cases of suffocation, either from drowning or from other causes, when *animation*, for a time, is *suspended*, and many lives are saved by proper means and prompt attention.

"All along the banks are men who have skates to sell or to hire out. There they are, with their chairs, boring holes in the skater's boots, and fastening on their skates for them; and, still further back, are carriages driving to and fro. Oh, it is a busy scene! Plenty of muffs and tippets, warm cloaks and great coats, snow-shoes, fur gloves, and worsted comforters.

"Look to the right! There you see boys sliding on long slides, and girls sliding on short ones; with here and there skaters trying which shall outrun the others.

"Look to the left! There are crowds of people on the bank and on the ice; some skating backwards and some forwards, some firmly on their feet, and some sprawling on their backs on the ice, with their heels up in the air; plenty of ups and downs in the

world on the Serpentine! You might laugh for an hour at the odd forms into which the skaters put themselves; a tall, lanky, lean man is throwing about his long legs, as if they hardly belonged to him. A short, fat, puffy man is turning out his toes and going along sideways, they catch each other's legs, and down they come both together.

"Here and there large rings are formed on the ice, by the spectators standing round, to admire the good skaters. The bad skaters ramble where they like, for very few take any notice of them.

"Look in the centre, that is the principal part of the view. There is pretty confusion. The ice is broken, and six or eight skaters are, some under the water, some holding by the edge of the ice, and some floundering about in sad peril of their lives. The alarm has been given, the cords have been lowered, the boat has been pushed to the place, and the Humane Society's men are at the spot.

"The Serpentine is in an uproar. Ice breaking, skaters flying, women shrieking, children crying, boys and girls quaking and shaking. Sad work! Terrible accident! Look yonder, beyond the hole! They are carrying a body, that they have drawn out of the water, towards the receiving house, and in

five minutes Mr. Pritchard, the superintendent, will have it in the warm bath. Excellent institution that Humane Society! Ought to be supported liberally! So many people say, who never give it a penny. I wish I had a thousand a year, it should not stand still for an odd hundred or so. Well, perhaps it is better as it is. I should think that few people could bear to be so rich as to have a thousand a year! I am sadly afraid it would spoil the old showman;—but I should like to try!

"Look yonder! that is the receiving house of the Humane Society. That is it, with the stone steps there, by the water side. Pretty building, outside and in.

"Capital establishment for restoring to life half-drowned people. More than a dozen at a time, now and then, are taken there.

"I wish you could see its inside, my little tender hearts! The sight would make you proud to give something to support the institution. Inside are warm baths, and warm beds upon an excellent plan, ready at a minute's warning, day and night, summer and winter; for if, in winter, some are liable to be drowned here through sliding and skating; so, in

summer, others run equal risks through swimming and bathing. Then there are surgical apparatus, bellows to inflate the lungs, stomach-pumps to empty the stomach, electrifying machine, galvanic battery, and every thing necessary to restore suspended animation; that is, to restore the breathing of the lungs, the warmth of the body, and the action of the heart and the blood vessels, or circulation of the blood.

"There you will find Mr. Pritchard, the superintendent, always at his post, as fine a man as you will meet on a summer's day, full of life, spirit, and kindness, and always ready for his duty.

"The scene, though not so showy as others in my box, is full of interest. I forgot to point out to you a Highlander on the ice. Wonder Highlanders do not wear more clothes in the winter; but it is the custom of their country.

"Donald Mackensie, of the seventy-ninth Cameron Highlanders, used to tell me a good deal of his native country. He would talk for an hour about mountains and valleys, dangerous passes, and rushing streams, moors and red-deer, but his favourite subjects were Highland chiefs, outlaws and freebooters, who dressed in kilts, or short petticoats, and lived in

strong castles, on craggy rocks, where the hawk hovered on the wing, and the soaring eagle screamed from hill to hill.

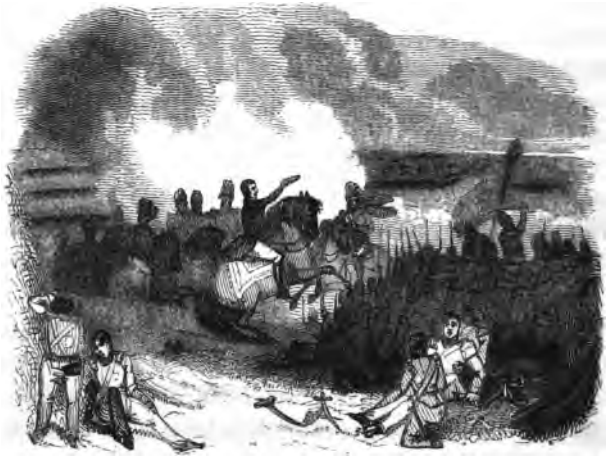
"He loved, too, to describe the officers of the Highland regiments, with their double-breasted scarlet jackets, epaulettes, cocked bonnets, and white vulture feathers; their belted plaids, kilts, purses, hose, garters, shoes and buckles, and their steel-hilted Highland swords, dirks, scarfs, and sashes. I like to see a man fond of his country. Old as he is, Sergeant Bell would try to draw his sword any day, if required, for the good of his country.

"Next Saturday I shall put up my show on this old spot; that is, if the course is clear. Be here, my little friends, and you will not fail to see Sergeant Bell."

Long before the old sergeant had finished his exhibition, the strange showman, his rival, had packed up his show and quitted the field, and never from that day to this has his surly face been seen again in the market or the streets of Taunton.

EXHIBITION V.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.



As sure as the coming of the next market day, so sure was the appearance of the old showman at his post; and by the time he had set up his show, and

announced a new and wonderful set of sights, he had plenty of youngsters around him, all anxious for a peep: for Sergeant Bell's show was now celebrated at Taunton and in all the country round.

"I told you," said the sergeant, "that I would be here, and here I am. A soldier should always keep his word:

Honour bright,
By day and night.

Wonderful things, now, I have brought to show you to-day.

"You will see a little of what a soldier has to go through. The least dangerous way in the world to see a battle is to peep at it through the glass spy-hole of a raree-show. But that was not the way that Sergeant Bell saw the battle of Waterloo. No! no! no!

"I find that you are ripe and ready to storm my raree-show battery. This is the raree-show fort; now attack it boldly. Left leg foremost, march!

"Well done, my brave boys, two of you have crossed the counterscarp, cleared the glacis, mounted the scaling-ladder, and won your way to the breach in the parapet. Both of you shall be promoted when

I am made field marshal. You shall hold a commission in her majesty's service as soon as I am commander in chief.

"Now, attention! heads up! eyes front! stand at ease! That is well. You have done your part, and now I will do mine. But stop. One of you has not given me his halfpenny. Oh! it is the little maid here. Thank you, love. All is right now. Money is the sinew of war, and a showman cannot do without it even in peace.

"This is a representation of the grand battle of Waterloo. See, they are all at work. Man and horse, infantry and cavalry, rifles and artillery; with swords, bayonets, pistols, carbines, muskets, howitzers, and cannon. No child's play; all fair fighting.

The bold and the flying,
The dead and the dying,

all mingled together. Terrible engagement!

Well! the grass must wave
O'er a soldier's grave.

"In old times, you know, before gunpowder was invented, soldiers fought with bows and arrows, and swords, and spears, and battle-axes, and such like

weapons; but when gunpowder came into use, then cannon and guns and pistols became instruments of war. I will tell you all about them by and by. At present let us attend to what we have before us.

"A soldier's life in a campaign is full of hardships. His first duty is obedience. Whatever it cost him, he must obey. Fine thing to see a regiment of powerful men, well armed, and yet as obedient as good children.

"At a word, they march; at a word, they halt; at a word, they charge the enemy, mount the breach, or march to the cannon's mouth.

> Come hail, snow, or rain,
> They must never complain.

Toil, danger, and death must be endured without a murmur.

"When a soldier fights for his pay, it is one thing; but when he ventures his life for his king and country, it is another. Sergeant Bell has passed through many a stormy hour.

"See here! this is my Waterloo medal. If I should ever forget the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth of June, 1815, this will remind me of the time; and if my medal and my wooden leg, too,

should fail to jog my memory, there is a heart in my bosom that will cease to beat, before it ceases to remind me of the battle of Waterloo.

"Such another day of carnage British soldiers never saw. Heads up, my little man, and eyes right, my little maid, while I tell you about one of the most famous battles in which Englishmen were ever engaged. Keep your eyes open to the show, and your ears open to the showman.

"I must talk of companies, troops, squadrons, battalions, and regiments. By the word *troops*, we sometimes mean the same as by the word *army*, and sometimes *soldiers in general;* as when we say, 'the British *troops*,' 'the king's or the queen's *troops*.' But, by a '*troop* or *company* of *horse*,' we mean the counterpart of 'a *company* of *infantry*.' We never say, 'a *troop* of *infantry*;' though, in common language, we can always call any *company*, or number of persons *in company*, and *in motion*, a *troop;* as, a "*troop* of boys,' a '*troop* of girls.' I say, '*in motion*,' of a number of boys or girls seen together, but *not in motion* we should usually say, a *crowd*. In a regiment, then, a troop or company is a small body or assemblage of men, commanded by a captain; a squadron is a body of horse soldiers, generally from

one to two hundred; a battalion is a body of foot soldiers, sometimes (though rarely) seven or eight hundred, and sometimes a thousand in number; and a regiment is a body of soldiers under the command of a colonel, and seldom a thousand altogether. Horse, or cavalry regiments, are composed of one or of several squadrons; and infantry regiments of one, or of several battalions, as the case may be. Now you are wiser than you were.

> Whether child, boy, or man,
> Get wise when you can;

for without knowledge you are not what you ought to be, either man, or boy, or girl. The Bible has long told us (whether girls, or boys, or men, or women), that, 'for the soul to be without knowledge is not good.' But I will tell you about Waterloo.

"Buonaparte, who called himself Emperor of the French, had conquered almost all Europe, but never had he conquered old England. Well, after beating others, he was at last beaten himself, and sent a prisoner to the isle of Elba, in Italy. But he got away from Elba, landed in France, and raised an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, with three hundred pieces of artillery. He now fought many

other battles, but I am now going to describe his last battle—the battle of Waterloo.

"Wellington, the British commander, had about seventy-five thousand men, of whom thirty thousand were English. When he expected Buonaparte to attack him, he took up his position with the village of Mont St. Jean a little behind him. Still farther back was the town of Waterloo; and behind that, the forest of Soignies. The château of Hougomont, and the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, were strongly occupied, and formed good outworks.

"The British front stretched about a mile in breadth; and, as the duke of Wellington expected the Prussians to join him, so he wanted to hold the French in check till the Prussians came up. Buonaparte, as I have said, had about seventy-five thousand men to fight with; and his soldiers thought themselves equal to double the number of their enemies, most of them having been inured to battles. But they forgot that 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' and that 'God alone giveth the victory.' Look about you, my merry peepers; look about you.

"Buonaparte believed that the duke's army would run away; but British soldiers seldom run, unless to

follow their enemies. No! no! they never dreamed of running; and Master Buonaparte, making sure he should beat them, cried out, 'At last, them, I have these English.' He thought himself a lucky fellow; but he was only running his head into a hornet's nest!

"There was some skirmishing between the French tirailleurs, or rifle corps, or sharp-shooters, and the English light troops. The first gun was directed by Sir George Wood on the advancing columns, commanded by Buonaparte's brother, Jerome.

"It was a lowering, gusty day when Jerome made a desperate charge on Hougomont. I see you are fixing your eyes on Hougomont. Ay! a deal of hard fighting there. More broken heads, than surgeons to mend them.

The fire and the smoke
Allow'd no time to joke.

Hougomont was the key of Wellington's position. The light companies of the Coldstream were in Hougomont, and the first and third guards. It was no playing at soldiering. The French drove back the Nassau men, but they could not drive the British guards out of Hougomont. There they were, and there they would be; and many a tall fellow was

stretched lifeless on the ground. The French pushed on to attack Wellington's right with their cavalry and artillery; but they got no good by it. The British boys formed themselves into squares that the French could not penetrate.

They tried awhile, but all in vain;
They soon were beaten back again.

"The guards in Hougomont had sadly suffered; but they were relieved, and the place strengthened, and the French prepared to make their second attack. First and last Hougomont cost Wellington a thousand men, and Buonaparte nearer ten thousand.

"The second attack was to be on the centre of the British line. The cannon thundered, and the French cuirassiers came on like a whirlwind; four columns of infantry were with them. Awful work, boys! awful work, my pretty maids!

"Loud was the trampling of horses' hoofs on the causeway of Genappe; for there the cuirassiers were sternly met by the English heavy cavalry. Sword to sword, and hand to hand, they fought. The brave struggled with the brave, and the strong with the strong; and the brave and the strong died together.

"Lord Anglesey did his duty; the royal greys and the Enniskillen did theirs. The Irish were a little out of temper, because, for a time, they were kept back. 'When will we get at them?' cried the impatient Irish boys; but their officers kept them cool and steady. Ay, well you may look at the battle! Plenty of slaughter was done on that glorious day.

"Back rolled the bloody tide of war; for the English soldier prevailed, and once more the French cuirassiers fled. The French infantry, too, which had met with partial success, was now sadly worsted. They had beat back some Belgians; but Pack's brigade charged them in front, and a brigade of heavy English horse in flank, and both together entirely routed them. The 'fighting fifth' behaved gallantly; but brave Picton fell,—a heavy loss,—sad misfortune. To say nothing of the killed and wounded, the French lost two thousand prisoners and two eagles, as, in the affected language of the time, in France, they called their regimental standards.

"The French occupied for a period the farm-house La Haye Sainte; but shells and cannon-balls dislodged them, and once more the English got pos-

session. I must tell you about La Haye Sainte. It was stoutly defended by five hundred German riflemen; gallant fellows; but their ammunition failed them, and the house caught fire. When it was pierced through and through with cannon-balls, they surrendered it; but the French gave them no quarter: every man was bayoneted. Cruel work! horrid carnage.

"The third attack was made on the British right; a sharp attack it was, and bravely was it sustained by British men, who formed themselves into squares, placed chequerwise. A battery was before them, of thirty field-pieces.

"Buonaparte thought the British must 'give way.' Give way! No, not a bit of it; they were not the sort of folks to give way.

Cool and steady,
Always ready.

They never flinched, nor gave up their ground many minutes together.

"Nothing could be more resolute than the assault of the French cuirassiers; they drove back the English artillery, and fell on the squares. Not a musket was fired on them till they came within ten or a

dozen yards, and then a pretty volley they had. They fought, retreated, again advanced; sold their lives dearly, but they fell fast. A cross-fire cut them up terribly; what men could do they did, but they could do no more. The greater part of them perished on the field, and only the wreck retreated.

"When the cuirassiers were beaten, the French began to cannonade the whole length of their line. The slaughter was terrible; and the English soldiers were ordered to lie flat on the ground. By this time Wellington had lost ten thousand men, while fifteen thousand of the French troops lay weltering in their gore!

"Take another peep at this view of the battle. I have said much about it, but have not done yet. You shall now see my second view.

> Your hearts are light,
> And your brows are bright;

but Sergeant Bell is telling you a shadowy tale, he will do all he can to make it useful to you.

> Now for the second noble view
> Of well remember'd Waterloo."

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO. SECOND VIEW.

"HERE you have the flight of the great Napoleon! Ambition was his ruin. He was greedy of conquest, and never knew when he had enough. He should have been contented in trying to make France happy.

"Look at the battle, my bonny boys and girls, while I finish my description;

Life is a day
That soon flies away.
A human flower
Fades every hour.

Your turn will come by and by, whether old England is at peace or war.

"Now we will go on with the battle. Now I shall tell you a little more of the bravery of British soldiers.

"When Buonaparte saw that if he did not soon defeat Wellington, the Prussians would come up, he resolved to try all his strength and make the fiercest struggle. He had lost many brave men, but the flower of his army had hitherto been kept out of the battle. These were now brought forward, and or-

dered to charge. There was pretty dashing and clashing.

"Field Marshal Ney, as brave a soldier as ever drew sword from a scabbard, led on. The charge was desperate; the slaughter was dreadful. The wings of the English army had advanced a little, so that the French columns were galled with a raking fire, not only in front, but on both flanks. The English boys were formed four deep, and kept firing away as fast as they could ram down their cartridges and prime their muskets. There they fought like men determined to conquer or die.

"Never was a more fearful struggle; muskets poured their volleys, cannon thundered without ceasing, sword clashed with sword, and bayonet was opposed by bayonet; but the British would not be beaten; they stood their ground.

"The twenty-seventh regiment had four hundred men mowed down in square without their drawing a trigger. Still ready and steady, they acted like men. The ninety-second regiment, when it was only two hundred strong, rushed on and routed a French column. They felt that they were Englishmen; the thirty-third regiment, when almost cut to pieces, required help, but none could be given. The com-

manding officer was told he must stand or fall where he was. Sharp work this! trying time! No wonder that Wellington looked at his watch, and prayed for night or Blucher! At last the English pushed forward, the French staggered, fell back, and then fled in confusion. Wellington saw that the critical moment had arrived. He had kept back his troops all the day, but now he dismounted in haste. 'The hour is come,' said he. He closed his telescope, and led them on against the four battalions of French old guards, who were yet unbroken. British soldiers, at that moment, forgot toil, hunger, thirst, wounds, and pain; they raised a cheer, a mighty cry, and rushed forward, their bayonets glittering before them.

"Marshal Ney gallantly rallied his troops, as well as he was able, and, sword in hand, led them on to recover the ground he had lost. Furious was the fight; but the British were irresistible. The old guard was shaken. They had at last met with their match, and more than their match. Napoleon, at this time, was on the heights of La Belle Alliance, watching the conflict through his spy-glass. No sooner did he see that the old guard was in confusion, than he turned pale. 'They are mingled toge-

ther,' said he; 'and all for the present is lost.' Clapping his spurs to his horse, he rode at full gallop from the field.

"Look beyond the field of Waterloo! Buonaparte is making the best of his time; and well he may, for he has English and Prussians enough after him. Alas, for the Great Napoleon! his star has waned! his sun has set! his last grand battle has been fought! his diadem is falling from his brow!

"Do you see Buonaparte, my little bright eyes? That is he in the cocked hat and boots, going mounted on the horse at a full gallop. See how the swords and drums lie on the ground; and look how the French are flying in all directions.

"Just at this time the Prussians began to come out of the woods. They formed on the right of the French, and cannonaded the old guard in flank, while the British was crushing them in front. Nothing was heard but the clamour of war; nothing seen but contention and slaughter. Every man fought as though he alone had to win the battle; hundreds and thousands sank to rise no more. The old guard gave way. The French cried aloud, 'Save yourselves who can;' and then fled in frightful disorder.

"What are you young ones at there, pushing about in that way? Did you not hear Sergeant Bell call 'order'? I see now who is the ring-leader. Attention, you in the blue jacket, while I read you part of the articles of war:

"'Any soldier who shall disobey the lawful command of his superior officer, shall suffer death, transportation, or such other punishment as, by a general court martial, shall be awarded.'

"Recollect, I am in command here! I am governor of the fort, and must be obeyed. There, now order is restored. Now look again at the battle. Remember what I have told you of the battle of Waterloo, wherein Wellington had fifteen thousand rank and file killed and wounded, besides five hundred wounded officers, and one hundred slain. It seemed a miracle that Wellington should escape, for he was in the thick of the fight. Only he and another of all his staff left the field unwounded.

"I told you that Buonaparte brought seventy-five thousand men into the field, but these were so severely handled in battle, and so hotly pursued afterwards by the Prussians, that they were miserably diminished in numbers. So many were killed

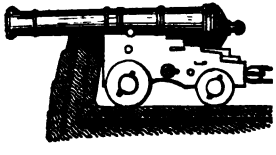
and wounded, and so many fled to their homes, that only thirty thousand could be again collected.

"I thought in the middle of the night, as I lay on the cold ground, with my leg shattered, as I shall tell you, that I should never get over my wounds; that I should never hold out till morning; but we know not how much we can bear. We should always put the best face on our troubles.

The dullest day
Soon flies away!
And the darkest night
Will end in light.

Many a trouble have I passed through since then, yet Sergeant Bell is here still.

"Have you seen enough of Waterloo? I want to show you that mighty Field of Battle, just as it was the day after Buonaparte had taken to his heels. Make ready; present; fire!"



THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

"THIS is the Field of Waterloo, the night after the battle that I have described. Look to the left; full of interest. Look to the right! sad sight for any body to look at; but it is all over now.

"You see that castle-looking building? That is Hougomont. Do you see the farm-house? That is La Haye Sainte; and the heights are the heights of La Belle Alliance. Hougomont and La Haye Sainte

are in ruins. Well they may be; absolutely shot through and through with cannon ball and musketry.

"Do you see the place in the valley there, where the French cuirassiers lie thick? Well, there it was that I fell with my shattered leg under my horse. It was not long before the battle ended, and there I lay till next morning.

"Thank God, my dear children, that you are not called upon to lead the life of a soldier, and endure long marches, scarcity of food, hard fighting, bleeding wounds, and broken bones.

> Ah, well, such things you know must be,
> With every famous victory.
>
> A soldier's life
> Is full of strife.

But look about you, while I describe the plain of Waterloo.

"I lost many friends that day. There was Harry Bell, a first cousin of mine; and a great crony. But the best friends must part. Harry was in the first royal regiment of foot;—fighting fellows, men and officers. They have been at it half over the world. They were at Egmont-op-zee; at Saint Lucia; in Egypt; and again in Spain at Corunna, Buzaco,

Salamanca, Vittoria, and St. Sebastian, as well as in most of the battles in Portugal. They were at Niagara, in the war with the United States just before Buonaparte was sent to Elba; and did their duty at Waterloo. Since then, they have played their part in India, at Nagpore, and Maheidpore, as well as in Ava. Their blood has been shed as freely as water, but poor Harry is not with them now: he has fought his last battle."

The old showman's lips quivered a little as he spoke this; but he rallied again, and thus went on.

"Then there were Sam Williams, and his brother Bob. They were both in the same regiment—the fourteenth or Buckinghamshire. One was a grenadier, and the other a drummer. Their colour was red and buff, and they bore a white horse on their bearskin caps, with the motto under it, *Nec aspera terrent;* which means, 'No difficulties shall daunt us.' I know not whether you learn Latin, my boys; but I have told you of this motto before.

"Sam and Bob were listed the same day, and died in the same battle; but where is the use of talking of my fallen friends, when it only makes me melancholy? An old soldier must not give way to sorrow. There! I shall pluck up now.

Old and shattered Sergeant Bell
Must try to bear his troubles well.

"We should ever be thankful, come shine or shade. For,

The rolling seasons loudly call,
God is good who made us all.

Look to Him, my dear young friends, and all will be well. In the day,

Look on the green,
Where the daisies are seen;

God is there! and at night,

Raise your eye
To the starry sky;

God is there, too! He is every where, and every thing should praise him.

"Never did the sun rise on a more frightful picture than on that of the Field of Waterloo. Better to hear of it, or to see it in a show, than to see it in reality, my darlings. There lay the dead in thousands; but that was not the worst of it. Their pains were past, their sorrows were ended; the sword, or the bayonet, the bullet, or the cannon-ball, had done its work, and the spirit of the soldier had fled; but it was not so with the wounded, who had writhed all

night in agony. No blanket to cover them; no bandage to tie up their bleeding wounds; and no friendly hand to give them a draught of water, or to speak to them a word of comfort!

"I lay among them, my little friends, with a shattered leg, left for dead. The pride of a soldier leads him to endure hardships, and peril, and pain for his country; but, when he lies wounded in the field, his body cut with sabres, and his head every now and then struck by the iron hoofs of the horses galloping over him; he feels and thinks as a man, and laments the miseries of war. Hunger came upon me, but I had nothing to eat; thirst, and I could have drunk the muddiest ditch-water with thankfulness, but I could not get it. Be thankful for cold water, my young happy hearts; be thankful for your bits and drops, wherever you are.

"Steady, there, you in the half-boots. No quarrelling; do not lose your temper. A good temper is a jewel all the world over. The old showman is a little hasty now and then, and it is a sad fault. Bear and forbear is a good motto. In a word, lose yourself rather than lose your temper. The most passionate man I ever knew was Morgan ap Jones. He was in the twenty-third regiment of foot—the royal

Welch fusileers. The regimental colours carry, in the centre, the Prince of Wales's feathers, and the German motto *Ich dien* under it; that is, 'I serve.' That regiment has seen a deal of fighting. It was at Minden, in old time; and in Egypt, with Abercrombie; and again, in Spain and Portugal. The Taffies (I mean the Welchmen) did their duty at all these places as well as at Waterloo. Morgan ap Jones was in a fine taking at Waterloo, because, 'splutter her nails!' Wellington would not let 'her' fight, and make toasted cheese of the Frenchmen. However, when the word was given, for the whole line to charge, Morgan ap Jones recovered his temper.

"In the space of two or three miles, fifty thousand men and horses were lying on the plain. The roar of the cannon, the roll of the musquetry, and the wild cry of the charging columns, were over; but the scene was terrible. Men writhed in agony. Thousands of wounded horses were strewn around: some were quiet; some snatched at the grass with their eager teeth; some moaned and groaned piteously; and some ran madly over the field, wounding the wounded, and disfiguring the dead.

"It was only the day before that tens of thousands of soldiers had stood up in the field, as upright as

wheat in a cornfield; but Death had been hard at work,

> Ploughing and sowing,
> Reaping and mowing.

Oh! it was a melancholy harvest!

"The rain had fallen heavily, and the great road to Brussels was cut up terribly by the wheels of the artillery, and carriages continually passing and repassing; dismounted pieces, harness, baggage, and horses and dead men, lay in heaps. There the charger fell with a heavy groan, exhausted by his wounds; and there sank the maimed soldier, as he vainly tried to stagger forward to some asylum. Keep your eyes on that dismal field, strewn with dead, and you will never meet an old soldier again without thinking of it and of its sorrows.

"Ben Sutton, and George Stansfield, used to say, an old soldier is like an oyster-shell; when the heart is got out of him, nobody cares for him; but when they said so they did not think of Chelsea Hospital: noble institution for old soldiers! I have no fault to find with my country. Ben was in the king's own borderers, and George in the Cameronians. The facings of the twenty-fifth, the king's own borderers, are blue; and those of the twenty-sixth, Camero-

nians, are yellow. Both regiments were in Egypt, and both know what hard fighting means. How should you like to land in an open boat, with an enemy's army in front of you, drawn up on the shore, and the bullets dimpling the water like a shower of rain:

> No respite at all,
> From the powder and ball.

Sharp work, boys! sharp work!

"Well, let us go on. The ripe corn was trodden to pieces, like so much litter in a stable, by the iron hoofs of the horses, and by the wheels of the gun-carriages and ammunition-waggons. Broken weapons, swords, bayonets, muskets, and halberds, were confusedly mingled with lancer-caps and Highland-bonnets. Drums, trumpets, bugles, plumes and pennons, strewed the ground, where the horse and his rider lay together in their blood.

"There came the plunderers, who are ever ready to pillage the dead and the dying, carrying away things of value from their bodies: stripping them, in short, quite naked, whether dead, or only helpless from their wounds; and sometimes, it is to be feared, giving them more wounds, either to kill or overpower them.

"And there came, perhaps, the mother to seek her son, the sister to look for her brother, and children to find out their father's corpse.

"Where the British squares had been formed, the bodies lay three and four deep, the murderous fire of the French battery had swept them down, and close to these, French cuirassiers and lancers lay together, they had madly attempted to force their way through British bayonets; the ball and the bayonet had reached them.

"The heaps of slain told a sad tale of what had passed there the day before; the chasseur and hussar, the Norman horse and imperial guard, the gray charger, the tirailleur, the highlander and the heavy dragoon had been in the death grapple together.

And many an eye with glory bright
And honour keen, had lost its light.

But I have told you enough.—Why should I wring your little heartstrings needlessly. Let us be content with what we have seen. Let us hurry away from the Field of Waterloo—not forgetting, however, that the winning of that battle was the saving of England, Europe, and the world from military despotism. Courage, my boys! Heads up, soldiers! Here we go to the Siege of Antwerp!"

THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

"You have heard pretty much of battles and fields of battle in the three late views; but you have not done yet with warfare, there is the memorable siege of Antwerp. There is no siege in modern times to compare with it. The place was strong, the commandant was resolute, and the besieging army large and full of enterprise.

"Look at the strength of the fortifications; the

citadel, the bastions, the lunette St. Laurent, the gorge, and the foss: and look at the field pieces, the breaching-battery, the mortars, the parallels, and the French artillerymen.

Have a quick eye
When danger's nigh.
The bullet and the ball
Show no respect at all.

When I was in the heavy dragoons, I saw more of fighting than I ever wish to see again. Look at the smoke and the fire! Something going on there! Look at the besieged and the besiegers; the trenches cut in the ground; and the shot and shell flying in the air. Sharp work—

When a man may fall
By every ball.

"You must have a word or two about the siege. By the general treaty of peace, signed at Vienna, after the overthrow of Buonaparte, the allies annexed Belgium, of which the capital is Brussels, to Holland, under the collective title of the kingdom of the Netherlands. But, at the latest of the French revolutions (that of July, 1830, which has placed Louis-Philippe upon the French throne), an insurrection

took place in Brussels, immediately after that of Paris, and ended in the separation of Belgium from the kingdom of the Netherlands, with the consent and guarantee of the allies; but the Dutch, or Hollanders, or Netherlanders, would not give up the fortress of Antwerp: so the fleets of England and France were sent to blockade the river Scheldt, and a French army of more than sixty thousand men was sent to lay siege to the citadel. There it is before you. That is the citadel, or principal part of the fortress of Antwerp, which was so resolutely attacked and so bravely defended upon this political occasion.

"Stop! stop, sir! you in the fustian trowsers, do not you hear that your brother is crying after you? Come back, come back!

"What! are you going to desert your little brother? It is well for you that you are not a deserter in the army. Hear what the articles of war say: 'Any soldier who shall desert our service, whether or not he shall re-enter or re-enlist in the same, shall suffer death, transportation, or such other punishment as by a general court martial shall be awarded.' Never desert your colours or your comrades. Harry Simmonds was in the eighty-third regiment of foot. He could write a good hand, and would have been made

a corporal; but he deserted. It was no use having him up at the halberds; flogging did him no good; he went on deserting till he was drummed out of the regiment to the tune of the Rogue's March.

Whatever you do
Be steady and true.
To the world's end,
Stand by your friend.

"Yes! that is the fortress of Antwerp against which the French Marshal Gerard took with him fifty-one battalions, fifty-six squadrons, and sixty-six field pieces, with an immense battering train, sappers and miners. Why, they were almost enough to eat up old Chassé, the commandant; but old soldiers are not easily daunted.

"You have heard about the battle of Waterloo, one of the first battles that ever was fought. I (as I have told you) was in the thick of it; but the siege of Antwerp, as you see, is quite a different sort of thing. It is an affair of one kind to meet men on a plain, but another to attack men shut up in a strong fortress. The French general summoned Chassé to surrender, but the latter had been ordered to defend the place to the last extremity, and so the siege began. A *siege* (which literally means a *seat)* is

when an army *sits down*, or takes its *seat*, in front of a fortress, and sets about long and patient operations for making itself its masters.

When the trenches were cut, and the battering train brought forward, there was warm work. The fortress opened its fire, for Chassé had between four and five thousand men, and a hundred pieces of artillery at his command. The French returned the fire in gallant style,

> Night and day,
> Rattling away

with musket-shot, cannon-ball, and bomb-shell.

"Soldiers, miners, engineers, and artillery-men, all had enough to do. See what a mixture of fire, and smoke, and shot, and confusion there is! The Dutch made three sorties; but all in vain. They were beaten back; but though a storm, a tempest of shot and shells was poured down on the citadel of Antwerp, Chassé would not give up the place.

"Look sharp, and you may fancy the scene. The French cannon were of brass, and of the best workmanship; the mortars excellent; and they kept playing in fine style. Tens of thousand of shot were discharged, and shells thrown; till the fortress was

set on fire in several places, and three mines were sprung.

"You know not, my tender hearts! the horrors of a siege. The constant thundering about your ears; the falling of the shattered ramparts; the cries and groans of the wounded; the blazing rafters of the roofs set on fire; the absence of repose; the dreadful exhaustion; the want of food, and the continual danger of death. You have reason to go down on your bended knees, and thank God that in England, (so peaceable are we at home, and so well are we defended by the sea, and by our ships, and by our sailors!) we have no experience, in these latter times, of the horrors of a besieged town!

"General Chassé was driven to great distress; but, like a good soldier, he still bravely defended his post. The cannon, the howitzers, the mortars, kept their roaring against him; a breach was made in one of his bastions, the lunette St. Laurent was taken, the bomb-proof hospital roof gave way, and the thick blazing beams threatened to fall on the sick and wounded. Sharp work this! trying situation! You see the state the citadel is in! the battered walls, the crumbling breach, the blazing roofs!

"Out of my way, my boy, or I shall tread on your

toes. Thank you; that will do. It is a wide world, and there is room for us all. Take my advice, neither tread on another, nor let another tread on you. Be firm, but not quarrelsome. Now I will go on.

"The bravest men must give way to superior force; but Chassé did not surrender till the well that supplied the citadel with water was almost dry; till the powder magazines blew up; till the guns were dismantled; till disease broke out among his garrison; till his soldiers were worn out and dispirited; till the place was reduced to a heap of ruins, and there remained no hope of defending the citadel longer with any chance of success.

"I dare say the old boy was a bit puzzled when the cracking and bouncing and bursting came nearer and nearer to him. However, he bore it like a hero, like a true-hearted brave soldier.

"Let no man blame the old and bold General Chassé. He did all that a man could do; and it was of no use to allow the French to take the place by storm, and put to the bayonet his brave soldiers. Remember what a force he ultimately had against him! More than sixty-six thousand men, fourteen thousand horses, and two hundred and twenty-three guns!

"I should have told you of the great monster-mortar, cast at Liege, and brought by the French against the citadel of Antwerp. You never heard of such a mortar as that. Its wood-work alone weighed sixteen thousand pounds, and the metal fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds. The shell it threw was two feet across; and, when charged, weighed a thousand and fifteen pounds. Think of a ball of near half a ton, flying high into the air, and then coming down dash! No joke this! Rather keep out of the way of the monster-mortar! I see you are looking for it in the show.

"Stand steady, and do not tilt up the bench, or I may have to turn regimental surgeon, and bind up your wounds.

A firm tread
Saves a broken head.

"During the siege of the citadel people from all parts of the world flocked to Antwerp, to witness the spectacle; so that the houses and the church battlements were covered with people. Novel sight! striking spectacle! A deluge of shot and shells were poured on the citadel; stones, grape shot, and grenades, flying abroad by day, and rockets, and light-balls, and lances-à-feu by night; while sounds of all

kinds were mingled; hissing, whirring, bellowing, bursting, rushing, and crushing. Oh it was fearful work! They that sing,

'O what a glorious thing's a battle,'

know nothing about it. Many boasters in the world.

'They jest at scars who never felt a wound.'

If they had seen what I saw when I was in the dragoons, they would know better.

"There! now we will leave General Gerard, and the old Governor Chassé, to manage matters as well as they can. The citadel has been set on fire, the magazines blown up, the ramparts battered down, the roofs crushed in, and the place has surrendered. They have nothing to do, now, but to shake hands, and to take care of the poor wounded soldiers.

"Let us leave all behind us, the fortress, the Dutch, and the French; the soldiers, the sappers, the miners, and artillery men; the field pieces, the battering train, the trenches, the gabions, the façines, and the sand-bags; the rockets, the light-balls, and the monster-mortar. Look once more at the siege of Antwerp! There! the scene is changed; and now you shall see and hear of Goodrich Court, in Herefordshire."

GOODRICH COURT. OUTSIDE VIEW.

"GOODRICH Court stands on a hill, on the banks of the river Wye, in Herefordshire, close to the old castle of Goodrich. It is the property of Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, who has got together, there, one of the finest collections of arms and armour in the world.

"Look at the beautiful river, and the fine banks, and the noble edifice of Goodrich Court! If any of you will build such a goodly structure as that, I will promise you to put it into my show. Sergeant Bell

will have it in his box directly; so, the sooner you set to work the better.

"Most likely you never saw Herefordshire. Fruitful and hospitable county! Four harvests in a year; hay, corn, apples, and hops. Noble river is the Wye, but runs away too rapidly. Sometimes it is nearly a mile wide; that is, when there is a flood; and sometimes it is, in places, almost dry. Fidoe, the boatman, at the Hoarwithy ferry, has often put across the old showman; but not in one of those

BRITONS AND CORACLES.

frail *coracles* which are still used by the fishermen of the Wye, and which are said to have been the only kind of vessel for navigation used by the Britons, or ancient Celtic inhabitants of this island, and from whom, in this and other instances, in Wales, and on the borders, the use of the coracle has come down to the present day.

I will tell you a tale about Fidoe, who can shave, bleed, draw a tooth, dress a wound, kill a pig, plough and sow, reap and mow, and do fifty other things besides putting a horse ferry-boat across the river Wye.

"One day Fidoe went to his boat, and saw his wife's pitcher there, standing by itself. Fidoe thought his wife must be drowned, or drowning, so he jumped into the boat, and out of the boat into the river. Up he comes again, and then, once more, dived like a duck to the bottom; but no wife could he find. So, coming up once more, he did what he should have done at first,—looked about him, and then he saw his wife, safe and sound, walking a little lower down on the bank of the river. There is a tale for you; and now you shall have another!

"Fidoe had an old sow bit by a mad dog, and his neighbours advised him to kill the sow; but not he!

He took the sow and the whole litter of sucking-pigs to the sea-side, and dipped them till they were almost drowned. Every body told him he would go mad when he killed the sow, if he tasted a bit of the bacon. Fidoe was not to be frightened, for he ate up sow and pigs, heads and tails, sides, hams, gammons, chawls, and pigmeat; and yet old Fidoe is as hearty as ever.

"But look again at Goodrich Court. It is built of a reddish stone, that has a singular appearance. I suppose it was got out of a stone quarry at no great distance. Beautiful edifice! commanding situation!

"Look at the court yards, and the gates, and the towers, and the pepper-box turrets. If Sir Samuel knew that you were looking at it, who can tell but that he would peep out at one of the windows.

"I have seen Goodrich Court, outside, inside, and all sides. Fine building! full of curiosities! Look again at the towers at the corners! a little like pepper-boxes, as I said, but very striking. There is the place to learn all about arms and armour.

"Arms, you know, are for soldiers to fight with. Soldiering is but a poor trade, when men go to it only for fourteen pence a day; but when they enlist

to serve their queen and country, it is another thing. When I went into the dragoons, I was determined to do my duty. Fine thing is public spirit! If I had not lost my leg,—but no matter!

"Soldiers have much to do! much to learn! Sharp work at first; position, facing, stepping out, marching, counter-marching, wheeling, forming company, manual exercise, platoon exercise, parade, skirmishing, and charging. A good soldier is a fine character. Order in his tread, honour in his eye, and courage in his heart.

"Bear in mind, my boys, that you are all, in a manner, young soldiers. You have exercises to learn, duties to perform, enemies to fight, and you all are marching to head-quarters—the grave!

"I should like you to visit Goodrich Court; for then you would see all the sorts of arms and armour that have been used by soldiers. Sergeant Bell will give you as good an account of them as he can.

Who does his best,
Should be left at rest:
At sea, or on shore,
No man can do more.

Now, while you look at Goodrich Court, I will tell

you about arms and armour, which are contained in its magnificent gothic armoury.

"No doubt, the first weapon in use was a stick, or club. Perhaps the spear, or dart, came next; for a long stick, with a point, is a spear, and a short-pointed stick is a sort of dart. These were afterwards perfected by having points of different substances and shapes added to them. Among savages they have darts and spears with points of hard wood, bone, slate, stone, and other materials. No want of darts and spears in Goodrich Court.

> There against the walls they rest,
> North and south, and east and west.

"Casting stones with slings was an early mode of attacking an enemy at a distance. The art of slinging is, no doubt, of much higher antiquity than archery, though not so generally known, nor so universally practised. The tribe of Benjamin, among the Israelites, is celebrated for the expertness of its slingers. In the time of the Judges, there were seven hundred Benjaminites, who used their left hands, and 'could sling stones at an hair-breadth, and not miss*.' That David was an excellent

* Judges, xxv. 16.

marksman with a sling, his slaying Goliath with that weapon sufficiently testifies. It was, perhaps, an instrument much used by the shepherds in ancient times, to protect their flocks from the attacks of ferocious animals; and, if so, we shall not wonder that David, 'who kept his father's sheep,' was so well skilled in its management.

"Bows and arrows may be reckoned among the early weapons of warfare and the chase, which is a war against beasts and birds; as, what we commonly call *war*, is a war with men. What I have just now said, about the ancient shepherds and their slings, is an example of the use of arms in men's wars against beasts of prey. Remember, always, however, that simply sticks and *stones* themselves must have been the beginning of all armoury.

"The English were famous for their skill as strong bowmen. You have read, no doubt, of this in the ballads of Chevy Chase and Robin Hood. Yet a band of bowmen would stand but a poor chance against such a regiment as the heavy dragoons.

> An arrow from a cross-bow may make the shoulder smart;
> But a bullet from a carbine finds its way into the heart.

But so, also, did our spears and arrows, in time of

yore. When iron was discovered and used, it greatly multiplied the kinds of offensive and defensive weapons.

"I see that you are looking at me, and not at Goodrich Court; and perhaps that will be as well, till I have told you a little more about arms.

Let Sergeant Bell
His story tell;
Then see the show
Before you go.

"The Jews of old times had daggers, and swords, and spears, and slings and javelins, and bows and arrows, and axes and maces.

"Daggers and swords of all kinds, slings and axes and maces in abundance, at Goodrich Court. I do not like axes and maces; never did.

"Attention, my little man! do not stand in that idle way, like a bent threadpaper. You look as if you had no soul in you.

"The Medes, the Persians, the Assyrians, the Bactrians, the Parthians, the Arabians, the Ethiopians, the Libyans, and the Thracians had different weapons; some, bows and arrows made of reeds; some, daggers, swords, and spears; some, very large

flexible bows; some, spears headed with the horns of the antelope; some, wooden clubs knobbed with iron; and some, war chariots, armed at the naves of the wheels with iron knives or sithes, the ancient Britons inclusive, who were Celts, and knew more about war chariots than (like modern Britons) about war ships.

"Men have been quick in finding out fresh weapons to destroy one another with; but remember, my little friends, that, after all, a kind word is better than a sharp sword.

"The Greeks, for some time, fought in chariots in their wars. They had spears, darts, bows, arrows, and slings. Their cavalry was excellent: with their assistance Alexander was able to conquer the Persians; but I question if Alexander's very best cavalry would have stood any chance with the life guards, the horse guards, the dragoon guards, or the royal

heavy dragoon guards;—that was the regiment that I was in.

"The old showman is giving you a full account. Do not like doing things by halves. No! no! bad practice. If a thing be worth doing, it is worth doing well. That is a good motto:

Consider before you do it;
But, if you begin, go through it.

"The Romans used swords, javelins, spears, bows, and slings. The Saxons, at first, had a bent sithe-like sword, or like a scimitar, and called a *saex*, whence, as some have imagined, their national name of *Saxons* was derived; but they changed it for one that was straight, broad, pointed, and double-edged. They also used spears, axes, bows, arrows, swords, and clubs. I am telling you of arms now; I will tell you of armour by and by.

Two things at once
May do for a dunce;
But the wise have decided
To keep them divided.

"The Norman arms were much the same as those used by the Saxons; to which, however, were added

the cross-bow, and some machines to throw to a distance stones and darts. Some of their arrows had combustible matter in them, to set on fire edifices and ships. Sad disaster is a ship on fire!

"I saw one, once, burnt to the water's edge. Sad work! dreadful occurrence! Sailors and soldiers leaping overboard—masts and sails in a conflagration, powder magazine blown up!

"During the reign of Edward the First, the long-bow was much used in England; but when gunpowder was invented, which it was in the fourteenth century, that invention soon altered the weapons of war.

Every thing falls
Before bullets and balls.

"I will now tell you at once the principal weapons used before the invention of gunpowder, therefore attention! heads up! eyes front! The weapons were clubs, spears, bows and arrows, slings, javelins, tomahawks, scalping-knives, long spears, bills, battle-axes, or halberds, double battle-axes, pole-axes, maces, falchions, swords, daggers, cross-bows, chariots armed with sithes, arrows with lime or combustibles to set ships on fire, and long-bows; beside

the battering-ram, the balista, for casting stones; and the catapulta, for throwing darts.

"Here, my poor old woman! you seem lower in the world than even I am, and a baby at your breast too! Hard work, now a days, to get an honest halfpenny, but you shall have one from the old showman. Here! I wish it was a silver shilling.

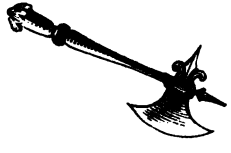
"I might give you an account of the warlike instruments of music used by different nations; but Sergeant Bell cannot tell you of every thing. No time for that. The American Indian rushes to battle raising his wild war-whoop, while European soldiers advance with the roll of the drum, the fife, the kettle-drum, the clashing cymbals, the mellow bugle, and the spirit-stirring trumpet. I will tell you a tale about a trumpeter. The matter happened when I was in the dragoons.

"Buonaparte was preparing his flotillas and his soldiers to invade, as he said, old England. Every day we expected to hear of his being at sea, so we kept ready for action. Well! one night, when we were all snug in bed, news came suddenly that the French had landed. One of our trumpeters was a black, a tall strapping fellow. He took up his trumpet to sound an alarm, but was so alarmed

himself, that he fainted away. There was a soldier for you!

"Frank Hatfield, a bold fellow, was at his elbow. Frank snatched up the trumpet from the ground, and blew a blast that made the barracks and barrack-yard ring with the sound. Up we jumped, hurried on our clothes, ran to the stables, leaped on our horses, and, in eight minutes and a half, our whole body was drawn up in the barrack-yard, ready for action. Nothing like promptitude, order, and pre sence of mind in a soldier.

"Now look again on Goodrich Court, as it stands, with the gates closed, on the hill by the brink of the river. Next minute, we will ask Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick to open his gates, and allow us to peep into the inside of his armoury. Yes, yes! we must have a peep at his famous collection, and the sooner the better. I pull the string."



GOODRICH COURT. INTERIOR.

"Now we are all at once in the inside of Goodrich Court. I thought we should get admittance one way or other. Use all the eyes you have! Every place hung with arms and armour! Fine collection! Noble armoury! Wonderful cabinet of curiosities!

"It has cost me a great deal of trouble to get up this capital show; but perseverance does wonders. 'Try again,' is a noble motto, and 'Never be down-

hearted' is another. Does not that look like real armour? You must know more about armour now.

"You have read of the giant Goliath, I will be bound for it. The account of him and his armour is given in the seventeenth chapter of the first book of Samuel. Perhaps you may not recollect the particulars, I will relate them; pay attention!

"'And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span.

"'And he had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass.

"'And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders.

"'And the staff of his spear was a like a weaver's beam, and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron: and one bearing a shield went before him.'

"This is a very fine description of such a gigantic warrior, and it tells us that armour was in use at a very remote period, for it is near three thousand years ago since David slew Goliath. You remember what I told you about the giant's being killed by the shepherd-boy David, with a pebble from the bed

of a brook, cast manfully and skilfully with his shepherd's engine, a sling!

"I wish that I could have had all I wanted put in my show; but that was impossible. If I could have added to the Grand Armoury at Goodrich Castle, the tournament, the row of knights in armour on their armed horses, the shields, the spears, the magnificent collection altogether, it would have made one of the very finest things in all the raree-show of Sergeant Bell; but such as my show is, it is well worth your best attention.

"If you knew more of the miseries of war, you would be so much the more desirous for the blessings of peace. I want you all to be happy; and you cannot be happy unless you love God and man. Remember the old copy:

> 'With early virtue plant thy breast;
> The specious arts of vice detest.'

But it is of no use to remember a good rule, if you fail to practise it.

"Now listen to Sergeant Bell.

"See, that is the Grand Armoury. It is eighty feet long, with a fine carved roof, and walls hung with curiosities. You do not often see forty or fifty

figures together in complete armour—ten or a dozen of them on horseback. Fine sight! Arresting spectacle! They remind me of the time when I was in the dragoons; but we had no armour but a good cause and bold hearts. They tell me that inside armour is the best after all—a brave heart and a quiet conscience.

"Do you see all round the walls the clubs, the maces, the hammers, the battle-axes, the swords, the shields, the match-locks, the petronels, and the pistols! And then look up at the gallery running round the place. Look where you will, nothing but arms and armour!

"Armour, which is a defensive covering for the whole, or part, or parts, of the warrior's body; while *arms* are instruments or engines, either defensive or offensive, to be used in combat with an enemy;—*armour*, at different periods, has been formed of different materials; leather, padded linen, iron, brass, silver, and gold. I will tell you of what has been worn in England. At one time it was made of rings placed edgewise; and this was called a *hauberk*, or shirt of mail: at another, it was formed of rings sewn flat on the vesture; and, after this, it consisted of small plates, covering each other like tiles, sewn

upon a hauberk. Then, surcoats were worn over the armour, that the sun might not heat it. Then, armour was made of stitched padded-work. This was called *gambuised* armour. Then jacks, or leathern vests, were worn by the archers. After this, armour was partly mail and partly plate; and then came plate-armour.

"Oh! what a dirty boy you are; splashed up to your neck, with a face like a sweep! Cannot bear a want of cleanliness! Did you ever see an old sow lie down in a dirty ditch? Horrid sight! Look at a soldier, and he will be a pattern for you. A true soldier has neither a speck on his clothes, nor a spot on his character. Cleanly in his person, orderly in his conduct, and devoted to his queen and his country.

A dirty face
Is a sad disgrace.

But on we go!

"One of the neatest soldiers I ever knew, was Tom Erskine, of the fifth regiment foot, Northumberland fusileers—regimentals red and gosling green; fine fellow! got promoted for good conduct—used to carry in his bosom the picture of his father. Often have I heard him say, when looking at it—'Tom Erskine shall never put a blush on the old man's

face!' Learn a lesson, my happy hearts! Never let your friends have reason to blush for you!

"In the reign of Richard the Third, (you recollect, perhaps, he has been called Crook-backed Richard,) plate-armour was in perfection; but it afterwards became more ornamented. Plate-armour was not only plain, but fluted, black, bronzed, engraved, inlaid, and embossed. Armour, when well made and richly ornamented, was of great value. Raymont, brother to Pope Clement, when taken prisoner, was killed merely to get possession of his beautiful armour. Better for him, had he been clad in a commoner suit.

How often pride
Leads man aside!

"Homer says, (not that I know much about him,) but Homer says, the armour of Glaucus was thought to be worth a hundred oxen; and when a suit of armour of solid silver was worn by Sir Walter Raleigh, people said he had a Spanish galleon on his back. Therefore, they must have valued it very highly.

"Did you ever see a man armed cap-à-pie, that is, dressed in a complete suit of armour from head

to foot? Well! whether you ever did or no, I will be bound for it you do not know how the armour is put on. If any one of you intends to turn knight-errant, and ride in quest of adventures, let him come to me, and I will tell him how to put on his armour!

"Sergeant Bell is the first man that ever undertook to give such information as this in a raree-show; but, you see, he was brought up a soldier, bred to arms, and has made much inquiry as to what has been going on in the world. I do not want to make soldiers of you. No, my little friends; a day's peace is better than a year's war.

> May war's alarms for ever cease,
> And hostile nations live in peace.

But, now for your armour.

"First, you must put on your *sabatynes*, or steel clogs; and when these are made fast, proceed with your *greaves* or shin-pieces, and your *cuisses* or thigh-pieces.

"By this time you will begin to look a little like a hero, and still more so when your *breech mail*, your *tuillettes* or waist-pieces, and your *cuirass* or breast-plate, are secure.

"Can you fancy yourself dressed in this way! Well, now put on your *vambraces*, or covers for the lower arms; your *rerebraces*, or coverings of the rest of the arms to the shoulder; your *gauntlets* or gloves, and your trusty *dagger*.

"Now you look something like; but we will just add, a *short sword*, a *cloak*, worn over the armour; a *bacinet*, a *long sword*; a *pennoncel*, held in the left hand; and a *shield*. Now you are complete, with the exception of a horse. Get a good one, and then you may sally forth, to fight with the windmills, like Don Quixote of old, as soon as you please.

"In old times, none but true knights were allowed to fight at a tournament; and, if any one entered the lists who was not qualified they made him ride bare-headed on a rail, and trod his helmet and his shield under foot. Rough usage this!

"Riding on a rail is still a rustic punishment in Lancashire, and sometimes inflicted very severely. It is one of the rude and lawless practices (when pushed to extremes) which disfigure that ancient county-palatine. The country writing, and talk, too, of that same ancient county-palatine (for there are two others—Durham and Chester) are generally as rude as many of its customs. Yesterday's Manchester

paper gives the following as a note of excuse sent to a schoolmaster in that neighbourhood, in explanation of a pupil's absence:—'Kepotoam tullid kolls dunnut waellim cossis rigs sor;' which may be thus translated:—'Kept at home to lade coals; do not wale (beat) him, because his rig (back) is sore.'

"The other day I saw the picture of a little fellow mounted on a mastiff, with a spit in one hand and a pot-lid in the other, tilting at a tom-cat. There was knight-errantry for you! Enterprise and heroism! but what had the tom-cat done, that the little knight should tilt at him?

"Look again at the Armoury, right and left. The design and the execution are equally admirable. Where are there such sights as these, except in my own raree-show?

"Well, now I have told you of arms and armour used before the invention of gunpowder; but gunpowder has rendered armour almost useless; though even now, the life guards wear a cuirass, and a kind of helmet, but neither will defend them from cannon-balls.

"I have not time to do more than tell you, in a very rapid way, of the arms invented since the invention of gunpowder. A good halfpenny-worth you

have had already; but keep your ears open, and you shall still be made a little wiser.

"Perhaps you think pistols were invented before cannon; but no! that was not the case. First came the great fire-arms, cannon, mortars, and howitzers; and then the small fire-arms. Cannon, at one time, were made of iron bars put together, and hooped round with iron rings. In 1459, King James of Scotland was standing by one of these when it was fired off. It burst; a piece of it struck him in the thigh, and occasioned his death. Sad accident!

"Another great cannon burst some years after, tearing in pieces the founder of it, one John Mangué, and fourteen other persons; blowing their heads, legs, arms, and bodies into the air.

"Poor Jack Farlow! I remember him well. He was in the artillery. In firing off a field-piece taken from the French in Portugal, he was blown all to shatters, for the field-piece burst to pieces. Sad affair that! Jack was a good soldier! Did his duty! Sergeant Bell has seen terrible things.

"There is a fine piece of cannon, called Elizabeth's pocket-pistol, at Dover Castle, upon which is an inscription:

'Sponge me well and keep me clean,
I'll carry a ball to Calais Green.'

But the largest brass cannon to be seen any where is at Bejapore, in Hindoostan. It is called, 'The Lord of the Plain;' its length is fourteen feet one inch; its bore two feet four inches; and an iron shot, to fit it, weighs one thousand six hundred pounds. There are vast cannon at the Turkish forts on the shores of the Dardanelles, which carry stone shot, of sixty pounds weight, and are intended to range from Europe to Asia on the one side, and from Asia to Europe on the other; and thus make the Turks perpetual masters of the passage. There! I have told you quite enough about cannon.

"Before you get down from the bench, you shall have the names of most of the smaller fire-arms, and then the exhibition must close.

"Let me see! There is the hand-cannon, the hand-gun, the arquebus, the arquebus-à-croc, the haquebut, the demihaque, the musket, the wheel-lock, the currier, the snap-haunce, the caliver, and the carabine. I like to be particular.

"Then, besides these, there are the esclopette, the fusil, the musquetoon, the fowling-piece, the petronel, the blunderbuss, the dragon, the hand-mor-

tar, the dag, the pistol, the trickerlock, the firelock, and the self-loading gun. Now I have given you enough of them.

"The Congreve-rocket was invented recently by Colonel Congreve, and is a very powerful weapon of warfare. It is thrown up high in the air; and, when it comes down, it will break through a roof and burst, and scatter destruction all around it.

"Congreve-rockets are not so recent but that they were used at the battle of Leipzig; and before then, at Boulogne, against Buonaparte's flotilla. What am I thinking of! why they were used still further back, at the bombardment of Copenhagen. Whiz, they go up! crash, they come down! knocking every thing to pieces as they burst. If you never see one, my happy hearts, never mind that, but always keep out of their way.

"There is a steam-gun, called Perkins's gun. It is let off with steam, not with gunpowder. It will fire off seventy bullets in four seconds. Who could stand against a gun of that kind! What the art of war will come to, nobody knows!

"We are now at an end, but let me just tell you how the dragoons obtained their name. Dragoons were first raised about the year 1600, (I like to be

precise in these matters,) and were intended to outdo the German Reiters, who were terrible fellows with their pistols. On this account the dragoons carried a sort of small blunderbuss, with a dragon's head at the mouth of it; from this weapon, the men were called *dragoneers* and *dragons*, or *dragoons;* the last word representing the French pronunciation of the English word *dragon.*

"I have often told you that I was myself in the heavy dragoons. Noble regiment! fine body of men! but those days are over, and Sergeant Bell is now nothing but a one-legged old showman. Well! never mind, much to be thankful for—his heart is as sound as ever!"

EXHIBITION VI.

MARKET-DAY came again, and with it came the old showman, laden, as usual, with his box at his back. Habit is second nature, and habit had led me to look forward to the coming of the old man as to a treat. The setting aside of Taunton market would not have half so much disappointed me as the non-arrival of Sergeant Bell.

The more I had listened to what fell from the lips of the old showman, and observed his eccentric and kind-hearted ways, the more interested did I feel in his favour. Whatever might be the weather, or the want of success, or the other trials that pressed upon him, he never complained. Cheerful and elastic, his spirit sprung up against every annoyance and trouble. Those who have ever gazed on a battle, must have admired the promptitude with which brave soldiers fill up their ranks when thinned by the fire of the enemy, always preserving an unbroken front. It was

the same with Sergeant Bell: he had always an unbroken front.

As he set up his raree-show, every now and then he took a bite at a crust of bread; for he appeared to have walked a long way, and was hungry. His young friends soon gathered round, with additions to their number; for the fame of the old showman was still spreading far and near.

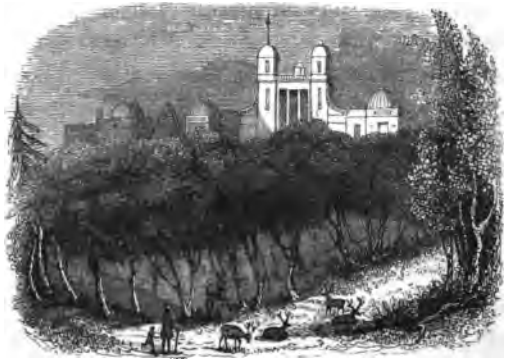
"Glad to see you! Glad to see you!" said he, as he looked round with an air of exultation. "Glad to see so many volunteers press forward to the standard of Sergeant Bell. Hope you have behaved as you ought to do since I last saw you; hope you have been happy. Nothing like good conduct. Shrink from an evil action, as from a toad; and put your finger in the mouth of a viper, rather than touch a dishonest penny.

"I have told you before, that it was good and soldierlike conduct that raised me to the rank of a non-commissioned officer. I might have been 'a full private' all my days, but I aimed at something more! A justifiable ambition led me on. I had my country's good before me, and I met with my reward. Poor as I am, nobody can rob me of my honours. The medal that I wear on my breast may be taken from me, but

not the remembrance that I won it; that I won it by dutifully serving my king and country, as a sergeant in the heavy dragoons.

"Oh, you are bowling up bravely to the raree-show! Glad to see you march and wheel into line in that orderly manner. That is a masterly movement which you have made; that is a capital charge; there is no standing against it. The place must capitulate; in fact, the fort is already taken: but now act with forbearance. No scenes of disorder! no pillage and plunder! Let the garrison march out with military honours, and keep you possession of the place in a soldierlike manner."

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY AT GREENWICH.



"WELL! now for the first sight to-day. Stand close, my little bright-eyed peepers! Take up no more room than you can, that you may all see it comfortably. Try not to incommode each other; and then you will please the old showman, and have the secret pleasure of doing a kind action.

"We had a great deal about war in the last exhibition. The battle of Waterloo was a terrible battle, and terrible was the sight of the field of battle on the

following day. Then, that siege of Antwerp was a scene of confusion and death; the battering train, and the monster-mortar, and the bomb-shells, and the rockets were fearful. They drove old Chassé out of the citadel, and no wonder! he had not had such a noise about his ears for one while, I can warrant you.

"Goodrich Court, too, was full of arms and armour; so that the last Exhibition from beginning to end was, as it were, about war. We must now have a change; for, as Holy Scripture says, 'Wisdom is better than weapons of war.' Yes! yes!

> The rattling drum shall now give o'er;
> And the trumpet's blast be heard no more.

"The building before you is the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, formerly called Flamstead House, after the great astronomer of that name. I shall tell you some day, perhaps, something about Greenwich, and the Hospital, and the Park; but now I shall speak of the Royal Observatory, a national, noble, and scientific institution, which is an honour to Great Britain.

"There is the Royal Observatory, standing at the top of a high hill, in Greenwich Park, the same that

the lads and lasses run down on Easter Monday. Dangerous sport when the grass is slippery. I once saw a dragoon encumbered with his sabre and all his regimentals, fall down, face foremost, on the steep, hurting himself terribly. The house looks proudly down upon the park, and the people, ay, and upon the tame deer, too, that are sometimes browsing, and sometimes scampering about. And beyond all this, the Royal Hospital, and the river Thames, and the ships sailing up or down to or from all parts of the world; and the city of London, and its smoke, and St. Paul's, and the Monument, and Westminster Abbey, at the western end of the view.

"Between Greenwich Hill, or Flamstead Hill, and the Royal Hospital beneath it, is also the Royal Schools for the sons of seamen intended for the sea. And here I may tell you a sad story, as a warning for bad-behaved and ungovernable youth. Six boys, pupils in the Upper School, have been recently expelled for breaking windows and unruly conduct; and yet every attention possible is paid by the worthy governor, Sir Thomas Hardy, and every person concerned with this admirable establishment, who are ever ready to attend to any grievance, and to apply immediate remedy. Those lads will now return

to their unfortunate parents, in difficulty to maintain and give them any kind of education, and lose for ever the benefit such an education would have given them for the royal naval service of their country. I hope, and sincerely trust, that other parents, intending their sons for these schools, will inculcate the absolute necessity of their relinquishing evil habits, and conducting themselves in such a manner as to merit the liberal clothing, medical advice, feeding, education, and kind treatment, they invariably receive in the Upper and Lower Schools of this royal and noble institution,—as Sir John Barrow justly observes of it, 'unequalled in the world.'

"You observe this noble edifice in its commanding position, its wings stretching right and left, its dome-formed towers, its out-buildings, and erections for the purposes of astronomical observation. You are looking at the outside; it is no easy matter to see the inside, unless you have an introduction from the Lords of the Admiralty. But never mind, I will tell you all about it.

"You may wonder where I get my information. Oh, it is easy enough to be got when you go the right way to work. In the first place, I never receive an invitation to dinner from the Lords of the Admi-

ralty without accepting it. No! never on any account! and when my Lord Minto offers to take me to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich in his carriage, I hop into it directly, as well as my wooden leg will let me. Can you wonder, now, at my knowing all about the Royal Observatory?

"While you look at it, you must remember that England is a great, commercial nation; her ships are nobly freighted with British hearts, and with costly cargoes of varied merchandise. Now it is greatly owing to the labours of astronomers, in observing the heavenly bodies, that these ships are guided safely through the pathless ocean.

"The Royal Observatory is well worth your best attention. It was founded by King Charles the Second. Let me see, that must be one hundred and sixty years ago. The first stone of the present building was laid August 10, 1675.

"Many years ago, a castle stood where the observatory now stands. You may have heard of the famous Humphrey Duke of Gloucester? Well! it was he who built the castle. Thousands of people see the Observatory on the hill; but not one in a hundred ever dream that an old castle once stood there.

"Let your brother alone, till he comes down from the bench. There is a fine little fellow! does as he is bid at once. Nothing like obedience. When I was in his majesty's service, in the heavy dragoons, I should have obeyed my commanding officer if he had ordered me to the cannon's mouth.

In peace or war, by night and day,
A faithful soldier must obey.

"The first royal astronomer appointed was John Flamstead; after whom, as I have said, the name Flamstead House was given. This was in 1675. Clever man! sent astronomical calculations to the Royal Society, of which he was a fellow. Wrote a tract about the planets; Newton was glad to make use of it. Made a capital barometer;—it was sent to the king, who appointed him royal astronomer.

"After Flamstead came Edmund Halley, another clever man. He determined the motion of the sun on its axis, by observing the spots on its surface; he ascertained the position of three hundred and fifty stars; was the first to discover the great comet (so called) of 1680; went a voyage to find out the cause of the variation in the compass; and made a chart of the tides in the British Channel.

"But, if the old showman is to describe all the royal astronomers, and all that they did in this way, he will never get through his show. After Edmund Halley, came James Bradley, Bliss, Maskelyne, Pond, and the distinguished Professor Airy, from Cambridge, who is astronomer royal at this time.

"If you can recollect all these things, you will know more than all the people in the market-place, and much more than half the people of England, about astronomers royal. But I must tell you something of the inside of the Observatory.

"It is full of the most valuable and costly astronomical instruments, with which to make the required observations. Microscopes, I must tell you, are instruments with which to look at small things, and which are near the eye. Now, microscopes are of no use for observation of the stars; but *telescopes* are for examining great things which are distant; and there are plenty of telescopes at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich!

"Sir William Herschel set up a telescope, of a very large size, at Slough, near Windsor. The tube is forty feet long, and four feet in diameter; and this is the largest telescope that I ever heard of. Burning mountains, or volcanoes, are thought to have

been seen in the moon, through these large telescopes; and what else we shall see in the moon, through the increased power of telescopes, I cannot say.

"You have observed that one part of the full moon is darker than another; odd tale told about it; very foolish, but very comical. They say a bear fell in love with the moon, and, climbing up to it, made the dark marks upon it with his dirty paws. If you can believe that, you can believe more than the old showman; but the story is told, as a fanciful tale, from England to ancient Peru.

"Do you remember the tale of the great monster? If not, the old showman will tell it to you.

"An astronomer was looking through his telescope, at an eclipse of the sun; when, to his dismay, he observed what he thought a frightful monster of a gigantic size in the sky, between him and the sun.

"There it was, with a large head, six long legs, and an enormous pair of wings; he had never seen such a fearful thing before, and had never heard of any thing half so frightful! What was to be done; for the monster, for aught he knew, was a fiery dragon, that might visit the earth with a conflagration!

"Very luckily, he soon found out that, by some means or other, a common house fly, nothing in the world else, I assure you, had got between the glasses of his telescope; and, being magnified by it, had formed the vision of the dreadful monster that had well nigh frightened him out of his senses. Odd thing! Laughable occurrence!

> The learned man, that looked so high,
> Thus to be frighted by a fly!

"In the Royal Observatory, is a magnificent instrument, called a mural circle, for observing heavenly bodies at the meridian; and another, called a transit-instrument, to determine exact time, and the right ascension of the heavenly bodies; and, besides these, there is the zenith micrometer, as well as scores of other instruments. Now, if you do not understand all this, it will lead you to ask questions of those who do, and those who ask many questions, and think much on the answers they get, will be sure to grow wise.

"One thing I must remember. So careful are the astronomers, so nice in making their observations, that they stretch a spider's thread across the glass they look through, and then cross it with another

thread, to find out exactly the middle of the glass. Thin as the spider's line is, it looks (magnified by the eyepiece of the telescope) like a strong, black thread. Curious contrivance! Ingenious astronomical device!

"Look at the top of the left hand tower or dome. There is a tall mast, with a ball upon it (you have observed it, I dare say), and, above the ball is an arrow, to tell the way of the wind. There it is, shining, decorating the building, like a cockade in a recruit's hat, a plume on a soldier's cap, or the gilt helmet on the head of a captain of the heavy dragoons.

"Well, the ball, precisely at five minutes before twelve o'clock at noon, or the moment (allowing for the difference between *mean time* and *apparent time)* of the transit of the centre of the sun over the meridian of Greenwich, is hoisted half way up the mast; and, exactly at twelve, the ball falls to the bottom of the mast. This is for the use of the ships in the river, so that they may compare their chronometers, a very exact description of clocks, with the true *Greenwich mean time.* This true mean time of day is found by means of the transit-instrument, assisted by figures; and thus those who wish to set their chronometers,

or clocks, or watches right, have only to see the descent of the ball at the observatory at twelve o'clock.

"The same assistance to shipping is afforded at Plymouth by a similar contrivance. The importance of the exact knowledge of the hour of the day to shipping, when at sea, is incalculable. It enables them to discover both their latitude and longitude, or in what part of the ocean they are, as you will hereafter learn; and the making of *chronometers*, for this end, has reached a perfection which, for any work of man, approaches the miraculous.

"I will tell you, first, what is the difference (and there is a daily difference throughout the year) between *mean* or *civil*, and *apparent time*. Apparent time is determined by the sun. The instant of the sun's centre passing the meridian of any given place, is the *apparent noon* of the place, and so of all other places in the same meridian. The sun's crossing the meridian at intervals differing daily in the quantity of time, more or less than twenty-four hours (from the increased rapidity, or diminished progress of the earth's motion, at different periods of its elliptical orbit or movement through the year) causes the difference between mean and apparent time. The

earth's irregularity of motion is corrected in *mean* or *civil time*, and each day is made, by the pleasure of man, to consist of twenty-four hours. Of the daily difference take an example. On the first day of February, *apparent noon* is shown by a well adjusted sundial, or by the more accurate observation of a transit-instrument. The chronometer or clock should then be set thirteen minutes, fifty-eight seconds, and nine decimal parts in advance, or so much past twelve, this being *mean time*. Then, if the chronometer or clock continues to go right, it will daily show the difference from *apparent time*.

"Persons wishing to obtain mean time at any given place, and knowing Greenwich time, must add four minutes for each degree of longitude, if the place is situated eastward, or subtract four minutes, if westward; thus, if the clock, or watch, or chronometer shows twelve o'clock Greenwich time, for two degrees east, eight minutes should be added, the time would be eight minutes past twelve; if the place is situated the same distance westward, it would be fifty-two minutes past eleven. The adjustment of apparent and mean time belongs to that part of your ciphering book called Equation of Time.

"The amazing perfection of our English chrono-

meters is shown in the case of one of the London makers, who, in each of the respective years 1831 and 1832, succeeded in gaining the premium given by government for the best performing chronometers: the extreme variation or defect of his chronometer No. 665, on trial at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, during the year 1831, not exceeding eighty-nine hundredths of a second, on its daily rate in twelve months; and in the year 1832, the extreme variation of his chronometer No. 675, not exceeding eighty-six hundredths of a second, in the same space of time. In the year ending December 1, 1833, the prize was awarded to his chronometer No. 679, the extreme variation of which was only ninety-eight hundredths of a second, a degree of accuracy scarcely to be credited, were the rates not taken by official persons, proving to what perfection the art has arrived!

"There you see the high hill, and the Royal Observatory standing at the top of it, in which are the mural circle, the transit instrument, the zenith micrometer, telescopes, microscopes, and instruments of all kinds.

"There it is, towering up, with its wings and its windows! its two low domes, its outbuildings and

its scientific appurtenances; with the ball and the mast, and the gilt arrow, and all for a halfpenny in my show! Now for something else. Now for a little more science. I warrant you the raree-show of Sergeant Bell will call forth all your wit and all your wisdom. Remember, that

> Knowledge is gained from near and from far;
> And wisdom is better than weapons of war."

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

"HERE is what is often called the Adelaide Gallery, in William Street, at Charing Cross, but the name really given it by its owners is The National Gallery of Practical Science. Useful establishment! Capital institution! Sergeant Bell will tell you all about it. It is established that useful inventions may be speedily made known.

"Before we go further, however, with an account

of the National Gallery, I will tell you something about Charing Cross. Here was, anciently, the village of Charing, which, according to some, owed that name to Edward the First, who erected a cross here to the memory of his *chere reine;* that is, his 'dear queen.' These French words being pronounced nearly according to the spelling, as is usual with the common people, and more especially at that time when they were unable to read, got corrupted into *char-ing,* and thence the cross obtained the name of Charing Cross. The name Convent Garden, in that neighbourhood, or the garden which originally belonged to the convent of Westminster, has been in like manner corrupted in vulgar speech into *Common* Garden, and, in general writing, into Covent Garden. And so the Charter House got its name from the mispronunciation of *Chartreux,* a monastery which stood there, and was dissolved by Henry the Eighth.

"Now, let us march boldly into the place, and take possession of all that it contains. Let us be prompt, orderly, and soldierlike. I cannot abide creeping, crawling, dawdling, and delaying.

"I remember hearing of a colonel who was sent for by the commander in chief: 'Colonel,' said the commander in chief, 'how long do you require to

prepare yourself for active service, and to take out dispatches to America?' 'Half an hour, my lord,' replied the colonel; 'but if necessary, I will be ready in twenty minutes.'

"There is a man for you, every inch a soldier! Why, some people take a week to prepare for a day's journey; but the colonel said, he would be ready in twenty minutes, to sail thousands of miles across the mighty deep, and to venture his life for his country! See, boys, the influence of system, method, order. I once saw the motto under a coat of arms, "Ready;" a capital motto for us all, and especially for a soldier:

> The stormy winds may rudely blow,
> The gathering tempest lower;
> But the soldier, with his knapsack, will
> March forward in an hour.

"Fine thing to be ready when the route comes, especially for the last march; but come, you have here what will require your best attention.

"The Adelaide Gallery cannot be seen in my show. That is impossible; the place is so full of curious things—machinery, instruments, pictures, and curiosities. I will describe it, and you can look sharp, and find out as many of the things I shall mention as you can.

"Though it is called a Gallery, it is divided into many rooms, as well as into galleries. Right and left, up stairs and down stairs, full of models of inventions, and wonders of nature and art.

"Along the middle of the large room runs a trough of clear water, on which models of Steam-boats are sailing. Interesting sight! Beautifully contrived! And then there are models of a Diving-bell, and of the Eddystone Lighthouse. I will tell you tales about these; but, first, let me give you a catalogue of some of the things contained in this excellent Gallery.

"Sorry to see a beggar standing at the corner of the street yonder! Elbows through his coat, toes through his shoes. Begging is a bad trade, and idleness a sad occupation. Ah well, poor fellow! Must not be severe! Cannot tell what has brought him to it. But give your minds to industry my little friends; you will find a begged penny to be a bitter one.

A sixpence got by a spirit willing,
Spends better than an ill-got shilling.

"Let me see! I told you of the models of the steam-boats; well! there are all other sorts of models.

Steam-engines, boats, and carriages; life-boats, rudders, paddle-wheels, anchors, fire-escapes, air-pumps, safety-lamps, and hydrometers; life-preservers, rafts, blow-pipes, electrifying machines, cog-wheels, and microscopes; besides carved-work, sculpture, paintings, printing-presses, weaving-looms, and a hundred other things that I cannot just now think of. Famous place for a stranger to see! One of the very best sights of London!

"You are pricking up your ears, and well you may! I wish I had the time to tell you about every thing contained in the National Gallery of Practical Science!

"There are inventions there of the useful household kinds, denominated instantaneous lights: about the year 1673, Brandt, of Hamburgh, discovered the substance called phosphorus, and from that period may be dated the numerous contrivances for obtaining fire, popularly called 'instantaneous lights.' It was, however, not plentiful until 1680, when Godfrey Hancknitz prepared it, in comparatively large quantities, in his laboratory in Southampton Street, in the Strand, London, and sold it at one hundred shillings per ounce, the same that is now to be bought for three shillings. All the other 'instantaneous lights'

and 'light-machines' are now giving way to Lucifers and Prometheans—they are simple yet beautiful refinements upon *chlorate matches.* Lucifers, upon the principle of friction, were formerly sold at fourpence per box; but now, three boxes are to be bought for one penny, each containing fifty matches. About three tons of chlorate of potash are used in their manufacture, in London alone; and the manufacture, nevertheless, of the old brimstone-matches is still carried on upon a large scale,—to the amount, at one penny per thousand, of £.26,000 annually,—for which, in London alone, three tons of sulphur or brimstone are required.

"The model of the Eddystone Lighthouse is worth looking at; it makes one think of poor sailors in a storm. A lighthouse is built on a rock, in order to warn ships from dangers, or to bring them into port. It is not the raging ocean, but oftentimes the shore, that the seaman chiefly fears. We have all need of lighthouses to warn us of danger, and lead us as we should go.

Hoist all your sails, and shun the place
Where sin and folly show their face;
Or, strive, and follow still the star,
That leads where virtue dwells afar!

"Once, when I was in the heavy dragoons, I heard our chaplain liken a lighthouse to an angel; I shall never forget his notion: 'A lighthouse,' said he, (and he raised himself on his very toes while he spoke, and lifted up both his hands,) 'a lighthouse is like a mighty angel, standing amidst the stormy breakers, and warning the mariner of his danger. His voice is louder than the roaring billows of the wild Atlantic. He cries aloud, Beware!' Fine figure! striking illustration! Our chaplain was a noble scholar!

"The Life-raft is a capital model. It shows how, when a vessel is foundering, bold-hearted, ready-handed seamen may make rafts to save themselves upon, of empty water-casks, and odd spars, and planks. Saw Canning, brave man! daring fellow! Once saw him, cradled in his life-raft, tossing about in the breakers and frothy surge; this was at Cherbourg, coast of France. All thought him lost! All gave him up! No matter! on he went toward the beach, and was flung safe and sound, high and dry, on the sand. Canning, Captain Manby, Lieutenant Rodger, Ralph Watson, and many others, deserve well of their country for their excellent inventions.

"The model of the Diving-bell is a very curious one. A mouse goes down under water, and supplies

itself with air by turning a wheel. Diving-bells are very useful in getting up property from shipwrecked vessels, and in building bridges and lighthouses. Keep your eyes on all useful inventions; you may invent something yourselves, one day or other, that will surprise and benefit the world.

"Gently, gently, there! Do not be too hard upon the little fellow! He had no business to make faces at you, but do not use him hardly.

"I have seen much of life, my little cherry-cheeks, and have found out, that to go through it peaceably we must sometimes be as blind as beetles, as deaf as a post, and as dumb as a bell without a clapper! So true is one of my Turkish proverbs!

"Often do I shut my eyes and my ears, that I may see nothing and hear nothing against my neighbours; and often and often do I lay my hand upon my mouth, that I may speak nothing that may do them an injury.

'Believe not each aspersing tongue,
As some weak people do;
But ever hope that story wrong,
Which ought not to be true.'

"Be as severe as you like towards your own errors, but be merciful towards others. 'Bear and forbear'

is an admirable maxim. An ounce of kindness is worth a pound of severity; bear, and you shall be borne with; 'forgive, and you shall be forgiven.'

> He that avenges knows no rest;
> But he that forgives has a peaceful breast.

"I must not pass by the Fire-escape. Excellent invention! Suppose a house in flames in the dead of the night—an awful event of too common occurrence. Well! the people inside are asleep; they jump from their beds, awakened by the cry of 'Fire!' and find the room full of smoke, and the staircase in flames. No method of escape, and if there were, they are too frightened to act for themselves. No hope! nothing but destruction before them! They cry aloud in their agony! Fearful situation!

"At this moment, a Fire-escape, (a ladder-like pole,) is placed against the house. A man ascends the pole, and meets the shrieking mother at the open window. He helps the children into the large basket of the Escape, and lets them safely down. Up, again, goes the basket for their parents, and then again for the servants. The house is burnt to the very ground, but no life is lost. The Fire-escape has saved them all from the flames. Always be ready to serve your

fellow-creatures in distress; and, when old enough, you must run to their rescue. I love a bold and a philanthropic heart,

> That wins its way with steady aim,
> Through bolts and bars, and flood and flame.

"I have not the time to tell you about the numberless curious things in the Adelaide Gallery. Some day, perhaps, you will see them for yourselves. There is Perkins's Steam-gun, that pours out a stream (as I may call it) of lead. Twenty-five thousand bullets may be discharged from it in an hour. Never heard of such a gun as that, when I was in the dragoons!

"Then, there is the powerful Electro Magnet, holding up four or five hundred pounds weight, made so by merely dipping the ends of two wires in a chemical liquid; and the grand Oxy-hydrogen Microscope, which makes a flea look larger than an elephant; as well as the Hydraulic and Electric Telegraphs, the Harmonica, the self-acting Grand Pianoforte, and hundreds of other admirable things.

"I was always a friend to improvement—I invented a curious affair once myself, just after I entered the heavy dragoons. My flint, somehow or

other, was always flying from my carbine. It struck me that something else might do instead of a flint. Lucky thought! Important discovery!

"I soon fixed it in my carbine,—acted beautifully! It looked like a flint, fitted like a flint, knocked the pan open like a flint, but—the worst of it was—it would not strike fire like a flint! Could not be helped! Cannot have a head for every thing! Gave it up, and minded my duty as a soldier!

"You might wander for a day through the Gallery, and be made wiser every step you took. Models, engines, and instruments, statues, paintings, fossils, birds, shells, minerals, and curiosities of all kinds, in every direction, meet your eye; harmonious music plays in the gallery, lectures are delivered below, and a crowd of well-dressed people, young, middle-aged, and old, give life and animatoin to the scene.

"Sergeant Bell is now ready to march away with you from the Adelaide Gallery, either as a horse or foot soldier. He knows the duties of the cavalry, the infantry, the rifle corps, and the artillery. He can make a charge, defend a post, send a bullet from the brushwood, lying on his back; or point a gun against the lines of the enemy.

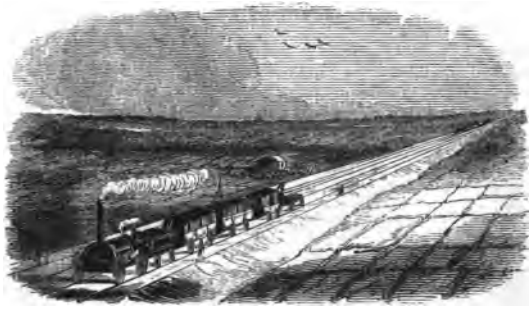
"Are you ready, then, to march! Post you sen-

tinels, if you please, and leave a strong garrison in Fort Adelaide, but let no time be lost in making an attack on the place that is now going to unmask its battery.

Make ready, ere the troops retire;
Present, and give a steady fire."

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL RAILROAD.



MANCHESTER RAILROAD OVER CHAT MOSS.

"SOMETHING new again!

Sergeant Bell
Will use you well.

He undertook to find novelties for you; gaze on, and he will be as good as his word: the promise of a soldier should never be broken.

"I love to tell you of what is going on in the world; of that which will increase your knowledge,

and enlarge your understanding. No use setting you to gape and stare at what will do you no good. Time is too costly to be thrown away; Sergeant Bell wishes you to improve it.

"I am going to describe the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad. There is the Railroad that has made so much noise in the world! In Germany, and in other parts abroad, nothing is asked of Englishmen, but about the Thames Tunnel and the Manchester Railroad. Different ways of moving along in life! Some walk on foot, some ride on horses, some on camels, some on elephants, and some in carriages.

"Rather slow work, to be dragged along in a sledge upon dry ground. A cart or a waggon was a great improvement; and a coach was capital! Time was when coaches travelled very slowly indeed. But that was a little amended; they were improved in their build, and had better horses and harness; so that, (the roads being amended too,) they came to travel even ten or a dozen miles an hour.

"Man is never satisfied! Give him a donkey to ride on, and he will want a mule; give him a mule, and he will want a fleet horse. In like manner he aims at something beyond a coach. He cannot go

through the world in the old way; he must improve still. Well! now-a-days, he finds out the scheme of the railroad, and of the steam-carriage.

"Once I saw a little book that contained a great deal of information, only it was very puzzling to understand it. It was the Marquess of Worcester's Century of Inventions; or, as the marquess called it, his Scantling of Inventions. Surprising volume! Full of original hints about steam and steam-engines, and all manner of mechanical discoveries. Clever man, and clever book!

"No crying there! No crying! Cannot bear naughty boys!

A naughty lad
Makes his father sad;
A steady boy
Gives his mother joy.

Remember, the old showman says so.

"There has been another clever man, of the name of Watt, a great engineer of Birmingham. Saw him myself at the Soho, the place in which he lived. Wonderful man at a steam-engine! Made great improvements! He is dead now, but he lived not very long ago. You may see his monument in Saint Paul's church, whenever you go to London.

"Odd thoughts come into men's heads! At one time inventors are sitting astride on iron horses called velocipedes; that is, skimming along the ground by means of an iron wheel. At another, they propose to travel rapidly through a cylinder, or tunnel, by exhausting the air. Then, they try to make wings to fly with; and, because they cannot succeed in that, they mount in balloons, and sail as the wind takes them.

"Odd thoughts! Odd plans! Odd fancies! But men must keep moving; and while they are moving, time moves too.

> Time goes quick,
> When the clock says Tick!

Improve it, my boys; improve it!

"Of all modes, however, of travelling, made safe, and easy, and rapid, and suited to people in general, the railroad is the most approved. Of this, then, let me speak. There is the Manchester Railroad, the first railroad in the world!

"Ay! ay! Peep away! Look at it from one end to the other. The tunnel, the road, the steam-engine, and the carriages. Scientific discovery! Wonderful improvement! That is something like travelling!

Steady as the carriages seem to be, they are flying along at the rate of between twenty and thirty miles an hour!

"What is the reason that stage-coaches do not travel faster than they do? Because of the limits of the strength of the horses, and of swiftness in their motion; and the friction, or hard rubbing, of the wheels against the ground. And what is the reason why the steam-carriages on the railroad fly so swiftly as they do? Because to the power and velocity of the motion obtained by steam there are no limits but the pleasure of the engineer; and because the wheels of the steam-carriages run on bars, or *rails*, or thick plates of iron, almost without friction. You can understand this as well as the old showman.

"See! a hearse is passing yonder! Some one going to his last home. Puts me in mind of a soldier's funeral. A soldier's funeral is a solemn thing! An imposing spectacle! I was present when poor Frank Eagles was buried: shall not forget it in a hurry!

"Frank was in the second regiment of foot, Somersetshire, red and buff, and had seen a good deal of service. The regiment had been in Egypt, and Monte Video, and Spain and Portugal; but Frank's

time was come. He stood full six feet; but, tall as he was, consumption laid him low. Frank and I were second cousins, and we were playfellows in our childhood. I loved Frank, and he loved me.

"The escort at his funeral was drawn up two deep, with open ranks and unfixed bayonets; and as soon as the coffin was brought out, the word was given—'Present arms! Reverse arms!' I sighed at sight of Frank's coffin, for I thought of the days gone by.

"Well! the party wheeled forwards, and stood in column, the left in front waiting; and as soon as the procession was quite ready to move, the ranks opened, at the word 'March!'

"It was a dreary sight and a doleful sound as we moved on in slow time, followed by the music, with muffled drums playing the Dead March in Handel's oratorio of Saul. On they went, with the mourners following the coffin; and I walked by the side, as much cast down as if Frank had been my brother. He was my cousin, and my childish playmate.

"Bless your pitiful faces! you look as if the funeral was just passing by; but I do not wonder.

"When the escort was near the churchyard, the word '*Halt!*' was given, and the ranks wheeled

right and left, facing inwards, and forming a lane for the coffin to pass along.

"I know nothing more moving in the world than the sight of the soldiers at a burial when the word is given—'Rest upon your arms reversed!' For, then, the muzzles of their pieces are placed on the toes of their left feet, their right and left hands being laid, open, on the butt ends of their firelocks; so that their heads leaning on the backs of their left hands, look mournfully towards the coffin.

"The word '*Attention!*' was given, as soon as the coffin had passed; and when the soldiers raised their heads, it was followed by '*Reverse arms!*' The ranks were soon wheeled up, and formed in line in open order, facing the grave. I had looked into the grave just before the party came up; it was deep and dry, but my heart was sad, and my eyes wet.

"The command was given—'Rest upon your arms reversed!' and then the noble English funeral service was read. Every word thrilled through my bosom, and the rattling of the gravel upon the coffin-lid was a sound as much as I could bear. Oh, it is a bitter thing, my dear young friends, to part with those with whom we have shared joy and sorrow; but the best way to get rid of the gloom of the grave, is to look beyond it.

"While I was musing, for my heart was busily at work, the word 'Attention!' and 'Present arms!' was given, followed by 'Shoulder arms;' 'Prime, and load with blank cartridge;' and 'Fire three vollies in the air.'

"The vollies were echoed again and again by some buildings near, and by others further off; and then the escort obeyed the commands—'Order arms!' 'Shoulder arms!' and 'Rear rank, take close order!'

"The party then wheeled backwards on the left, and marched in quick time (the right in front) to the barracks; the music striking up a lively tune, the moment the party were quite clear of the church-yard.

"But you look very sorrowful, my boys and girls! Well! well! I will say no more about it.

"That hearse put me in mind of poor Frank, and I could not help talking about his funeral. Sad habit of mine, to show you one thing, and to talk about another. Must try to mend it. It will not do at all. Let us keep close to the Manchester and Liverpool Railroads. You must next think of the great importance of railroads.

"Manchester is a great town in Lancashire; first place in England next to London for population, and

is famous for cotton manufactories. Fine place, handsome buildings, noble charities!

"Well, Manchester receives all her raw materials of cotton from Liverpool, that being the sea-port at which it is landed from America; and then she sends some of her manufactured cottons back again to Liverpool for exportation. Great trade, enormous amount of merchandise; but the home trade in the Manchester manufactures is the main matter after all. Our best customers are ourselves. They are the most numerous and the richest.

"If Manchester sends a cargo of goods to Liverpool by water, it is thirty-six hours on the canal; if by the rail-road it goes to Liverpool in two hours. There is for you! thirty-four hours out of thirty-six saved by going on the railroad.

"The railroad was begun in the year 1826, under the direction of Mr. George Stephenson. Spirited man! cool head! great perseverance!

"It is wonderful what may be done with energy and determination. The spirit should rise with every fresh difficulty. That is the way, you little bright eyes!

Though fresh disasters may befall,
Let's win our way in spite of all.

"The railroad was a bold undertaking; hills and valleys were to be crossed; tunnels to be made; mounds to be erected; and, what was worse than all, a huge bog, called Chat Moss, was to be drained, levelled in the middle, and banked up on each side.

"*Moss* is a term peculiar to the north of England. It is French, (in the form of *mousse,*) and signifies, as in the case of the plants which we call *mosses,* the quality of softness. Thus *muslins,* which are of cotton, are so called from the French *mousselin,* which literally, is *soft linen*; for linen is made of *lin* (French) or *flax,* and not of *cotton.* In French topography, we read of Pampel *mousses,* or Pampel *mosses,* a place in the Isle of France. *Mosses* are *quagmires,* or *quakemires,* or *shaking meres;* or watery places, of which the surface, consisting in a little mould, rushes, and *moss,* is commonly unsteady, and sometimes moved for acres or for miles, in distance, and length and breadth, by autumnal or spring floods.

"'You never can get over Chat Moss,' said one. 'It will cost two hundred thousand pounds,' said another. 'The thing is altogether impossible,' said a third. 'You had better give it up,' said a fourth. But no! Mr. Stephenson knew better. On he went,

through the hills and the valleys, and across Chat Moss. The whole undertaking was finished in about three years, and cost, including warehouses, carriages, and machinery, about eight hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Whatever you undertake, do it with spirit, especially if it be for your country's good.

> Whene'er your country gives command,
> Show a bold heart, and ready hand.

"It was a large sum, to be sure; but then it was a great undertaking—a great and noble enterprise! When a general takes the field, he must carry things with a high hand, and a liberal spirit; and so must it be with a railroad company.

> When we spare a nail in a horse's shoe,
> We may lose the horse and his rider too.

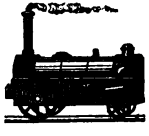
"The distance from Manchester to Liverpool is about thirty-one miles, and one day a steam-carriage was drawn all the way in a single hour. Sharp work! rapid mode of conveyance! Steam engines and railroads will quite alter the face of the country. Hundreds of thousands of people have travelled by them from Manchester to Liverpool, and hundreds of thousands of tons of merchandise have been conveyed to and fro.

"Sergeant Bell has travelled on this railroad; so may you, some day; but have a care! many accidents have taken place. Mr. Huskisson, a celebrated statesman, was run over on the railroad, on the day of its opening, through his want of care, and died the day following, in great agony. Shocking event! dreadful occurrence! All ought to be ready for the last march.

Be on your guard, and watch, and pray,
And drive all evil thoughts away.

"There! I have said quite enough about the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad. You may peep again at the tunnel, the engine, and the carriages, if you like; but the old showman is off for Africa. Yes! yes! I have set my mind on a giraffe-hunt; and if you should like to see it too, you must leave the railroad directly, and go with me—

Over the sea, and over the land,
And through the sultry desert sand."



A GIRAFFE HUNT.

"THERE! We are not now cooped up in a room of curiosities, as close together as soldiers in a solid square. No! we are out in the open desert, and have sun and sand enough to last us all the year round.

"We are in the Desert of Cordofan, in Africa, thousands of miles from the National Gallery of Practical Science, and from the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad.

"What! are you come to take home your little

brother? Sorry he cannot stay to see all the show. Mind how you get down. There! now I have a place for another.

"Halloo, you sir in the blue coat, the place is taken, and you must wait your time. What! you will get up in spite of me?

"Why, that is a mutiny, and the Articles of War say, 'That if any soldier shall begin, excite, cause, or join in any mutiny or sedition, in any land or marine force, or in any party, post, detachment, or guard, on any pretence whatever, or being present at any mutiny or sedition, shall not use his utmost endeavour to suppress the same, or coming to the knowledge of any mutiny, or intended mutiny, shall not without delay give information thereof to his commanding officer, he shall suffer death, transportation, or such other punishment as by a general court martial shall be awarded.'

"It is very well that you have marched off, or I must have made an example of you for the benefit of the service. That boy is very hasty in his temper, which is no credit to him.

'Tis a very bad fashion
To be in a passion.

Remember that.

"Now for the Desert. There are the Arabs with their wide cloaks, and their white turbans twisted round their heads! and there are the horses, the camels, and the dogs. Hunting is hot work in England; what must it be in Africa? hot sun over head, hot sand under foot, and hot air to breathe!

"You remember what I said about the caravans passing through the Desert. Giraffe-hunting is quite a different thing; the one is a slow march, the other a hard run. Never think of the Desert without feeling thirsty! Horrid place! glad that I am safe in Old England!

"Heads up, my hearties! and you shall have a good halfpennyworth.

"There go the giraffes! noble creatures! carrying their heads fifteen feet high. Fine animals! beautifully spotted! Sad pity to kill them!

"The giraffes are fleeter than greyhounds; but the dogs are long-winded; and then, see, the Arabs on the camels, and the Europeans on the horses, have rifles in their hands. It is hard work for the poor giraffe to outrun a rifle-ball!

"Do you observe the rock there? More rocks in the desert, than springs of cold water? Do you see the stunted shrubs? More dry sticks than grapes or

melons. Fruitful and fine spots in the desert though for all that. The Oasis of the Desert—'the green spot of loveliness in the midst of death,'—is no vision of mere fancy. A recent English traveller thus describes them in Arabia:

"'Both here and in other parts of Arabia, the trees which are at all umbrageous, have the ground immediately beneath them, even in the most sultry weather, damp with moisture, and generally covered with a thin sprinkling of grass, on which the cattle feed with much avidity. This appears owing to some peculiar property which their foliage possesses of retaining the falling dew, which is usually more copious in the Desert than elsewhere, for I have frequently, in the morning, observed the leaves of the sumar tree, *(Acacia vera)* to be slightly curved upwards, with a drop or two of water in them. These, as the sun exerts its influence, assume their natural form, and the moisture is deposited on the ground beneath. Under this shade, the more vigorous vegetation which springs up after rain derives nourishment for some time after that which is more exposed appears dried up and withered. Nevertheless, it is very remarkable that the most succulent plants are found in those spots which receive the full

force of the sun's rays.' You see, my little friends, a fine arrangement in the economy of nature!

"'The greater part of the face of the country,' continues my traveller, 'being destitute of running streams on the surface, the Arabs have sought in elevated places for springs or fountains beneath it. By what mode they discover these, I know not; but it seems confined to a peculiar class of men who go about the country for that purpose: but I saw several which had been sunk to the depth of forty feet. A channel from this fountain-head is then, with a very slight descent, bored in the direction in which it is to be conveyed, leaving apertures, at regular distances, to afford light and air to those who are occasionally sent to keep it clean. In this manner water is frequently conducted from a distance of six or eight miles; and an unlimited supply is thus obtained. These channels are usually about four feet broad, and two feet deep, and contain a clear rapid stream. Few of the large towns or oases but had four or five of these rivulets or feleji running into them. The isolated spots to which water is thus conveyed, possess a soil so fertile, that nearly every grain, fruit, or vegetable, common to India, Arabia, or Persia, is produced almost spontaneously; and

the tales of the oases will be no longer regarded as an exaggeration, since a single step conveys the traveller from the glare and sand of the desert into a fertile tract, watered by a hundred rills, teeming with the most luxuriant vegetation, and embowered by lofty and stately trees, whose umbrageous foliage the fiercest rays of a noontide sun cannot penetrate. The almond, fig, and walnut trees are of an enormous size; and the fruit clusters so thickly on the orange and lime trees, that I do not believe a tenth part can be gathered. Above all towers the date palm, adding its shade to the sombre picture. Some idea may be formed of the density of this shade by the effect it produces in lessening the terrestrial radiation. A Fahrenheit's thermometer, which within the house stood at fifty-five degrees, six inches from the ground, fell to forty-five degrees. From this cause, and an abundance of water, they are always saturated with damp, and even in the heat of the day possess a clammy coldness. Such spots present, indeed, a singular and peculiar scene, unequalled, perhaps, in any part of the world. Of this, nothing can furnish a more striking idea than the list of their productions, all of which are frequently reared in a plot of ground not more than three hundred yards in dia-

meter; and, I am confident, no equal space, in any part of the world, will afford a catalogue more numerous and varied, more luxuriant in growth, or more perfect in form.'

"The hunt of the giraffe must be followed up hour after hour, and perhaps day after day; and when the giraffe is lying down under the shade of a crag, or cropping the top leaves of a mimosa tree, rap! rap! will go the rifles, and a brace of balls will be lodged in his heart.

"Should not like to see a giraffe shot; but I have seen something worse than that: I have seen a soldier shot. In the heat of battle you expect to see hundreds brought down; your blood is warm, and you think nothing about it; but when you come to stand still for an hour, and to see a comrade brought out and shot before you, by sentence of a court martial, that is fearful work!

"Dare say you never saw a soldier shot. When I was in the heavy dragoons, I saw a corporal shot for drawing his sword on his superior officer. Unpardonable offence! Could not be passed over. I will tell you all about it. It was when I was abroad with the army.

"Ben Scott was a good soldier; but hasty in his

temper. Bad fault! Rather hasty myself, cannot help it.

> What an old man is, he is likely to be,
> You may bend the twig, but not the tree.

"Ben was a daring fellow, and had been in many a scuffle. Three bayonet wounds in his thigh, two shot wounds in his shoulder, and a sabre scar across his brow. Well! he fell out with a young officer, a lieutenant, who snubbed him on duty.

"The lieutenant did not know Ben, or he would have used him better. He taunted him, and Ben could not bear it. Ben tore open his jacket, baring his shoulder, and calling upon his officer to do the same, if he had any wounds to show. 'I was a soldier,' said he, 'before you smelt gunpowder, and could have sent a whole company such as you to the right about.' Sad example this in the army! Discipline must be observed. Ben should have known better.

"Well! the young officer grew hot, and struck Ben with the flat of his sword. Had the commanding officer himself done that, Ben would not have stood quiet. In a moment his hand was on the hilt of his sword, and in another he had buried the point in the lieutenant's side. After that it was all over with Ben, though the lieutenant recovered.

"I have heard say that his captain wept like a child; but he could not save him. Ben was tried by a court martial, and sentenced to be shot.

"I saw him marched to the ground where the men were drawn up in a square, to carry the sentence into execution. He had begged a pipe of tobacco, and was whiffing away, keeping the step as steadily as if he was only going to relieve guard.

"He was marched round the square, without once opening his lips, and had just smoked out his pipe as he knelt down on his coffin. When he had shaken the ashes out of the bowl, he threw the empty pipe on the ground: 'There lies Ben Scott,' said he.

"They wished to tie a bandage over his eyes, but Ben said, 'No! a man that cannot face a bullet is not fit for a soldier.'

"'Comrades,' said he, to the party drawn up to fire, 'aim at my heart; and tell my poor mother that I died easy!'

"Do you see the biggest of the giraffes as he runs? How he scampers!

"Only fancy him spreading his fore legs wide, that he may get his mouth down to a pool of water, and that, just as he begins to drink, a lion, with flaming

eyes, and with a dreadful roar, leaps, and falls upon him like a thunderbolt. Away goes the giraffe across the desert, with the lion sticking his claws into his sides, and his tearing teeth in his neck, sucking his blood. On they go, till the giraffe, overcome with agony, and faint with loss of blood, totters, trembles, and falls. Many such things in the desert!

"For hundreds of years people in Europe did not believe that there was such an animal as a giraffe. It was looked upon as a fabulous creature, like the unicorn of heraldry. All a mistake! The truth was found out at last.

"Some years ago, the Pashah of Egypt sent a present of giraffes, one to England, it died at Windsor; one to France, where I saw it myself in the Jardin des Plantes; one to Venice, and another to Constantinople. Noble creatures! A tall man may walk under the belly of a full grown giraffe, without touching it.

"Burchell, the traveller, was very ardent in the chase of giraffes. All alive when he first saw their track on the sand. No wonder! Vaillant, the Frenchman, hunted giraffes, and shot one himself, of which he was very proud. Thibaut, another Frenchman, lately took three giraffes alive, and brought

them safe to the Zoological Gardens in London. Saw them myself, and Monsieur Thibaut too. Other giraffes went to the Surrey Gardens, kept by Mr. Cross, but they died. Sad pity. Great loss to Mr. Cross. Not likely to put him in good temper.

"Now you have had enough about giraffes. You cannot see those at the Zoological Gardens without paying a shilling; but you see mine for a halfpenny. There they go, with their spotted sides, fleet as the wind, and there go the Arabs and the Europeans, the horses, the camels, and the dogs, the sand flying about, and the sun blazing in the sky.

"A change! A change! Now you shall see what you shall see. I might have kept the next picture till next week; but no, you shall see it now.

Putting off till to-morrow,
Leads many to sorrow;
Beginning to-day
Is the very best way.

Come on, then!"

CATCHING A WHALE.

"Now for your warm gloves, your great coats, and your worsted comforters! If you have been hot in the desert, hunting the giraffe, you will be cold enough in the Frozen Ocean, catching a whale. Look about you.

Ice and snow
Where'er you go.

"No horses, camels, and dogs here! No Arabs and giraffes! No burning sun and scorching sand! All is changed! Ships and boats, cold water, ice

and snow, seals, walruses and whales, sharks and birds of prey, ice islands and white bears, are all that you are likely to see.

"The whale is the largest living creature of the globe. The Greenland whale, which the fishers call the right-fish, because the easiest taken and most profitable, is from fifty to sixty feet long, and the razor-back whale is often a hundred. There is a creature for you! as big and as heavy as two hundred long-tailed, heavy-heeled waggon horses! Think of the dashing and splashing he must make in the water!

"The mouth of the fish is of a fearful size; it will take in a ship's jolly-boat filled with men: have a care that it does not take in you. The tail of the fish, too, is a terrible weapon; one flap of it will overturn a boat in the twinkling of an eye.

When you see a whale,
Take care of his tail.

Whale-fishing is a dangerous trade, but it is followed with great good will.

"The north is a trying clime, barren land, frozen sea, keen air, and everlasting winter! What do you say to ice islands and mountains a hundred feet high? To masses of floating ice a mile broad? To sharks

and white bears? What say you to four months of darkness? To snow-storms lasting day and night? To sudden shipwreck, when your vessel and boats are crushed to pieces, and you may be glad to swim on a field of floating ice? Sharp work! Trying situation! Keep away from the north, and if the whales complain of you, throw all the blame on the old showman.

"The Greenland whale has no teeth, but fringes of whalebone instead. It rushes through the water open mouthed; and the fringes, like sieves, catch the small insects on which the fish lives, when he shuts his mouth, and rejects the watery part of his mouthful. The whale takes hogsheads of these insects at a time, and thus the largest of creatures lives upon almost the smallest.

"Look at the two lads yonder, fighting with their wooden swords. When I was in the heavy dragoons, no man in the regiment outdid me at the sword-exercise.

"The sword is a noble weapon, pity it should ever be drawn in an ignoble cause; to use it skilfully, a man must possess a bold heart, and an experienced hand.

"In old times, when warriors clad themselves in

chain-mail, buff-jackets, and plates of steel, a man was not obliged to be so careful as now, in parrying a cut, or thrust. Sometimes he would allow his enemy's stroke to take effect, because he knew it would light on a part of his armour adapted to turn the weapon's edge; and that he could give a counter cut which would strike down his foe. Old times are changed now, and a man must be more upon his guard.

New modes abound
As the world turns round!

"To you, my little hearts, it may look terrible to see a man brandishing a naked sword; but it is not so with an old soldier. He feels no such terrors; he knows that every cut has its parry; and his blade is to him both sword and shield.

"An old soldier is aware that his enemy has to take care of himself, and that he cannot hurt another without exposing himself to danger. The man that thrusts at another's heart, leaves, for the moment, his own heart defenceless. When I was in the heavy dragoons——Stop! Stop! Do not take your eyes from the ship and the whale, for I am now going to describe them. The scene is full of life, nature, and spirit.

"Here, you may fancy yourselves shivering among the ice of the north, with a white bear growling just behind you, and a whale spouting up the steam of his breath from his nostrils (for it is an exploded mistake to suppose that he spouts water), and flapping the mighty deep with his tremendous tail.

Birds of prey and seals abound,
With ice and icebergs all around!

An ice-*berg* is literally an ice-*mountain;* the name which we have lately obtained from the lips of northern seamen, for what Englishmen used to denominate ice-*islands*.

"The seals and the walruses are harmless enough, but a white bear is a terrible fellow for a companion! never let one get into a small boat with you. If you can eat him, it is all very well; but if you cannot, he will be pretty sure to eat you.

Sergeant Bell must have his jokes,
When he talks to little folks.

"See the ships lying off in the distance! There they are, hung with icicles! sails, shrouds, and ropes all frozen together. Look at the boats, manned with daring fellows, armed with harpoons and spears.

The white bear yonder seems as if he wanted a mouthful of man's flesh. He had better keep away from the crew. They will play the *bear* with him, if they can catch hold of him!

"Look at the man that is flinging the harpoon! Look at the harpoon about to enter the whale's back; and look at the whale about to dive down to the bottom of the ocean. Wonderful thing, that a man should be able to conquer a whale! But God has given wisdom and power to man. I will tell you all about the whale fishery.

"Ships are sent to the English Greenland whale fishery principally from Hull, in Yorkshire, and from Peterhead, on the east coast of Scotland; others go from Dundee, Aberdeen, Leith, and Kirkaldy. Some of the vessels are three hundred tons, and some four hundred.

"Listen to the old showman, and you, who are not peeping through the holes, may pick up something worth carrying home. Never yet met with a boy who had too much useful knowledge. If all the useful knowledge you have were tied up in a bundle, and laid on your shoulders, it would break none of your backs. You may laugh, my boys, but this is very true!

"Greenland whales are killed for the oil and whalebone to be obtained from them. The whalebone is got from the fish's jaws, and the oil from its blubber or fat. The sperm whale furnishes spermaceti, valuable in medicine, and of which spermaceti-candles are often made.

"Well, the north whale ships get to the ice in Baffin's Bay about May, or perhaps before, and they catch whales up to September and October. They have generally a master and surgeon on board, with a crew of forty or fifty men, boat steerers, harpooners, line managers, carpenters, and coopers. Their harpoons are made of iron, and are three feet long, with a strong barb at the end; a rope is fastened to the harpoon, perhaps one hundred and twenty fathoms long; every boat carries six of these long lines.

"You have little notion of the degree of cold in the northern regions. It will freeze brandy and quicksilver. Men sometimes lose by it their noses, their fingers, their toes, and even their whole feet. Fine description of cold and ice in the one hundred and forty-seventh Psalm: 'He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his

cold?' Read your Bible, my little friends, for it is the best book that you can read.

> Read its holy texts aright,
> Every morn, and every night.

"The spears with which the whales, after being harpooned, are killed, are six feet long; they have a wooden handle, with a steel head, very thin and sharp. You see how particular I am, in telling you all about the matter.

"The whale is a fish which breathes, and is obliged to come to the surface of the water to breathe; and modern naturalists, because of this breathing of the whale, and all the attendant circumstances of its nature, are fond of denying that it is a *fish*. When the whalers, or whale-fishers, see one, they man their boats, and make after him; and, as soon as they can, drive a harpoon into his back, which is often done by firing it from a sort of swivel or carronade, fixed at the boat's head. Down goes the whale to the bottom of the deep in the mighty ocean, in a pretty pucker; as soon as he comes up again, they strike him with another harpoon, and stab him with spears, until, exhausted, he dies, and floats on one side.

"Sometimes the whale, upon being struck, takes out the lines to which the harpoons are fastened, from the several boats that have struck him; runs away with a boat, or pulls it under water; and sometimes he breaks it, or upsets it with a single stroke of his tail.

"When the fish turns on one side, the whalers give three cheers, and set to work at *flencing*, or cutting away the blubber and whalebone. To do this they fasten the whale alongside; and the flencers get upon it with spikes to their feet, to keep them from slipping off. The blubber is cut away in slips with long knives. The flencers give the slips to the boat-steerers and line-managers, who cut them smaller and hand them to two men called *kings*, who place them in the hold. When enough of whales are killed to make a cargo, the ship sets sail for Old England.

"In the year 1814 the English whale fishery was very profitable. One thousand four hundred and thirty-seven whales were caught, yielding twelve thousand one hundred and thirty-two tons of oil, which, at thirty-two pounds per ton, together with the whalebone, and the government bounty of twenty or thirty shillings a ton, at that time given, and produce from Davis's Straits, amounted to more than

seven hundred thousand pounds! No wonder that they fitted out whale-ships; but the profit is not so great now.

"I could tell you, (had I the time,) of the hard ships sometimes endured by brave sailors in the whale fishery, &c. How they are frozen up in the ice! how their provision runs short; and how they suffer hunger, thirst, sickness, and death. Many a bold fellow has left his fireside in Old England to be frozen to death in the Northern Ocean!

"When you and I go whale-catching, my boys, we will try to manage things better! We will set the white bears to work for us.

> They shall shovel away the ice and snow,
> And we will catch whales wherever we go.

"Look at the view before you, full of interest! full of information! Every thing in it is wonderful; but the most wonderful thing of all is, that I should only charge you a single halfpenny!

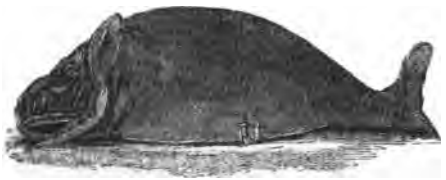
"There! I have told you about whale-fishing, and described my picture, and talked about whales, and seals, and bears. We must now leave the sailors and the whalers; the boats and the floats; the beasts of prey and Baffin's Bay.

"We must leave the harpooners, the boat-steerers, the line-managers, the carpenters, and the coopers, to keep themselves warm as well as they can. It was I who took you to the North, and it is my business to bring you safe back again. Not a hair of your heads shall be hurt! Remember, my little smilers,

> The showman, on next market-day,
> Gives a fresh and grand display.

Be here, with your friends and your money, and your cousins, companions, and schoolfellows; and then all of you shall see—what you shall see!

"Now for some fresh customers for to-day. It is time for Sergeant Bell to put himself at the head of another company. That is right! Now we will carry on the campaign bravely!"



EXHIBITION VII.

How it came about I cannot tell, but the old showman was at his post the next market day full half an hour before his usual time, and owing to this circumstance he had to beat up for customers.

"Now, my little men, and my little maids," said he,

> "In spite of all the wind and rain,
> Sergeant Bell is here again.

Are there no young recruits to pick up? No enterprising volunteers to join the Raree Regiment! Good quarters, good fare, and good pay; now is your time, you may never have such another opportunity!

> Summer, spring, and autumn gay;
> And winter, too, may pass away.

Ay, and Sergeant Bell may pass away too! But come! I have wonderful things to show you!

"Fine day! glorious weather! Cannot be too thankful.

> Look at the sky,
> With the clouds on high;
> God's hand has spread
> The blue and red.

"What, my old lady, have you brought your little grandaughter to see the show! You shall have a peep yourself too. There! You can stand comfortably! As snug as a soldier in his sentry-box!

"Bless you, my little curly-wig! You are a customer, are you? I will help you up on the bench, and wipe the glass for you. You are as like little Morgan Jones, as one cherry is like another. Morgan's father was a Taffy, and 'listed in the twenty-third royal Welch fusileers, red and blue, with *Ich dien*, "*I serve*," on his cap. Edward the Black Prince (Prince of Wales) took to himself this crest and motto; and they have been worn ever since by all the Princes of Wales succeeding. I loved little Morgan, for he read like a schoolmaster, and said his prayers. I wish to make you wise.

Sergeant Bell, if he could,
Would make you all good.

"Now for the show! That is right! Look through the peep-holes just as if you were in the artillery service, taking aim with your field-pieces.

When foes appear, the trumpets blow,
'A charge! a charge!' and off we go!"

THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

"THE first thing that I shall show to-day is the Grotto of Antiparos.

"Plenty of people from all parts of the earth to see this wonderful grotto, and it surprises them all; fills them with amazement! Hardly such a sight to be seen in any other part of the world. There are caverns in Derbyshire in England, caverns in Ireland,

in Italy, and wonderful caverns in America, but all inferior to the Grotto of Antiparos in its way.

> Chambers fair, and glorious halls;
> Sparkling roof, and glittering walls!

O, it is a famous place! and so you will all say, if you ever see it.

"I could tell you of the bone-caverns in Yorkshire, and of Poole's Hole cavern in Derbyshire, where an outlaw, they say, once lived: many a dark deed done there. Could tell you of Peak cavern, and the cave of Dunmore Park, in Kilkenny; of Fingal's cave, and of the great Kentucky cavern in North America; but we have got enough before us: therefore use all your eyes, and open all your ears.

"Stand a little nearer this way, love! There! that will do! Now there is plenty of room. Take great notice of this my cavern, and when you visit the real Antiparos, you will find them as like as two peas. Long way for you to go, and you would not like another country so well as your own! Well! you must make haste back again.

> Where'er you roam, in every part,
> Let England have your head and heart.

"There is the Grand Grotto of Antiparos, three

hundred and sixty feet long, three hundred and forty feet wide, and one hundred and eighty feet high! When I tell you how deep it is under ground, I shall almost frighten you.

"Why, it is almost fifteen hundred feet deep, which is deeper than any mine that has been sunk. I once went down a coal-pit, very dark, very deep, very dangerous! You will not get me there again; but the Grotto of Antiparos is as deep as three or four coal-pits.

"There, you see the Grotto before you! It is in the Grecian isle of Antiparos. There are two islands, of which one is Paros, from which comes the beautiful marble, called, for this reason, Parian marble; and, opposite to Paros is Antiparos, as the name signifies. The entrance is in the side of a rock. Sad gloomy appearance! Spacious arch of craggy rocks, hung with brambles. Never go into a strange cavern without knowing something of what sort of a place it is!

"I will tell you a tale that was told me by Ned Hawker, a comrade of mine, who served abroad in the eighth, or king's royal Irish light hussars. The hussars' dress is blue, and a yellow stripe down the seam of the trowsers: 'Bell,' says he to me, one day,

when we were talking about caverns, 'Bell,' says he, 'when I was abroad in the Indies, a rich rajah was supposed to have a rare chest of rupees hid in a cave in his garden. So, one day, when he was out hunting on one of his elephants, two of his people went to the cave to steal the rupees.

"'But, just as they had worked their way through the stones at the entrance; just as they expected to clutch the money, a tremendous roar rang through the cave; the fiery eyes of a furious monster flashed upon them; and, in another minute, the fangs of a ferocious tiger tore them in pieces!'

"Do not be afraid, there is no tiger in my cavern; and I am quite sure there are no rupees. But I was going to tell you how they enter the Grotto of Antiparos.

"You go through the arch, along gloomy turnings and windings. Then a rope is fastened round your body, then you are let down, first one precipice, and then another, till you are almost the third of a mile deep. At last, you come to the cavern.

"Look at the dark pillars on the right! Look at the light hanging branches on the left! You take them for trees and foliage. No such thing! All

crystals, petrifactions, and marble. There they are; and, if you could see them lighted up with fifty torches, the blaze of beautiful colours and reflected lights would amaze you.

> Rare things are found,
> Deep in the ground.

Glad you like it, my old lady! Glad you like it! Love to see old and young comfortable.

"Look at the floor! It is covered with fine crystals from one end to the other; green, red, blue, and yellow. Look at the walls, all covered with a thousand efflorescent masses, in form like English oak trees; and look at the roof! white shining stalactites, or masses of spar, like icicles, are hanging down, ten or a dozen feet long; mixed with wreaths of seeming flowers and leaves in spar, almost as natural, as to form, as if they were growing in the woods and fields.

"Take it for all in all, no grotto like the Grotto of Antiparos! In one part are beautiful pillars, in another lovely trees, in a third snakes writhing their bodies round the rocks, and monsters of different kinds in strange shapes, all in spars of different co-

lours, glossy green, shining white, glittering yellow, and glowing red. Think of all these, lit up by torch-light!

"Now let us leave the place, for I want to tell you an interesting story. When you think of the Grotto of Antiparos, forget not its great depth and impressive silence; the delicate tracery of its roof and walls, the splendour of its glittering floor, and the dazzling brightness of the reflected torch-light; and forget not that this Grotto is one of the works of the Almighty.

"The works of man are poor indeed, compared to works of God! Princes may build temples and palaces; but they cannot form a grotto like that of Antiparos. When we contrast the humble creature with the great Creator, the mightiest of men are feeble things. But I must keep you no longer, for we have a long voyage before us. In two minutes we must embark from Antiparos, clear the Straits of Gibraltar, sail through the Atlantic Ocean, double Cape Horn, and anchor in the Pacific Ocean.

"Learn, my little customers, from the Grotto of Antiparos, that God is everywhere.

Above the sky,
He reigns on high.

His work is seen in the sun, moon, and stars; in the trees of the field; in the raging deep; and in the caverns of the earth.

> In things below, and things above,
> We see his wisdom, power, and love.

Are you ready? Away goes the Grotto of Antiparos!"

MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

"I SEE that your eyes are eagerly devouring the show. There is a perilous situation for an open boat to be in! What says the old sea song—

'One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky!'

Do you see the dark threatening clouds? they are full of mischief. Do you see the waves dashing,

with their foamy tops? How can a boat live among them? Yet the seagulls are bold and busy: they are catching fish in the troubled waters.

"It is a pleasant thing to ramble on the sea-shore when the sun shines; when the breeze is fresh and pleasant; and when the waves ripple over the dry sand on the beach. And it is pleasant, too, to glide over the mighty ocean in a tight vessel, when the winds fill her sails, and the dolphins play, and the water sparkles with all the colours of the rainbow; but it is a very different thing to be at sea in a storm, in a crazy open boat, a thousand leagues from land! This is enough to try the stoutest heart.

"Well! look at the boat, with the crew huddled together, there; for this is their situation. Lieutenant Bligh is in the boat, with eighteen companions, and they have been sent adrift by a mutinous crew, with hardly provisions enough to keep them alive: they have twelve hundred leagues to sail before they can reach a place of safety. Twelve hundred leagues, or three thousand six hundred miles; what think you of that?—But I must give you the whole story.

"Some of you have heard my account of Captain Cook; how he went on voyages of discovery, and sailed three times round the world; and how, at last,

he was killed at Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Isles, more than sixty years ago. But several other navigators went out also, about that time; and, at last, Lieutenant Bligh, who had accompanied Captain Cook, took the command of the king's ship called the Bounty, with orders to procure plants of the bread-fruit tree, from Otaheite, one of the Friendly Islands, and to take them to the British West India Islands, where it was thought the cultivation of that fruit might prove an acquisition.

"Lieutenant Bligh sailed from Spithead on the twenty-third of December, in the year 1787. His ship carried two hundred and fifteen tons; her establishment was, one lieutenant as commander, one master, three warrant officers, a surgeon, two master's mates, two midshipmen, and thirty-four petty officers and seamen, besides two men to take care of the plants; in all forty-six people.

"See the poor girl yonder! she has fallen down and broken her teacup. Here, love, come here! Do not cry, for tears will not mend a broken cup. Here is a halfpenny towards buying a new one; somebody else will perhaps give you another. Do not cry! do not cry! Cannot bear to see man, woman, or child shedding tears. Nothing like making head against

trouble; we have all enough of comfort to be thankful for; and much more than we deserve.

> Sergeant Bell has borne with wrong,
> And laboured much and suffered long;

but he is not the man to despond; he will go on with a hopeful spirit,

> And hold up his head, and look all alive,
> Should he live to the age of a hundred and five

"Well, Lieutenant Bligh arrived at Otaheite the twenty-sixth of October, 1788, and stopped there till April in the next year, when he took away more than a thousand bread-fruit plants, to convey to the West Indies. All had gone on well; every thing had prospered; but, suddenly, a change took place; a terrible change! The crew mutinied, deprived him of the command, and took possession of the ship.

"On the twenty-eighth of April the ship was in perfect order; the plants flourishing, the men and officers in good health, and Lieutenant Bligh was asleep in his cabin. Just before sunrise, Christian (officer of the watch), the ship's corporal, the gunner's mate, and a seaman, went into his cabin, tied his hands behind his back with a cord, and threatened

his life if he made the least noise. Never was a more abominable mutiny!

"Lieutenant Bligh called for assistance. No use! all in vain! The officers had been secured, and he was forced on deck in his shirt, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets at his breast. The lieutenant did his best, but the mutineers had iron hearts. With horrid oaths, they hurried him, and eighteen others, into the boat, in which they had placed a little bread, rum, wine, and water; a compass, quadrant, chest of tools, a few cutlasses, and some clothes. A most atrocious act of mutiny and piracy!

"The boat was a crazy thing, only twenty-three feet long, and the gunwale, from its heavy lading, very near the water. Its unhappy crew had to make the best of it, with (as I have said) between three and four thousand miles of sea to cross before they could make a port!

"The first thing was to look to the provisions. All that could be allowed to each man was one ounce of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water per day. But on they went, under a reefed lug-foresail. Look at them in that trough of the sea! Think of the wet, the cold, the toil, and the danger, and then think of an ounce of bread, and a quarter of a pint

of water a day for a hearty seaman! Be thankful for your bits and drops, my little girls and boys.

"No use to make a long story of their perilous voyage over the wide ocean. Enough to say, that they suffered much of all that men can suffer, from heat and cold, hunger and thirst, toil and hardship. Rains fell upon them, waves washed over them, and danger and death stared them hourly in the face. Still they held on their course, offering up their prayers to God, and encouraging one another. At last, after one of the most wonderful voyages that ever was performed, they landed safe at Timor, in the Indian Ocean; and soon afterwards Lieutenant Bligh returned to England in a Dutch packet.

"Old England could not pass over such an act of mutiny and piracy as that which Christian and the crew of the Bounty had committed: that was impossible! What would become of the discipline, and loyalty, and honesty of the navy, if such things were permitted? No sooner was the matter known in England, than a stout vessel was dispatched to the South Seas, in search of the mutineers. The Pandora frigate, Captain Edwards, of twenty-four guns, and one hundred and sixty men.

"This vessel foundered at sea, but not before she

had taken fourteen of the mutineers. Though the Pandora was lost, ten of the fourteen were brought home prisoners in the boats, and tried for the offence. Three of them suffered death.

"Many of the mutineers had, in the interval between the mutiny of the twenty-eighth of April, 1788, and the arrival of the Pandora, married wives at Otaheite. To live, and to marry, in Otaheite (now sometimes called Taiti), had been the sole motives for this frightful mutiny and piracy; this revolt against their officers and king, and seizure of the ship. This they had told Lieutenant Bligh, so that it was well known where to look for them; as well, too, they had reason to expect! The affectionate Otaheitan wives clung to their guilty husbands when Captain Edwards came to apprehend them. It would make your hearts ache to know the history of some of them.

"Poor Peggy Stewart, so called! She was the daughter of an Otaheitian chief, and had lived happily with her mutineer. Peggy's husband was put in irons on board the Pandora. Peggy, with her child at her bosom, flew to his arms. It was a heart-rending scene, too much for the officers and men; and even Stewart himself requested that she

might not be permitted to come again on board. Grief and despair then took possession of her soul. She lost her appetite, sank rapidly, and died, within two months, of a broken heart. Poor Otaheitan Peggy!

"Some, indeed, have said that the crew of the Bounty mutinied on account of the harsh conduct of Lieutenant Bligh; but others, as I have before stated, say that it was because they had determined to live an idle and pleasant life at Otaheite. Cannot tell positively how that might be; but, making every allowance, it was a heavy crime, and heavily were they punished.

"Let not the lesson escape you, that the loss of the Bounty sets forth:

> Though time may pass, and years be spent,
> Yet sin shall meet its punishment.

There is a text in the Bible that says, 'Be sure your sin will find you out;' read it, think of it, and turn it to advantage.

"But what became of the ship Bounty? I will tell you. With a view to escape the impending danger of a British or any European visit, nine of the crew sailed from Otaheite with the ship; and Christian, the ringleader, was one. They ran the ship

aground, on an island not far away, and which has been called Pitcairn's Island, and then set her on fire, to prevent their being discovered. Twenty years after this, a ship landed at Pitcairn's Island, and found Alexander Smith, one of the mutineers, still alive, while all the rest were dead, and most of them dead by violence, through quarrels and through murders. Smith had taken upon him the name of John Adams, and was the father of a family.

"The colony formed on Pitcairn's island consisted of the children of the mutineers, and some other persons; and John Adams, or Alexander Smith, was at the head of it. He was looked upon as the father of the people, and, it is said, that he brought them up in habits of piety and virtue; humble, pious, contented, and happy; truly sensible, let us hope, of the greatness of the crime to which they owed their origin. John Adams is since dead, and, I believe, the colony removed. This is all that I can now tell you of the mutiny and mutineers of the king's ship Bounty; but I will not change the scene till I have said a word about Otaheite and the Otaheitans.

"It is between sixty and seventy years since Captain Cook first visited both Owhyhee and Otaheite, and great changes, some for better, and many for

worse, have followed those visits, through the English and American intercourse which has been ever since kept up. The native king of the Sandwich islands now wears the Windsor uniform, and builds ships of war and commerce like Europeans. You must look for Otaheite and the Friendly Islands, and for Owhyhee and the Sandwich Islands, in the map, or upon the globe, or in a chart of the Pacific Ocean or South Seas. The two groups are far apart, and very different in the manners of their people. But Captain Wallis had a fray with some of the people of Otaheite, though nothing like so serious as that of Captain Cook with some of the people of Owhyhee. Yet the Otaheitans attacked Captain Wallis's ship, and some of them were killed by the English in self-defence. After the fray, many instances of sensibility and forgiveness of injuries occurred among the females of Otaheite."

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

"THERE is an awful sight! It is a fearful thing to see a house on fire, and still more so to see a street in flames; but what are both together compared to a burning city? There is the great city of London all in conflagration!

"Some day or other you must read the whole account of this terrible calamity. I hope all of you can read, and write too; for the world is wiser now than it used to be, in these things. When I was a

boy, you might have looked a long while for a Sunday school, without finding one; but now they are in almost every village in the country. Capital thing to pick up education! A boy who can read his Bible, with not a halfpenny in his pocket, is richer than he who knows not his letters, if he have a thousand pounds!

"If the old showman were your schoolmaster, he would give you plenty of good rules.

> Who would read well,
> Must first learn to spell.

Mark that, and do not be impatient.

> Speak slow and clear,
> That all may hear.

Cannot abide mumbling: a good reader makes himself understood. You should have heard me, when I was in the heavy dragoons, give the word of command. I always did it in a clear, firm, loud, and determined tone of voice. No soldier in the troop could mistake me. No! no! never be mumblers; love to hear a good reader! But look at the fire.

"If ever there was a terrible sight in the world, surely it was that of London in a blaze. While you

look at what is before you, pay great attention to the description that I shall give. It is a dismal tale; but it is well to know what calamities have happened in the world.

"Before I describe the conflagration in 1666, let us look at London the year before. Unexpected changes took place. In 1665, London was in prosperity, and abounded with wealth. Cheapside was then called Goldsmith's Row; and well it might be, for goldsmiths shops glittered there, and costly plate of excellent workmanship caught the eye. Alas! 'riches make themselves wings, and flee away!' Goldsmith's Row was not to stand for ever.

"Cornhill is the spot on which, in early times, the corn-market was held for the supply of London and its environs. The market may have been removed hence at least as early as the reign of Henry the Fifth, in 1413; for, in his days, it was inhabited by *fripperets*, and dealers in old clothes and furniture. It was, no doubt, a well known receptacle for stolen goods; since Lydgate, a monk of Bury, in his ballad entitled Lackpenny, says, that 'When he called to buy old apparel and household stuff here, he saw his own hood, which he had lost in the Westminster Hall; and was forced to pay its price, ere he could

get possession of it again.' It would appear that, in their way, the thieves of that period had as much audacity as those of the present.

"The Strand was a range of palaces, of the grandest style of architecture, whose gardens reached down to the Thames. But all this time clouds were gathering around the city; danger and death were at the gates.

"In 1665, the plague burst forth and swept away the people by thousands. Pits were dug in the suburbs of the city, to receive the dead bodies, carried there in carts. A bell was rung by those who collected the corpses together, and the doleful cry of 'Bring out your dead!' was heard without intermission. You look at me, my young friends, mournfully; and well you may!

"The gaiety of London was gone; the streets were filled with mourners; the shops were shut up; the week day looked like the sabbath; grass grew in the Royal Exchange, and Whitechapel was overgrown like a green field. You will think that London had enough to bear; but a fiercer scourge, a more sudden calamity was at hand.

"On the second of September, in the following year, in the depth of the night, when the doors were

bolted and barred, and when the inhabitants were wrapped in slumber, a fire burst out in a street called Pudding Lane, and spread rapidly abroad. Like angry giants, hasting abroad, hurling fire-brands about them, the flames rushed forth. No wonder you are at the peep-holes again! No wonder you are looking at the fire of London!

"On went the flames. St. Mary Magnus church, at the foot of London bridge, standing up as it were to defend it, fell a prey to the fire, which also burnt the houses on the bridge. Again it came into the city, like a lion roaring for its prey; a fierce wind drove it onward, and the boldest hearts trembled. Shrill and loud, in all directions, were the cries of 'Fire! Fire! Fire!'

"The people awoke, in consternation and dismay. The train-bands were up in arms. Goods were hurried away by hand, and in carts; and hundreds of half clad, miserable persons were soon after running from the flames, to seek temporary shelter.

"See how the fire rushes and rages! See how it wraps itself round the houses, the churches, and other public buildings; sparing nothing; but overwhelming every thing it meets with in complete destruction!

"The morn of the sabbath dawned, but it was no day of rest for London. Some churches were in flames, while in others affrighted congregations hurried together to hear the last sermons that were delivered within the hallowed walls. All day the fire raged; and, when night came, it only made the misfortune plainer to the eye. Terrible event! Overwhelming calamity!

"On Monday, Gracechurch Street, Lombard Street, and Fenchurch Street, were in flames. The fire burst into Cornhill, and the Royal Exchange was joined in the conflagration. Sheets of fire broke forth; and roofs and walls came down, with fearful crashes, from one street to another. London, it may be believed, had never seen such a sight before.

"The citizens were panic-struck, all requiring aid. Some with pale faces, some in tears, some wringing their hands and beating their breasts. Children were hurried away from the flames; sick and dying persons were hastily dragged from their beds, and conveyed away. The cries, sighs, and groans of the people were in vain; for the bellowing flame, like a mighty dragon in fable, came roaring on, breathing fire and destruction. Oh, my young friends, this was a dreadful moment!

"People began to think that all London would be laid in ashes. They hastened, with what goods they could save, into the fields. Five, ten, twenty, nay thirty pounds in money, were offered for the hire of a single cart and horse.

"All conditions of the Londoners, rich and poor, men, women, and children, were laden with what they could carry—jewels, plate, writings, ornaments, bedding, and household furniture. The fire still spread. Billingsgate, Thames Street, and Tower Street were in a blaze. The fire in Cornhill met a furious flame rushing along Threadneedle Street; another came from Walbrook; and a third from Bucklersbury. All the four joined together. This was an hour, my little customers, to try men's hearts and souls! Happy indeed were those who, in that season of anguish, could put their trust above, and say, 'Though the world should be destroyed, I will not be moved; for Heaven is my home, and God is my Father and Friend.'

"All Tuesday, and Tuesday night, the fire kept gaining strength, and the very heart and centre of the city of London was burning. Cheapside was in a blaze; Blackfriars, Paternoster Row, Newgate Market, St. Paul's Church and Churchyard, the Old

Bailey, Ludgate Hill, and Fleet Street; the Old Jewry, Lothbury, Cateaton Street, and Christ Church in Newgate Street, were at once in flames. London was as light by night as by day; and the black and yellow smoke went up to the skies.

"You may fancy, my tender hearts, the scene of destruction, when ten thousand houses were at once burning, with churches, city halls, and shops and warehouses. Towers and steeples tumbled; roofs fell in; melted lead ran along the streets; casks of pitch, oil, and turpentine added to the flames; and the loud bellowing of the victorious fire raged with relentless fury. At Islington and Highgate, at least two hundred thousand people, of all ranks, lay dispersed about in the fields, with such of their goods and effects as they had saved from the devouring fire.

"Wednesday, and Wednesday night, the flames went on ravaging, but on Thursday they were stayed. Houses had been blown up, to create vacancies between the buildings and thereby interrupt the communication of the flames, and great exertions had been made to arrest them; all had been, till now, in vain.

"What added much to the dismay and confusion caused by the fire, was the spreading a false report

at the same instant, that the French and Dutch, who were at war with England, had landed, and were entering the city. The wretched and terrified inhabitants left the goods they had saved to take up arms, but, at last, tranquillity was restored; and now, look at the fire, right, left, and centre, while I sum up the damage it has done.

"It began in Pudding Lane, and ended in Pie Corner; whence the wits (for there will be wits, even amid calamity) said that it was sent as a punishment for the city sin of gluttony. It burnt the city gates, the hospitals, schools, libraries, Guildhall, eighty-nine churches (St. Paul's among them), with four hundred and thirty streets, and thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses. The value of the destroyed property was more than ten millions sterling!

"Now I have told you about the Great Fire of London. Think of it, and profit by it. God 'stayeth his east wind in the day of his rough wind;' he tempers mercy with judgment. The Fire of London, that burnt the city, took away the plague! Remember this! God can bring good out of evil, order out of confusion, and safety out of danger."

AN ALLIGATOR HUNT.

"THERE is a change for you! Should not have liked to have left London city burning. No! that I would never have done; but, as the fire is all out, and as the people are beginning to breathe quietly again, and to look about them; why, we may as well get out of their way, and leave King Charles the Second and his ministers to devise the best means they can for rebuilding the city.

"See! yonder is a man on horseback all of a heap. Never learnt to ride! Certain he was never brought up in a riding-school. When I was in the heavy dragoons, I was a pattern to the regiment, skilful and ready! controlled and guided my horse in all his paces. The settled balance of my body enabled me to preserve a firm seat in every move. A cavalry soldier should be half a man and half a horse.

"If a soldier cannot sit firm on his saddle; if he cannot govern his horse with his legs and his bridle-hand; how is he to have his right hand at liberty for the use of his weapon? How is he to do his duty on all occasions, whether acting singly or in squadron?

A man that has a sword to wield
Must sit his horse well in the field.

"You see, at once, that this is an Alligator Hunt. You may never have been at such an affair before, but it is as plain to be seen as the regimental colours that the men there, with the long lances, are bent on killing the alligators.

"You have no knowledge of the numbers of these large and fearful reptiles of different species, that are in the rivers of Asia, and in America! Woe betide the unhappy man who is once in the wide

mouth of an alligator! It is easy enough to get in, but a very difficult thing indeed to get out again!

"Those who know more about it than I do, say that there are three kinds of crocodiles or alligators: the gavials, found in India; the true crocodiles, found in Africa and India; and the caymans, found in America. You can learn about alligators in books of natural history.

"Keep out of the way of alligators, unless duty call you among them, and then never flinch!

> When duty calls, quick! march! obey;
> Though death and danger stop the way!

"The iguana, of the large lizard genus, is eatable; but give me a slice of old English roast beef, and I will renounce all the iguana flesh in the world!

"I have seen crocodiles and alligators; sometimes in a lagoon, or loch, or lake; sometimes in rivers, and sometimes basking on the banks of either in the sun. Ugly things! Odious creatures! At least we think so; but every creature is beautiful in the view of its own kind.

"Poor Bill Watkins! Shall never forget him. He was in the eleventh light dragoons; scarlet and buff; served in Egypt and the Peninsula. Well! Watkins

was in India; would bathe in the river. Random trick! Mad-headed resolution! The river swarmed with alligators, and before Bill had been in the water two minutes, he was snapped into two pieces. Awful affair! Warning to the thoughtless!

> When dangers press on every side,
> Let courage act, and prudence guide.

"The scene here is in India. Very hot country. You may have as many mosquitoes there as will keep you awake all night long. Mosquitoes (the name is Spanish, and means *little flies)* are *large gnats*, and hum, like other gnats, around you; and suck, like other gnats, your blood, and leave inflammation in their wounds. But I must now talk of alligators, not of mosquitoes.

"Take a ship at London, at Liverpool, or Bristol, and sail to the East Indies; land on the banks of the Ganges, and march up the country, look about the swampy ground for a lake, or a lazy-running river, and if you do not find there alligators enough to your heart's content, set off back again, and tell the old showman.

"I have been in India, and have seen swarms of

black ants running along the ground; nothing could turn them: and in Africa I have seen myriads of locusts on the wing, darkening the air. But look at the hunt! What are mosquitoes, and ants, and locusts, compared with alligators!

"There is the canal of stagnant water, in which the alligators live; and there are the Europeans and the Hindoos, with their pikes, spearing the huge reptiles.

"Two or three hundred Hindoos and Mahometans perhaps, with a few Europeans, set off together, armed with pikes and broad-ended daggers. On they go through the swamps and forests, (which latter, in India, they call *jungles,)* till they come to a favourite haunt of the alligators, and there they prepare for action.

"Calling and bawling, full of fun and laughter, a part of them dash into the stagnant canal, where the thick black water and the oozy slime are almost enough to cause a pestilence. In they jump, shouting like soldiers on a charge. Two or three deep they stretch across the canal, sticking their pikes in the mud, and pressing forwards to drive the alligators before them. Higher up the canal another party

stretch, in like manner, across it, working with their pikes, and moving towards their companions. The affrighted alligators dart this way and that, fully aware of their danger.

"The Indians draw closer together, till they have cooped up the alligators in a small space. There they are, dashing and splashing.

"Sometimes one raises his head out of the water, to see whether there is a chance of escape. Sometimes another tries to force his way through the pikes of the Indians, and then alligators and Indians may be seen struggling together in the stagnant water.

"At last comes the grand struggle, when the slimy reptiles are so crowded together that they are obliged to slide over and under each other, and they begin with their flabby feet to crawl out of the black mud, up the slippery banks, when a general attack is made on them by land and water.

"Confounded by the clamour, and affrighted by the number of their foes, the alligators try in every direction to make their escape. Here they crawl, there they flap about, and yonder they flounder; while the merciless hunters give no quarter. They

are met at every point. If one looks up, a spear is struck into his eye; if he opens his mouth, a lance is thrust down his throat; and if he does neither the one nor the other, the under part of his neck, and his belly, are cut, and slashed, and pierced by lances and daggers.

"Look at the hunt. You see what they are about. No child's play going forwards! It is an ugly sport; a dangerous and cruel diversion, to make the best of it.

"When Waterton, the naturalist, was in South America, an alligator was caught by hanging a piece of flesh, with a hook in it, from the bough of a tree. While the reptile was being pulled up from the bank of the river, Waterton leaped upon him, and rode for some distance on his back. An odd steed to mount, boys! Sergeant Bell is a good rider, but he would not like to ride an alligator. There, take your last peep, for my next show is of a very different kind.

"And what lesson do we learn from the Hunt of the Alligator? Why this, to be thankful that we live in a land where there are no alligators. Go to foreign countries, and you will meet the bear on the

ice, the tiger in the jungle, the lion in the desert, the boa constrictor in the wood, and the alligator in the river; but in old England you find none of them, unless kept as a show, from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to the Isle of Wight; from the South Foreland, in the county of Kent, to the Land's-end, in Cornwall."

ASCENT OF A BALLOON.

"HUZZA, boys! A balloon! A balloon! This is a different sort of sight from that of an Alligator Hunt. What an alligator would think of it, were he to be taken up in a balloon I know not; but he would

sadly want to be back again, in the thick, slimy puddle that he came from. You are laughing at the thought of an alligator going a-ballooning! An odd kind of aeronaut, sure enough. But strange things are seen now a days, and no one knows what the world will come to!

"Well! that is the Great Vauxhall or Nassau Balloon, as it sails through the yielding air. There you see it, with the car attached to it, and all the company. Ladies waving their handkerchiefs, gentlemen flourishing their flags; and Mr. Green, with a cap on his head, standing on one side of the car, arranging the ropes.

"It is called the Great Nassau Balloon, because Mr. Green once sailed in it over the British Channel, and came down at Nassau, in Westphalia, in Germany; but you now see it as it ascended from Vauxhall Gardens, the twenty-first of September, 1836, with nine persons in the car.

Majestic, airy, light, and fair;
Sailing calmly through the air!

"I suppose you know that a balloon is made of silk, and that it has a strong netting all over it, to hold the car in connexion with it; and I suppose you know, too, what makes it rise in the air. If not,

I will tell you. We must explain things when we talk to young people! Now mind!

"A *fire-balloon*, which is also called a *rarefied air balloon*, ascends because the fire placed beneath it fills it with heated air, which being lighter or rarer than common air, takes it upwards. Nothing can be plainer than that. Well, an *air balloon* is filled with gas, which gas is light air. Different ways of making gas; but the cheapest is to make it from coal. If you put some small bits of coal into the bowl of a tobacco pipe, with a little clay over it, and push it into the middle of the fire, leaving the handle of the pipe out, you will soon see some gas escape from the hole in the handle. Put a lighted paper to this, and it will burn with a clear bright flame. This is what the chemists call carburetted hydrogen air or gas. A balloon that is more or less filled with it ascends. It is light, and, as you know, easily set on fire, lighted, or inflamed. It is what we see in the flames in our fires, and in our lamps in houses and streets.

"But if you ever make an air-balloon, your tobacco pipe full of gas will not serve your purpose. No! you will want more than you can make in a thousand thousand tobacco pipes. I will tell you

how they generally make gas. They have an apparatus like a large pot; and, after filling it with coal, they put it into an oven or furnace surrounded with fire. When the coal is red hot, the gas escapes from it. This they purify, by making it pass through lime-water; after which they keep it in a large vessel, called a *gasometer*, for use. But what a deal my customers are hearing and seeing, for a single halfpenny!

"Wonderful powers possessed by man! Mr. Green has ascended in balloons more than two hundred times. Rather not go myself. What should I do in a balloon with my wooden leg? Rather not go, unless duty call; but, then,

> Prompt to fly at duty's call,
> Sergeant Bell would venture all.

"The Nassau balloon is made with two thousand yards of crimson and white silk. When filled with gas, with the car attached to it, it is eighty-seven feet high, and one hundred and fifty-seven feet in circumference; and quite as big, or at least as high, as an exceedingly large house! It contains seventy thousand cubic feet of gas! Ay! seventy thousand!

"I have seen several balloons in the air—three or four at the same time—sailing smoothly on their

way. Fine sight! Noble spectacle! Cannot tell what balloons will come to, no man knows; when people are able to guide them where they like—but that will never be—we may expect to see them as plentiful as post-chaises.

"Mind that you do not slip! You are too near the end of the bench. Better fall from my bench, however, than from a balloon.

> But let every one act his own part like a man,
> And keep on his legs just as long as he can.

"I could tell you of some terrible falls from balloons. The first man that ever went up in one was killed by a fall, not the first time he went up, but afterwards. His name was Pilâtre de Rozier. He went up in company with Monsieur Romaine, and down they came tumbling together through the air, from a height of a thousand yards.

"Many beside them have been killed. The last fall that I have heard of, is that of Mrs. Graham. She fell out of the car on its rebound from the earth, some say it was a hundred, some two hundred, and others will have it that it was three hundred feet high.

"You see how fast the car is made to the balloon. There is a hoop between the balloon and the car, to which the net work is attached; the car is hung

from this hoop by cords. I saw the Nassau balloon go up with the nine people in its car. Just as they were going, the ropes slipped a little, and the car hung on one side.

"Now, thought I, if they fall out of the car, what will become of them? Mr. Green was as nimble, however, as a harlequin. In two minutes he had re-arranged the ropes, and away they went sailing towards the sky.

"The principal aëronauts (or sailors or navigators in the air or sky), have been, so far as I remember, Pilâtre de Rozier, Blanchard, Lunardi, Garnerin, Lussac, Sadler, Green, and Graham. Mr. Green has been up as often as, perhaps, all the rest put together. I ought not to forget Madame Thible, the first woman who ascended in a balloon; nor Madame Garnerin, who came down in a parachute. Of Mrs. Graham I have told you before. While you are looking, I will tell you what a parachute is, and then for another curious sight.

"A *parachute* is in the form of an umbrella, with a car attached to it, and used, experimentally, to enable a person to descend from a balloon with safety. This is the meaning of the name; or, literally, a *fall-guard*, as we also say a *fire-guard*—that

admirable piece of wise men's household furniture! Monsieur Garnerin, in the year 1802, descended in a parachute. This was at London. The parachute, as he took it up, was like an unopened umbrella, but it expanded as it fell through the air, and thus checked the rapidity of its descent, as you may judge by handling a common umbrella. By the way, an *umbrella* means a *little shade*, or guardian, or defender. The French call it a *parapluie*, or *rain-guard;* and a *parasol*, in like manner, is a *sun-shade*, or *sun-guard*. But umbrellas, though commonly used in England and France as *parapluies* or *rain-guards*, came (it is hardly fifty years ago) to those countries from Italy, as their Italian name *(umbrella)* well denotes; and where their purpose was and remains that of parasols, or sun-guards.

"In truth, umbrellas are of high antiquity in all the sunny countries of the ancient world, where they are, and have been, not only articles of use, but badges of the highest state and honour; and, for both these applications, are made of the largest sizes. Lately, in Paris, the curiosity of the public was attracted to the shop of an umbrella manufacturer, where an umbrella was exhibited, made for the Emperor of Morocco. Its circumference was not less

than eighteen feet. The exterior was formed of rich green velvet, edged with gold fringe. The inside of light blue satin. The stick, which was about twelve feet long, was of Palisandre wood, beautifully carved.

"Mr. Cocking descended in a parachute, in July, 1837. Sad affair! Terrible accident! His parachute was of the unusual form of an umbrella opened upwards. He thought this form the best, in order to prevent the parachute from waving to and fro; but, from some cause, the parachute came down rapidly, that is, did not act as a parachute at all. It turned over and over, and fell violently to the earth; and Mr. Cocking was killed.

"Now I have told you about balloons. I have told you about *parachutes* and *parasols*, and about *parapluies*, or umbrellas; and, after pulling another string, I will tell you about Bartholomew Fair."

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

"Now you see it for yourselves! That is Bartholomew Fair, as it is held in a spot called Smithfield, properly *Smooth-field*, in London, on the third day of September, and two following, in each year. This is the only fair within the city of London, or so very close adjacent; and a good thing it is, perhaps, that there is no other. I am not holding it up for your

approval. No! just the contrary. It is that you may know something of the folly practised there, and avoid it. No respectable person now goes to Bartholomew fair, unless out of curiosity, to see the motley throng that gets together. It is, too often, a place of excess, folly, and immorality, and many young persons date their ruin for life from a single visit to this fair. Fairs are doubtless necessary, and in some respects important, where they can still be held usefully, and with attention to propriety; but Bartholomew fair has ceased to be of use, and is full of mischief. Once, at Bartholomew fair, I saw a drunken and quarrelsome soldier draw his sword to fight; swearing that he knew the sword exercise better than any body.

"I learned the sword exercise thoroughly, with all its cuts, guards, points, and parries. Few men could have matched me, but it never made me quarrelsome. This is not always the case, the drunken soldier is one instance, and I will give you another.

"Captain Croxall was a good swordsman: quick eye, ready hand, and firm heart. Fought many duels; killed some of his opponents; wounded more. He knew and felt his advantage, and grew overbearing and tyrannical.

"He insulted a brother officer, an upright man, with a wife and five children; a challenge was given and taken. They met and fought, and Croxall drove his sword through the body of the father and the husband!

"Here was an upright man, and a good soldier, stabbed to the heart, his wife made a widow, and his children left fatherless.

"Captain Croxall, quarrelling soon after with one who was his match, was at last run through the body himself. What a pity that it had not been sooner!

"I told you that Bartholomew Fair was held in Smithfield. Smithfield is remarkable for many things. It is there that the great London market for cattle is kept. All the night before the market, pigs, sheep, calves, cows, oxen, and horses are driving into Smithfield. The drovers, with their sharp-pointed sticks, are hallooing and bawling, hitting the cattle on the horns, and driving them into the places required. At daybreak, jockeys begin to show off their horses, by trotting them along the streets; butchers assemble to buy cattle; the bleating of sheep, the squealing of pigs, and the lowing of the oxen, are mingled discordantly together.

"At one time, Smithfield was the field for tilts and tournaments; many a gay scene of this kind has been there witnessed. On one occasion came three score ladies of honour mounted on fair palfreys, every lady leading a knight by a chain of silver. Gay doings these, my little friends!

"The most terrible use to which Smithfield has ever been put remains yet to be told. Martyrs, Protestant and Romish, were burned to death there for their opinions in religion. Practice of barbarians! Shows the barbarism of England at the time, in spite of all the arts, learning, virtue, and piety by which, nevertheless, England, at the time, was undoubtedly distinguished; for countries may have all these, and barbarism too. Latimer and Cranmer were burnt to death at the stake there, and many others besides them; the last who suffered there by fire was Bartholomew Legatt.

"Do not crowd together so; plenty of room, my little customers, if you accommodate one another. All of you may see very well.

"The right of holding Bartholomew Fair, (or a fair upon the day of the church-festival of St. Bartholomew,) was first granted to the adjacent priory of that name by Henry the Second, and intended for useful

purposes. At present, plenty of shows, plenty of confusion, plenty of people, plenty of children's toys, plenty of eating and drinking, plenty of plays, plenty of music, plenty of drunkards, plenty of quarrels, and plenty of pickpockets.

"On the third of September annually the fair is proclaimed by the lord mayor's attorney, at the gate leading into Cloth Fair. The lord mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen attend; and the procession moves round Smithfield, and returns to the Mansion-house, where a goodly party generally dines.

"The proclamation relates to the good conduct necessary to be observed by all who attend the fair. There is to be no breaking of the peace, no victuals to be sold of a bad quality, no liquids vended with short measure, and nothing else that is improper to take place; but alas! the lord mayor's attorney might as well stay at home, for the attention that is paid to the proclamation!

"Some years ago, a swarm of disorderly ruffians, called Lady Holland's mob, used to knock at the doors of dwelling-houses, ring the bells, and commit all kinds of disorders, the night before the fair. Four or five thousand of such persons have been collected, drinking, shouting, and rioting, till three or four in

the morning. Sad work! disgraceful conduct! Another proof of London and England's ancient barbarism; but happily, Lady Holland's mob is now no more, and London has a New Police!

"I will tell you of an odd custom. The night before the fair, a great number of tailors meet at a public house in Smithfield, distinguished by the tailor-like sign of the Hand and Shears. A chairman is appointed, and as the clock strikes twelve, he sallies out, with his companions, into the street of Cloth Fair, adjacent, every one carrying a pair of shears. Here the chairman makes a speech, and proclaims the fair, while the whole party snap their shears with a shout. The crowd assembled to see this ceremony then rush into Smithfield, shouting and rioting, and this is called 'the mob proclaiming the fair.'

"For the three days of the fair, all is noise and confusion in Smithfield from morning till night; but it is worse after midday than before. Stalls, covered and uncovered, surround the place; with fruit, gingerbread, oysters, wickerwork, trinkets, cutlery, toys, ribands, garters, pocket-books, and prints.

"In the sheep-pens are old women with fried sausages, fat oysters, roasted apples, and hot pota-

toes; and all along the stalls are shows stationed in booths without number. There you see some of them. I wish you could see them all. Drums beating, fifes playing, trumpets blowing, and thousands of people crushing and cramming, laughing and shouting aloud. Such a scene is beheld only at Bartholomew Fair.

"I cannot tell you one half the wonderful sights that are to be seen in Smithfield upon this occasion. They beat my show for wonder and variety; but my show is a great deal more quiet, more harmless, and more instructive. At Smithfield, there is the Irish Giant, the Chinese Lady and Dwarf, Atkins's Royal Menagerie, the Beautiful Dolphin, the Parisian Troop, the White Negro, the Black Wild Indian, and the Giant Boy. Then there is the Cannibal Chief, and Feats of Legerdemain, and Richardson's Theatre, and Wombwell's Caravans; beside Tight-rope Dancing, Tumbling, and a hundred other things.

"The laughing and shouting of the crowd, the din of squeaking trumpets, kettle-drums, clarionets, gongs, and cries of 'Now, ladies and gentlemen!' 'See and believe!' 'Walk up! walk up!' 'Only one penny!' 'The greatest wonder of the world!' and 'Just going to begin;' are almost enough to make the brain turn

round. For the strangest of sights, and for sounds of confusion, Bartholomew Fair against the fairs of all the world!

"I wish this were the worst of it, but no—that is not the case. Rogues and fools are there in throngs; and drinking, excess, riot, violence and robbery in open day, are too often carried on. No one is quite safe who has any thing to lose about him. All the night is worse than all the day. It will be no misfortune to you, if you never see Bartholomew Fair—except (I mean) in the show of Sergeant Bell:

This is the place where great and small
May see a fair without a fall!"

EXHIBITION VIII.

"HERE comes the old showman!" cried out a boy in a blue jacket, as I walked towards the market-place the next market day: "Here comes Sergeant Bell, with his box on his back," cried out another, in nankeen trowsers; while "Hurra, hurra!" rose from half a dozen more, who had been on the look-out, seemingly for some time. It was a picture to see the old man march up as orderly as if on parade. When he came opposite to his post, he made a stand, right-faced, and marched under the gateway. Here he cried "Halt!" and proceeded to liberate himself from his box; beginning, according to custom, to talk as he went on.

"Glad to see you, my little men and maidens! Many a long mile have I trudged to-day, but I am used to it, and have made longer marches before now. The wind blows fresh, hope it will blow good luck to all of us. Out of my way, my boy! There! that will do.

"Pull your hands out of your trowser-pockets, you in the hat without a crown. Cannot bear to see any one stand in a lazy posture. A pretty front soldiers would make if they stood with one shoulder higher than another; some bent like a bow, and some as crooked as a corkscrew. I have said it before, and I say it again, that uprightness, and an equal squareness of the shoulders and body to the front, is the first and great principle of the position of a soldier.

"I do not want you to be soldiers, my boys, but if you ever do get into a regiment, let it be the heavy dragoons; that is, if you are strong, active, and of good size. Capital regiment! I was in it myself; have told you so before.

"There you will learn the duties of a soldier, horse and foot. I began at the beginning; learned every thing; positions, club-exercise, facing and marching. I practised in single and double rank; stepping, filing, wheeling, forming, and firing.

"Then came what is called military equitation; saddling, bridling, leading, mounting and dismounting; riding and leaping, besides training my horse to his positions and paces, dressing, telling off, movement by threes, wheel of threes on the move, passaging at close files, and reining back at close files.

"Hard work! Sharp practice! but habit makes hard things easy. I learned the carbine and pistol exercise on foot and on horseback, as well as the sword exercise and the lance exercise, attack and defence. I could almost have cried at them at first, but I often laughed at them after.

"Sergeant Bell would have been ashamed to be but half a soldier. 'What is worth doing,' as I say, 'is worth doing well.' I learned all I could about my profession; formations, manœuvres, skirmishing, piquets, flags of truce, foraging, and alarm posts; but it will not do to run on in this manner. I must begin my show.

"I have this day brought to Taunton market a collection that would do credit to the first showman in the world. All novel, and all in the finest order; and the very last set you will see at present! What! have you taken possession already! why that is what the French call a *coup-de-main.* You have taken the place by surprise, and Commander Bell must capitulate, but only upon honourable terms.

"Thank you for your money. You have fulfilled your part of the treaty, and I will fulfil mine.

A soldier of honour, wherever he goes,
Should practise good faith to his friends and his foes.

"In the last Exhibition, you had the Grotto of Antiparos, (striking subject!) and the Loss of the Bounty, a most interesting adventure! You had a representation of that terrible calamity, the Fire of London. The Alligator Hunt pleased all my youthful friends; and so did the Ascent of a Balloon, and Bartholomew Fair. Now, to begin with, you shall have an English Farmhouse."

AN ENGLISH FARMHOUSE.

"THAT old, venerable, hospitable stone-built mansion is Redhill Grange. A fine sample of what a Farmhouse should be. Wish there were many more such than there are in merry Old England!

"Look at the gable-ends, running up to a point, opposite the pigeon-house, one, two, three deep! Look at the stacks of high, sharp-angled chimneys, towering up in ornamental style! Good fires and

free cooking, to need such chimneys as those! Rare work there on pancake-days, sheep-shearing, harvest-home, and Christmas! I should like to be billeted on just such quarters as Redhill Grange!

"Look at the stone-mullioned windows, with the small diamond panes of glass; and at the carved gable-ends in front. Do you see the door through the porch, made of heart of oak, and knobbed with iron studs? There are two oaken settles in the porch, and some one is sitting on that to the left hand. I should not wonder if it is Farmer Holbeach himself!

"They tell me that the farmer is an industrious, honest, right-hearted Englishman. No lazy lie-a-beds at Redhill Grange! No letting the grass grow under their feet. 'Hard work and good wages' is the motto; and those who do not like the one, must not have the other.

"The farmer is up with the lark; does his duty, and sees that all his people do theirs.

The world after new-fangled patterns may run,
Farmer Holbeach will do as his fathers have done!

Ploughmen and sowers,
Reapers and mowers,

know that if they cannot see their master, he is not far off. Sometimes he is holding the ploughtails, to show the ploughlads how a furrow ought to be turned. Sometimes he is in the hayfield, or among the turnips; and in harvest time, he seems to be almost every where at once.

> Let the wind blow,
> Hail, rain, or snow,

no matter; every inch a farmer, he will see that things go on properly.

"Then, on Sundays he goes to church, and makes others go too. Old, young, and middle-aged, he will have them sitting in the pews, or on the old oak-backed benches. Many a pailful of skim-milk, and many a gallon of home-brewed beer goes to the cottages around, from Redhill Grange; for the farmer has a kind heart, and attends to the poor.

"I could talk for an hour about the farmer, but it will not do. You have something else to see beside Redhill Grange, and something else to talk of than Farmer Holbeach. We must haste to the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, close by London, but in the county of Kent."

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"I CALL this a magnificent picture! You will not mistake the Royal Hospital for a farmhouse! No! it is a palace for its architecture and size, and one of the noblest palaces standing on British ground.

"You cannot look at it too particularly. The cupolas, the pillars, the capitals, the courts, and the terrace and promenades are all worthy of admiration. It stands on the edge of the river Thames, five or six

miles from London, and in front of the park of the ancient royal manor of Greenwich. You see Flamstead House, or the Royal Observatory, together with the hill and the trees in the park, all behind the Hospital; and likewise the Governor's House; but you shall have all particulars.

"Look at the right and left wings! Nothing can be more beautiful! Look at the centre buildings, with the two lofty cupolas upon them! You may travel a hundred miles and not see any thing like them! There you see the Hospital, with its elegant wings, its lofty and beautiful cupolas, its spacious courts, its goodly park; with the river, shipping, steam-boats, and sailing and rowing-boats, and all for a halfpenny!

"King Charles the Second built the wing that you see on the left. Magnificent structure! King William the Third, in the year 1691, granted this, with nine acres of ground, to be converted into a Royal Hospital for old and disabled seamen, as well as for the widows and children of those who fell in their country's cause, and for the encouragement of navigation. King William must have seen very clearly how much Old England was indebted to her seamen.

"I have heard say, that the right wing, built by King Charles, cost as much as thirty-six thousand pounds. The left wing corresponds with it; but the centre buildings, facing the area, are erected in a still more elegant style. The cupolas at their ends are a hundred and twenty feet high, and supported on columns. You see them straight before you.

"Some day or other, perhaps, you will see Greenwich Hospital for yourselves; and then you will be astonished at the grandeur of the Painted Hall inside, which is under one of the cupolas. Sir James Thornhill was the painter; and many a long month must he have looked up at the ceiling while painting it. It is nobly done, and every one who sees it applauds it.

"There is a superb and spacious Chapel under the other cupola, answering to the Painted Hall, and most people who visit Greenwich go to see it; but there is something more interesting to the thoughtful stranger at Greenwich Hospital, than the elegant wings, the splendid cupolas, the Painted Hall, or even than the Chapel. Can you guess what that is? Sergeant Bell will tell you. Why, the seamen; the old Greenwich Pensioners belonging to the place. Yes! yes! they are the glory, as they are the inmates of Greenwich Hospital.

"They now look like quiet, inoffensive old folks; but what have they been? Why, the lightning and thunder of the British Navy! You have heard the saying, I dare say, 'Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls;' but it is not the ships, heart of oak as they are, nor the cannon they carry, that have made England's enemies tremble; but the seamen that man them. These, under the High and Mighty One, have been as a wall around our country; they have made England what she is! Therefore, whenever you meet a Greenwich Pensioner, in his large-skirted blue coat, and gilt buttons; ay, or a Chelsea Pensioner, in his red coat and cocked hat; whisper to yourself, 'There goes one of the has-been pillars of the British throne, and means of British welfare!'

"Cannot say too much of Greenwich Hospital. As many as two thousand old and disabled seamen are maintained in it by their grateful country. The tables, hung up at the entrance of the hall, show that near sixty thousand pounds have been given to the Hospital in private benefactions; and six thousand pounds a year was settled upon it by Parliament, in 1732. Every stranger who visits the Hospital pays, at the least, two pence, the fund arising from which

source is applied to support the Mathematical School for sailors' sons.

"There is not a British seaman but pays sixpence a month to this institution out of his wages. No wonder that the hospital and its schools should cost a large sum for their support; for, besides the in and out pensioners, and the widows, a hundred boys are brought up to serve their country on board of ship.

"Do not suppose that the old sailors are starved in the fine institution they dwell in! Every man has seven loaves of bread, weighing sixteen ounces each; three pounds of beef; two of mutton; a pint of peas; a pound and a quarter of cheese, and two ounces of butter, weekly; besides fourteen quarts of beer, and a shilling for tobacco-money.

"You look, my little customers, as if you wondered that they could eat and drink all this; but a hearty fellow eats and drinks a great deal. Every seaman, too, has every other year a complete suit of blue clothes, a hat, three pairs of stockings, two pairs of shoes, five neckcloths, three shirts, and two night-caps. Deal of poverty in the world, my little happy hearts, a deal of pinching and contriving to make the best of the bits and the drops that fall to the share of the poor! No wonder, when people see how

comfortably these old Greenwich pensioners are provided for, that they should think well of the service of the British navy.

"Greenwich Park is a beautiful place to ramble in. You see the tops of trees over the hospital. Well! those trees grow in the park; high hills, fine slopes, noble trees, and broad walks. The Royal Observatory is on the top of one of the hills, as I have said before, and particularly described. Never like to tell a tale twice over. When I was in the heavy dragoons, a comrade of mine, who had been at sea, was always talking of the 'Bay o' Biscay.' Every tale he told us, every story he related, always began 'When I was in the Bay o' Biscay.' Habits are strong things; he could not help it. Kept up his custom when he left the army. He is called 'Old Biscay,' to this day.

"I have been in Greenwich Park. Plenty of company there! I have seen the hills, the slopes, the trees, the walks, and the observatory. I have looked from the top of One-tree Hill,

> At the dingles and the dells,
> The beaux and the belles,

the hospital, the river, the ships, and the distant view

of London. Have you had enough of Greenwich Hospital?

"If ever you visit the place, see every thing, understand every thing, and be sure to talk with the old pensioners. Go into the great dining-hall, and you will see them seated at table. Take off your hat when you go in: do not forget that; the old folks like good manners. Such a set of wrinkled brows, furrowed cheeks, gray heads, white heads, and bald heads, you never saw yet. Striking faces, some of them; fine studies for a painter!

"I have walked and talked with the blue-coated old pensioners; they have plenty of time for 'spinning yarns' (that, in the sea phrase, is telling long stories) and chewing pigtail tobacco. I have sat with them in the sun, by the river's side, and under the trees in the park, and heard their stories about being 'aboard the Victory,' 'up the Mediterranean,' 'cutting out a cruiser,' and 'drubbing the Dutchmen.'

"Now for a Kangaroo Hunt, in New South Wales, just to stretch your legs, before I tell you of the Ruins of Stonehenge. When you go home, you will have something to talk of; Greenwich Hospital, the

park, the people, and the old pensioners. Take a last peep at the noble building, and the noble river; and then we will scamper after the kangaroos. The old showman cannot run very fast, with his wooden leg; but he will do his best,

> Whether at sea or on the shore;
> And Wellington could do no more.

"Come down from the bench a moment, while I wipe the glasses. Attention! Step back! March! Halt! Stand at ease! Very good. Very steadily done. There! now the glasses are clear again. Attention! Front! Forward! Front! Capital! Capital!"

A KANGAROO HUNT.

"If you have never seen a kangaroo before, you see one now; the largest quadruped in New Holland, or at least the largest of the largest species of the genus yet discovered. Measure a full grown one, and you will find him above five feet from the nose to the tail. He has a mild, deer-like face, with long ears; his tail is three feet long; thick close to the body, and

taper at the end. I have seen many kangaroos in my time—perhaps some day you will see them too.

"New South Wales, otherwise New Holland, and its peculiar animal, the kangaroo, having been first discovered and written about by Dutch navigators, the name kangaroo is written with a K, according to the continental practice. Had Englishmen discovered the place they would have called the animal cangaroo. The Dutch write kat, or rather kaat, for what we write cat; but we should hardly know poor pussy with a Dutch K, instead of an English C.

"Odd thing—strange circumstance—but the upper half of this animal hardly seems as if it belonged to the lower, it is so small in proportion; and put a rat's head and shoulders upon a cat's body, and you have a capital kangaroo of a small size. For all this, the kangaroo is a pretty creature, though something odd; inoffensive and attractive.

"His hind legs are more than double the length of his fore legs. With these he hops or leaps along the ground as fast as a greyhound can run, and if a bush, nine or ten feet high, be in his way, over it he goes, as nimbly as a flying harlequin. His coat is a beautiful pale brown, and his waistcoat white; you are staring at me with amazement! What! do

you think that the kangaroo is to have no coat and waistcoat? Well, then, I will tell you what I mean. I mean, that the colour of his back and sides is brown, and the colour of his belly white. You see how he rests on his hind legs and tail. It is his strong tail that completes his great power of leaping.

"Ned Potter told me a deal about these animals, for he had been at New Holland. That was before he joined the seventy-seventh regiment of foot (the East Middlesex), red and yellow. He told me about the country and the people, and the black swans, and the emeus, and the kangaroos, and the bush-rangers, or runaway convicts. I had rather meet a dozen kangaroos than one bush-ranger.

"He said that the kangaroos feed together in herds of forty or fifty, with one of them posted at a distance as a sentinel, to give the alarm should an enemy approach; and if any thing happens to frighten them, they are off in a moment, like a parcel of young ducks. No wonder; but if (poor things!) they had claws and jaws, like lions and tigers, most likely they would stand their ground.

"Kangaroos are eaten in New Holland, not only by the natives, but by the settlers. The meat is

well tasted, though coarse; but not like a piece of old English roast beef, though! No! No! Nothing like that to be found in any other part of the world. The female kangaroo has a pouch under her belly, in which she carries and fosters her young. Odd thing! singular appearance!

"Hunting the kangaroo is a favourite sport in New Holland; and a breed of dogs is trained for the purpose.

"The dog is a useful creature to man in most parts of the world, and ought to be used well. He guards our houses and property, and even our persons; and joins with us in our sports.

"The natives of New Holland use clubs and spears for a kangaroo hunt, and the settlers provide themselves with fire-arms, and after the kangaroos they go, accompanied with their dogs, all eager for the chase.

"The country is full of rising grounds, and small winding valleys, pretty much covered with shrubs and large spreading trees, at a distance from each other, and not close together, as in the wilds of Europe, Asia, and America; with here and there small lakes and brooks. Now and then a wedge-tailed eagle may be seen soaring in the sky; here a

flock of black swans rise from the brook; and there an emeu, holding his head full six feet high, peeps over the top of the brushwood.

"Well! on go the hunters,

> Through bush and brake,
> By valley and lake;

and across the brooks, and between the trees, till they find a herd of kangaroos. The stroke of a lance may disable one, and a shot from a rifle may bring down another; but away go the rest of the scared herd, with the dogs after them, taking prodigious leaps, and overcoming every obstacle in the way of their flight.

"On go the dogs and the hunters full cry, the kangaroos leaving them, for the moment, far behind; but the long-winded dogs continue the chase, and again come up with their prey. A brook runs winding along the valley; the kangaroos overleap it at a bound, while the dogs must swim across. The pause is only for a few seconds; and the dogs dash after their prey as before.

"And now a single kangaroo is run hard. He makes for a covert, but in vain. Half a dozen dogs surround him, but he holds them all at bay.

"The kangaroo has a very large and strong middle toe on each of his hind feet, with a hard hoof-like nail at the end. This powerful toe is a formidable weapon of defence. The kangaroo levels a dog to the ground with a stroke of his strong tail, and again tries to escape. Not succeeding, he rests his whole body on his tail, and dashes out his hind feet with violence, laming the dogs, and protecting himself from their attacks.

"Now, a dog ventures near; but the kangaroo lays hold of him, hugging him like a bear, with his short fore-legs, and tearing him with his terrible toe. Other dogs come up, the kangaroo leaps over them, and takes refuge in a neighbouring pool. By this time the hunters are drawing near, directed by the barking of their dogs.

"A general attack is made, but the kangaroo seizes the dogs as they come up to him, and ducks them under the water. Some of the dogs are exhausted; some are drowned. The hunters arrive. A shot is fired, lances are thrown, and the poor wounded, worn out animal, is overcome by his persevering enemies.

"In this way, the hunters proceed for days together; till, satisfied with their sport, they call off their

dogs, and return. If you were to see a hunting-party in New Holland, roasting the flesh of a kangaroo, fastened to three sticks, over a fire, it would remind you of a gang of gipsies at home. It is only the hind quarters of the kangaroo that is cared for as food; but the skin is very useful as an article of clothing. It is converted, too, into a soft and excellent leather, which we are now wearing in England, in the shape of boots and shoes. See! it is of kangaroo leather that my own one boot is made. Feel how soft and pliable it is. It was given to me.

"You would not have thought that so meek-looking a creature could make such a resolute defence, or that he would be so formidable to his enemies; but God has given to every creature some means of self-protection, if not of annoyance to others.

"Let the kangaroos wander, say I, where they will, while they do no mischief. Let them graze on their native hills, or in the plains and valleys. You may go and hunt them, if you like; but the meek-eyed, timid, and harmless kangaroo shall never be hunted by the old showman.

"The scenes of my show are now drawing to a close. I have very few more, and I am going to travel through other parts of the kingdom for a time.

Make the most of what you see, for it may be long before you look upon such again. None of your every day trumpery! No! something to admire in each, and something to be learned from them all. The next is that of the Ruins of Stonehenge. We must hasten on, for the world is flying round the sun like a ball swung with a string round a boy's head, only at a much swifter rate. Now for Stonehenge."

RUINS OF STONEHENGE.

"THE old showman leads you a long dance about the world. At one time you are in England. He pulls a string, and all at once you find yourself in New Holland, quite on the other side of the globe. He pulls another, and you are brought back again. Two minutes ago, you were in New Holland, in Australasia; and now you are upon Salisbury Plain.

"The last time that I crossed the wide plain of

Salisbury, within a mile of Stonehenge, I met a comrade who served abroad with me. He was corporal when I was sergeant, in the heavy dragoons. I will tell you one of the adventures that we shared together abroad.

"The English occupied a plain, skirted by a wood which had two or three roads through it. It was supposed that the French cavalry were in some force in the woods, and I was ordered to reconnoitre, with about five and twenty men under my command.

"Reconnoitring in a wood is somewhat like Indian bush-fighting; for though you cannot see your enemies, you fancy that they are posted behind every bush or stump of a tree. We set off at a steady pace.

"My orders were to advance straight into the wood for ten minutes, keeping a sharp look out. I was then to incline to the right for five minutes more, with great caution; and, if all remained quiet, to return by files to the old ground.

"At first the road was broad and clear, the brushwood being well stubbed up; but, as we went on, it got narrower, and I was obliged to advance by files, two soldiers a breast.

"I halted my men at the end of fifteen minutes,

and was about to return; but pushed on first, all alone, about thirty or forty yards through the briers and brushwood. All in a moment I saw something glitter twenty yards to the front. 'O, ho!' thought I, 'Sergeant Bell is in for it now.' In a moment a dozen rifle-barrels were pointed at me. Whirl they went off, and down dropped my charger, with eight or ten balls in his neck and shoulders, and my left leg under him.

"I could not have stirred my leg if you had given me the command of a company; and, before I could pull a pistol from my holster, half a dozen bayonets were sheathed in my thigh.

"Sharp work, boys! trying situation! My men soon dashed up to me, three of the 'Parley-vous' were cut down; one shot through the back; and, as to the rest, they fled and hid themselves in the wood. Did not mount my horse again for two months; badly wounded! Capital cure! Sergeant Bell was all right again; ready to serve his king and his country.

"Sad habit of mine, of wandering from the show. Must break myself of it some how or other. Now for Stonehenge. Now for the stupendous ruins that you see before you. How the great stones which you see got to Salisbury Plain, and who put them

up, in the form in which they now appear, and for what purpose they were put up, is not quite settled yet. Remarkable thing! mysterious circumstance!

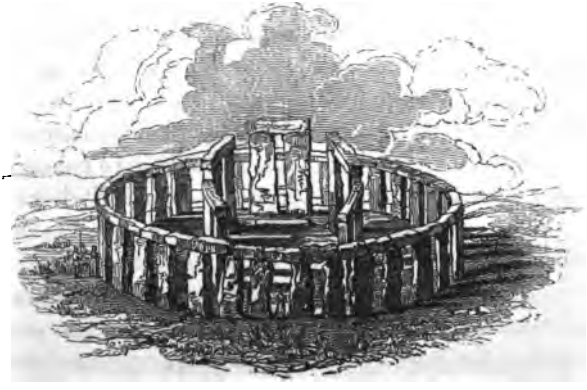
"When I first saw the ruins, they overwhelmed me with astonishment! Passing over the plain, with my box on my back, on my road for Salisbury, I came to Stonehenge, and then made the best of my way into the centre of the lonely ruins, took my box from my back, and sat me down on one of the huge gray stones.

Sitting on the huge gray stone,
Silently I mused alone.

"I was bewildered and overawed by the hugeness, the strangeness, the mysterious form of the ruins, and their appalling solitude! Never had seen any thing like them! Never had heard of any thing like them! I thought of days gone by. I thought of the time to come! A weight came upon my spirit. I wanted some one to clear up the mystery, when, by whom, and for what purpose the barren pile was erected? But no! Sergeant Bell was alone, and felt that he knew nothing. The Scriptures say, 'We are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow.'

"Stonehenge consists of gigantic masses of stone,

in the original shapes of two circles, and two ovals, as supposed by some, and represented in my show.



SUPPOSED ORIGINAL FORMATION OF STONEHENGE.

These stones are for the most part placed three together, two of them upright, and the other laid across the top. These groups are sometimes called *trilithons*, or 'three stones.' The tallest are twenty feet high, seven feet and a half broad, and almost four feet thick. The diameter, or breadth of the outer circle of stones, as you see them in the show, is one hundred and four feet, the circumference, therefore,

being three hundred and twelve feet; and the diameter of a circular ditch or dyke which surrounds the whole, is three hundred and twelve feet, or the circumference nine hundred and thirty-six feet, or three times the preceding dimensions. What I show you is the inner circular space, some think to have been a hexagon, or six-sided.

"Many of these prodigious masses have fallen to the ground. There lie the fallen stones, like so many giants overcome in battle, great in their very desolation! They have the British name of *Choir Gaur*, 'The Giant's Dance." Were they not in ruins, even when the Britons bestowed this name upon the stones still standing? One of the trilithons fell of its own accord in the year 1797. The impost, or stone lying upon the top of the two uprights, weighed, by measurement, eleven tons; and the whole trilithon seventy. If ever you can see Stonehenge, lose not the opportunity. Strange things are said about these mysterious ruins, some very foolish! very nonsensical! It is said that Merlin, a celebrated Welch prophet and conjurer, conjured them over from Ireland. All an idle tale! He did it no more than the old showman. I will tell you of other opinions which have been entertained about Stonehenge, or the Hanging Stones, for

such is their English, or Anglo-Saxon name, alluding to the *imposts*, or stones that lie or *hang* upon the uprights. Observe, the word *henge* is the same with the word *hinge;* and that we say things *hinge, henge,* or *hang;* and that doors 'hang upon their hinges;' that is, they are *hinged, henged,* or *hung* upon them.

"One says, it was built by the Phœnicians; another, that it is a Druidic temple; a third, that it is an old monument, built by the Ancient Britons; a fourth, that it was raised to the memory of Queen Boadicea; a fifth, that it was erected by the Romans to the god Cœlum; a sixth, that it was the burial-place of Uther, Pendragon, Constantine, and other British kings; and a seventh, that it is a Danish monument, erected either for a burial-place, a trophy of victory, or the coronation of Danish kings. Now then you can pick and choose. It is only six to one against you, choose which opinion you may. But my present full opinion is, that it was a place of divine worship, either Druidical, or still more ancient, on this soil.

"Look at the ruins, and fancy yourselves in the middle of them. Fancy that every huge stone standing up before you, is speaking in an impressive voice, 'The glory of man, and the works of man, shall pass away!' What, are you tired of Stonehenge? Well,

then we will go to something else; but first let me tell you about the Druids; for, after all, almost every one believes that Stonehenge was built for the Druid worship and polity; and (according to the Druid and other ancient forms of worship and civil polity) victims, very likely human victims, have sometimes been sacrificed within the circle of those old gray stones! But now for the Druids.

"The ancient Druids were the priests, and had great power. They were of three kinds, Druids, Bards, and Eubates, Vates or Prophets. If you have never heard this before, remember it now. By laying up small sums, the poor may become rich; and by gaining a little knowledge every day, the ignorant may become wise.

"Well! the Druids had rule over affairs, both as priests and judges. They directed religious ceremonies and sacrifices, they decided causes, and affixed punishments. An Archdruid was supreme. So great was his power, that sometimes, when he pleased, he could dethrone the reigning prince. I wish I could show you the Archdruid, with his long beard, and robes of white, cropping, with a golden sickle, the misletoe from the oak; but there you have him preaching to the people, and surrounded with em-

blems of the faith. Take notice of that serpent escaping from the basket. It has been a general

A DRUID.

pagan emblem of the soul escaping from the perishable body, into the enjoyment of eternal life. The Druids were firm in their doctrine of a future, like all other

pagan teachers. Their rites were in part sanguinary and barbarous; but their moral lessons, and doctrine of the Godhead, were pure and exalted: and if the former had a fault, it was, that they were too severe. In daily life, the Britons, in their virtues, are described as far surpassing both Greeks and Romans of their time.

"The Bards educated the people, and composed songs in praise of God, and heroes; singing them to the music of the harp; and the Eubates, or Vates, or Prophets, were skilled in physic, philosophy, astronomy, and magic: so that the Druids, altogether, were the most learned, the most powerful, the most reverenced, and the most feared of any class of the people.

"Their worship, with its rites and ceremonies, was performed in the deep shadows of the groves. Mighty oaks spread their branches over them; the tree and the misletoe which grew upon it were held as sacred. It was on the first day of the new moon of the new year, that the Archdruid mounted one of these trees to crop the misletoe with his knife or sickle of gold, wrapping it up carefully in his flowing robes. The Archdruid of the Welch long lived at Mona, now called the Isle of Anglesea, in North Wales.

"Now I have finished my story about the Druids, and I have told you all I know about the ruins called Stonehenge, before you. When you go home, tell to your friends all that you have seen and heard; and tell them, too, that Sergeant Bell said, Stonehenge furnished the world with a useful moral, which is this: 'Be humble, and seek not an earthly immortality; seeing that the very names of the builders of Stonehenge, and those of the Pyramids of Egypt, are forgotten for ever!'"

EAST VIEW OF STONEHENGE.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

"Now, my little friends, stand close. The very thought of Chelsea Hospital, the soldier's peaceful home, makes my heart glow again! Many a courageous and determined soldier spends there his last days in comfort and tranquillity.

"Courage and determination work wonders. When I was in the heavy dragoons, one windy day I was out on picquet-duty. Perhaps you know not what a picquet is? I will tell you. A picquet is a detach-

ment, sent out from troops in quarters, or camp, to the front, flank, or rear, to guard against a surprise.

"I was posted, with a handful of brave fellows, about two hundred paces in front of the picquet, under cover of a copse. We kept the vedettes in sight, and repeated signals. A vedette is a cavalry sentinel. All at once, an attack was made, in force; the picquet was driven in, and we were completely cut off from a retreat.

"What was to be done! A soldier should be decisive. Had but two courses to take: advance boldly towards the enemy's main body, make a detour, and regain the picquet by another road; or, break our way through the force that cut us off. No time to stand shilly-shally. 'My lads!' said I, 'follow Sergeant Bell.' We made a noble charge, sword in hand, won our way without the loss of a man, and joined our party.

"Chelsea College is a noble institution! a gem of honour for the country! What! are soldiers to leave the home of their fathers, where they were bred and born—are they to leave their native land, and cross the wide ocean to shed their blood in their country's cause, and then, when they return, weary and wounded, to be flung on the wide world, without a

place wherein to lay their head? No! no! Old England is too just, and too generous, to allow it. Chelsea Hospital is an old soldier's home; and, though there are only between four and five hundred who live in it, there is hardly an end to the number of the Out-door Pensioners.

"The Hospital is not the grandest building in the world. It is not such a palace as Greenwich Hospital; but it answers well the end for which it was intended. It was designed and built by that famous architect, Sir Christopher Wren, the very same man who built Saint Paul's. As you see, it is a plain and solid building of brick and freestone. It has three courts, and a garden, with its terraced walks, that stretches down to the banks of the river Thames. The bronze statue of Charles the Second, its founder, is in the centre.

"People say, that Nell Gwyn, a favourite of King Charles, persuaded the king to build it, and endow it; that is, to move the parliament and country to those purposes. The first stone was laid by the king himself. I will tell you something about Nell Gwyn, the Welchwoman.

"One day, I was going along the street, in the city of Hereford, with my box on my back, when I

when I heard a man say to another, 'Come, and have a peep at Nell Gwyn's house;' so I thought that I would have a peep at it too. Well! I expected to see a grand mansion; but, instead of that, it was a mean-looking, half tumbled-down cottage, cooped up in a back yard or court. The doorway was rotten, and the one window, with outside shutters, was no better. Nell Gwyn was born there!

"There are four hundred and seventy-six pensioners residing in Chelsea Hospital, and a comfortable life they have of it, lodging in sixteen wards, each ward having appointed to it two sergeants and two corporals, as well as a matron, under the housekeeper. They have no care for their daily provision; all their wants are well supplied; plenty of meat, plenty of clothes, and as much money as is good for them. Snug retreat! capital quarters!

"Chelsea Hospital is, as I told you, a sort of home for wounded and grayheaded soldiers. There they sit in the sun together, and talk of old times. There they fight their battles over again, and glory in the victories they have obtained, just in the same way as the old sailors do at Greenwich. You would hardly think, if you were to see the old soldiers at Chelsea walking about slowly in their red coats and

cocked hats, that they had ever rushed to the charge; marched to the cannon's mouth; led on the forlorn hope, or stormed the furious battery. They are old now, and some of their vigour is departed. I have seen the time when Sergeant Bell—but no matter, we cannot be young always. It is something to know that we *have* done our duty.

"Great order observed at Chelsea Hospital. Divine service performed three times a week; dinner on the table exactly at twelve o'clock, in the large dining-room; but they can take their dinner, if they like, into their own rooms, and this is what they generally do. A cheerful, happy set of old fellows; nothing in the world to do, but talk over the past, enjoy the present, and prepare for the future!

"Besides the privates, and the sergeants, and the corporals, there are many officers attached to the Hospital. The governor lives at the end of the building towards the east. I wish they would make me governor, and give me promotion—but this is idle talk; better as it is perhaps, I should not be happier. If he is contented with being governor, I am contented with being an old showman.

"One thing I forgot to tell you; and that is, that regular garrison-duty is performed at the place; this

is an excellent plan. It stamps it with a military character. It reminds the soldier that he is looked upon as a soldier still; and keeps up that order and discipline which have made British troops the first soldiers in the world.

"The expense of the In-door and Out-door Pensioners is very great; it is provided for in the following manner. A poundage is paid by the army, and every soldier, and every officer, in the British service gives a day's pay, every year, to add to the fund. If all this is not enough, why, then, Parliament opens the public purse, and gives a liberal sum, sometimes as much as seven hundred or eight hundred thousand pounds.

"You would like to see the old veterans doing garrison duty! I am sure you would; shouldering their arms, marching, and going through their evolutions with as much steadiness and regularity as if an army of ten thousand men were besieging the place!

"I know a score or two of the old soldiers in the Hospital, and they know Sergeant Bell. Many an hour have we sat together, talking of the Peninsula and Waterloo; but time flies, and we must hasten on. I am now going to exhibit the last show in my

box. Yes! my little cherry-cheeks,

> The very last, and Sergeant Bell
> Must bid his little friends farewell!

Many a weary mile shall I travel, many a storm will beat on me and my box, before I see you again at Taunton.

"I am going into the North. Know a few friends there; long journey before me. I shall visit Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Shields, Morpeth, Wooller, Rothbury, Alnwick, Tynemouth, and Hexham; Carlisle, Longtown, Brampton, Workington, Wigton, Whitehaven, Cockermouth, Ireby, the Danish Tracks at Ravenglass, and the old British town of Penrith.

"Most likely I shall see the slate mountains of Westmoreland, and the beautiful lakes of that county and Cumberland, with the black-lead mines in Borrodale, of the latter; the only mines in the world from which you get all your black-lead pencils, and black-lead to black your grates and fire-places. If we ever meet again (and I hope that we shall meet!) I shall have plenty to show and tell you about. There! Chelsea Hospital is gone; and now you may peep at Westminster Abbey!"

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"THIS picture must have your best attention, not only because it is the very last at present in my box, but because it is one of the best as well. Westminster Abbey is full of interest outside and in; fine architecture, fine sculpture, fine inscriptions, and fine forms of national and public worship. All must admire the grandeur of the whole, the beauty of its parts,

and the august solemnity of its civil and religious purposes.

"Edward the Confessor built it, and Henry the Third pulled down a great part of it, and rebuilt it in its present form.

"It is a wonderful building. Takes a long time to go over it properly, so many chapels, so many fine monuments, and so many beautiful inscriptions. Edward the Confessor's chapel is the oldest, but Henry the Seventh's is by far the most rich and costly. My view is an outside view, and you may admire the Gothic architecture, the high pinnacles, the flying and yet massy buttresses, and the round oriel window; but I must describe the inside.

"Stand where you will, inside, and you will see enough to admire; but the west entrance is, as it should be, the best to see it from. Pillars, galleries, arches, windows, painted glass, and lofty roof, all excellent. The length is three hundred and seventy-five feet; the breadth two hundred feet; the height, from the pavement to the roof, one hundred and one feet; and to the *lantern* over the choir is one hundred and forty feet.

"Henry the Seventh's chapel is called by some people one of the wonders of the world. Steps of

black marble; brazen gates, curiously wrought; ceiling of exquisite workmanship; stalls of brown *wainscot* (that is, *oak*), with carved Gothic canopies of strange devices; banners and stalls of the knights of the most noble order of the Bath; and pavement of black and white marble. Striking effects!

"There is the brass tomb or chapel of the founder, and the tombs or chapels of the Dukes of Buckingham and Richmond, and I know not how many tombs and chapels besides; with statues of patriarchs, saints, martyrs, and confessors.

"But what is it that thrills through the heart, while pacing the aisles of the abbey-church of Westminster? Why, the knowledge that the illustrious dead lie there! It is not the dust of kings only that is there mouldering beneath our feet; but the dead remains of so many of those subjects of the realm that have won the regards of their king and country in their lives. Statesmen, nobles, prelates, judges, poets, warriors, and the rest.

"Solemn thoughts come here creeping over the mind, of this world's nothingness. Where is the wit and wisdom, the eloquence, the power, and the glory of the departed? We ask, but all is silent, there is

no one to reply. It is not what they were, but what they are, that appears important.

"Here are beautiful monuments by Bacon, Nollekins, Rubiliac, Westmacot, Flaxman, and Chantry, erected to the memory of the dead; the names of Chatham, Pitt, and Fox are engraved upon the marble; and those of Shakspeare, Garrick, Chaucer, Spencer, Milton, Addison, and Dryden catch the eye. We feel as if we were near them, but what a difference death has made! A visit, my boys, to Westminster Abbey ought to make us wiser, and to make us better.

"One of the most striking monuments in the abbey is that to the memory of Mr. Nightingale, and Lady Elizabeth, his wife. Exquisite workmanship; attractive group! The dying figure of the lady clings to her husband, who stretches out his arm to ward off the dart which death has pointed at her breast. You would like to see that monument. Grim death comes from an open sepulchre.

"There is another monument, by the same sculptor, Rubiliac, that arrests attention. It is to the memory of Lieutenant General William Hargrave. There is a struggle represented between

Death and Time. Wonderful piece! Admirable production!

"Lord Chatham's monument, placed here, like so many others, in pursuance of a vote of parliament, cost five thousand pounds; and I should tell you that old Parr has a monument in the Abbey to his memory: his age was one hundred and fifty-two years; he lived in the reign of ten kings and queens of England.

"If ever you should visit this abbey-church, you will think of what you have heard about it from the old showman, but I have not said a tenth part of what I might say about it.

"It was once the *church* of the abbey, minster, or monastery, whence the name of Westminster—the *west minster*—first built here upon the site of the Roman, or Roman-British temple of Apollo. It is, therefore, an *abbey*-church, or church of the old *abbey;* and not a *cathedral,* or chief church of a bishopric, like the *cathedral-church* of Saint Paul, which occupies the site of an ancient temple of Diana. You must know, that the Britons, after the invasion of the Romans, became, in many things, and in religion among the rest, like the Greeks and

Romans themselves. That you may judge of their dress, I show you, here, a valiant Roman Briton.

"You and I may never have our names engraved in Westminster Abbey; but that will not matter, if they are found written, as Scripture says, 'in the

book of life.' The great lesson to be learned by every visit paid to a resting-place of the dead is this: Prepare ye for eternity!

"Now let us leave Westminster Abbey, its turrets and its towers, its porticoes, pillars, arches, roofs, and monuments. Enough has been said about them, if it has set you thinking; reflection is one of the avenues of knowledge. Take your last peep at my last show, till I return. There! the exhibition is over; and now, eyes front, and listen to Sergeant Bell.

"For eight market-days have I appeared among you, with my box on my back. I thank you for the halfpence you have given me, for your attention to my talk, and your own expressions of content and pleasure at my shows.

"I have joked with you, and tried to amuse you; but I should be ashamed if I had uttered a word that would do you mischief. If I could,

> I would wipe all sorrow from your eyes;
> And make you happy, good, and wise.

"I hope you have learned something from my

exhibitions. I began with the Queen's Visit to the City of London, and I end with Westminster Abbey. Life is a raree-show, and its last picture is that of a tombstone. Remember this. It will do you no harm to bear it in mind; and now,

> With kind intent, and friendly heart,
> A word or two before we part.

"You are young; but years come on apace. Vice and folly gather up thorns; but good conduct makes a soft pillow for old age. Take my word for it,

> It's all a curse, at best, that's got by sinning.
> Look at the end as well as the beginning.

"I have had some experience in the world, and I would not willingly lead you astray. Plenty of contrivances and wild-goose schemes to go through the world;

> But this is the best, the noblest plan,
> To love, through life, both God and man.

Do this, and you will do your duty. I cannot help being serious now; for I love you all, and am going to leave you.

"The world is wide, but, wherever you may be cast, look on Holy Scripture as your best guide, and on heaven as your happy home. What does it matter being buffeted about on the march, if at the end of it we get into good quarters?

"Have you parents? Be very choice of them; for you will not have them always. Much better to honour and obey them while they are alive, than to lament and weep over them when they are dead. I love the memory of my mother now; but I loved her also when she was alive. You know my father is living still.

Do good to all,
Both great and small.

"Be thankful for what you have, however little it be; but get rich if you can, for riches will increase your power to do good. Bear in mind, however, that riches abused are a curse to their possessor.

Love truth, and die,
Rather than tell a lie;

and hold a red-hot poker in your hand, rather than put a dishonest penny in your pocket!

"Be diligent at all times; and punctual to the moment. Get useful knowledge, and profit by experience. Be obliging to every one, and act with unflinching integrity. Do these things, and you may pick your path! Wealth, influence, and honour will be yours!

> Get good habits while you're young,
> Rolling years will make them strong.

But look for nothing without God's help; hope nothing without his blessing.

"Now I have had my say. Now I will take my leave. You may live long, but I must prepare for the march.

> An old man must expect to be,
> Like ripe fruit dropping from the tree.

A green sod will soon cover the bones of Sergeant Bell.

"If we should never meet again; if, one of these days, you should hear that the old showman has shut up his Exhibitions for ever, say of him, when you talk one with another, That he did his duty in the heavy dragoons, and was kind to young people.

Yes, my little friends, if I were to write my own epitaph, it should be this: 'A faithful soldier, a kind-hearted man, and a humble christian.' This, if deserved, would be a better monument for Sergeant Bell, and a better for many of his neighbours, than a gilded escutcheon, an inscription of gold, or a marble statue in the Abbey-church of Westminster."

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